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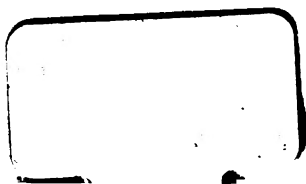


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Dr. Collier's Histories.

I.

NEW JUNIOR CLASS-BOOK.

HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. With Copious Questions. By
W. F. COLLIER, LL.D. 12mo, 208 pages, cloth. Price 1s. 6d.

NOTE TO TEACHERS.

The Questions appended to this work will be found of great use, not only for class-examination, but also as the headings for easy Exercises in Composition. Every teacher is aware of the suggestive force upon intelligent children of well arranged questions. They not only recall the information received, but prompt its expression in a variety of forms, which prove that the pupil has made it his own. It is suggested, therefore, that—especially in schools where the teacher has more than one class to superintend—the questions be used as *Notanda*, from which to compose a short narrative of the events recorded in each chapter or section.

Before commencing, the teacher should draw attention to the points brought forward in each lesson; note the train of thought running through the narrative; warn against the frequent or improper use of conjunctions; insist, especially in the earlier stages of such Exercises, on clear expression in short sentences; and then leave each pupil entirely to his own resources.

As a really good Exercise must not only be correct in spelling, in grammar, and in the statement of facts, but should likewise manifest thought in variety of expression, or in the filling up of the outlines, it is obvious that all Exercises should be examined by the teacher himself. This will be best done when the pupil is at his side, by pointing out and suggesting the appropriate correction of inaccuracies, want of clearness or force of expression, and whatever in any degree renders the language of the Exercise less effective in conveying the intended meaning.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the Exercises are meant chiefly for those who may not have formally entered on the study of English Composition. With even little technical knowledge of English grammar, the boy who feels interested in a story will repeat or reproduce it with few or no important modifications. Indeed any such changes will make the narrative from him more natural than the mere transcript or verbatim rehearsal of the original would be.

As a first Exercise, the Interrogative form of the questions may be simply changed to the Indicative, with any other alterations that may be necessary to complete the affirmation. We take the first paragraph—"CHIEF EVENTS OF THE ROMAN PERIOD"—and give it something like the form we might expect it to assume in the hands of an average pupil of ten or eleven years of age:—

In the year 55 B.C. the Romans invaded Britain. The time of their stay is called the Roman Period. It lasted about 450 years. In the reign of the Emperor Claudius, A.D. 45, the Romans gained a very decided success. About 84 A.D., Agricola, who was the chief Roman governor in Britain, defeated the Caledonians under Galgacus in the Battle of the Grampians. The Romans built walls across the island, to prevent their conquest again falling into the hands of the natives. The principal walls were the Wall of Hadrian, between the River Tyne and the Solway Firth, built in 121 A.D.; and the Wall of Antonine, between the Firths of Forth and Clyde, erected about the year 140 A.D. These walls were signs of weakness in the Romans. About the year 300 A.D.,

DR. COLLIER'S HISTORIES.

Carausius, one of their admirals, seized Boulogne, and made himself ruler in Britain. Sixty years later the Roman power had become so weakened in the island that the Picts and Scots actually sacked London itself. In the year 410 the Emperor Honorius wrote a letter finally withdrawing the Roman legions from Britain. So ended what is called in British History the Roman Period.

A second Exercise, or one for pupils a little more advanced, should narrate the same facts with equal correctness and in a similar order. It should, moreover, incorporate in their proper places the more detailed circumstances given in the body of this volume. This will sometimes make it necessary to divide, for such Exercises, a chapter into still shorter portions. In this there will be no disadvantage, as it will tend to counteract that tendency to diffuseness and inconsecutiveness into which young composers are apt to fall, and will give room for more complete and finished work.

The same plan ought to be followed with pupils who have reached the author's next book, "*THE SENIOR CLASS-BOOK OF BRITISH HISTORY.*" The questions in it should be used as the ground-work for more advanced Exercises, embodying the whole narrative with such attendant circumstances as might fairly be presumed to be connected with it. In preparing such advanced Exercises, it is desirable that, wherever possible, copies of the Junior book should be used for home reading. The one book may be said to be the complement of the other. The fuller details of the Senior will be relieved by the biographical and picturesque character of the Junior History. The perusal of both will not only lend interest to the subject, but will give more completeness to the instruction.

After very considerable experience and success in thus teaching History, we can confidently add that teachers will be astonished at the facility and power developed by such Exercises in pupils even under twelve years of age.

II

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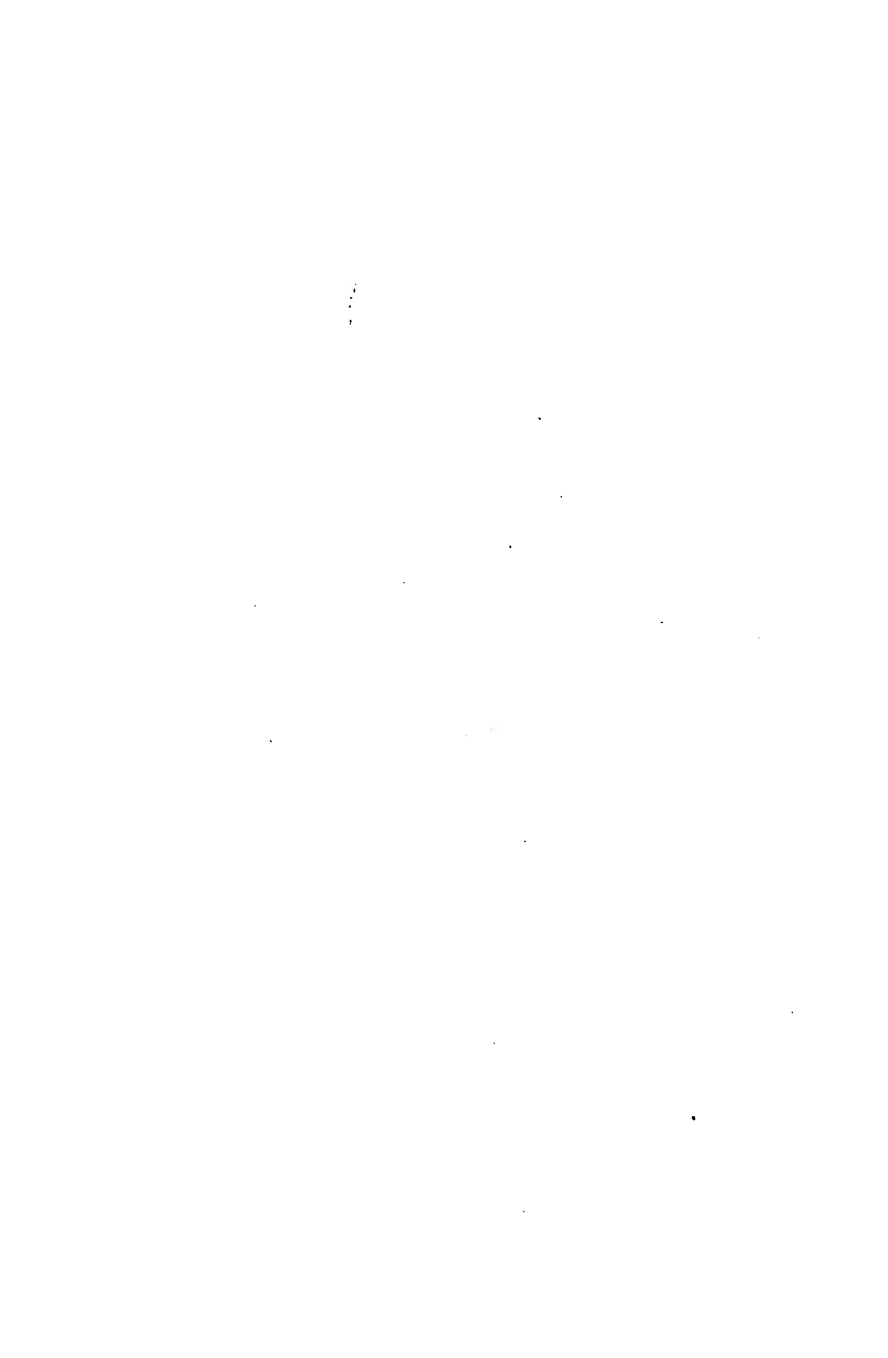
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III

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OF
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AUTHOR OF "GREAT EVENTS OF HISTORY," "HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE,"
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11

PREFACE.

THIS Volume completes the Series, to which belong my Junior Class-Book and my Senior Class-Book of British History.

It may either be used independently in Advanced Classes, or may form—and this is its more direct aim—a fitting sequel to the study of the preceding works. Those pupils, who, in the *Junior Class-Book*, have become familiar with the outline of our History, illustrated by a picturesque treatment of its salient points, and who, in the *Senior Class-Book*, have mastered a more exact and methodical view of the subject, with collateral Tables of Chronology and Genealogy, will find that the present Work, in addition to fuller and more graphic details of all the leading incidents in British History, contains a very great amount of *entirely new matter*, relating to events and characters, for which the plan of the smaller volumes affords no room. This *Advanced History* will therefore be found useful, alike to general readers, to pupils in the upper forms of our schools, and to students preparing for such higher examinations as require a special knowledge of British History.

As in the other Works of the Series, Key-words are printed in a more prominent type, for the purpose of suggesting at a glance the general scope of each paragraph. In addition to the Genealogical Trees, which are placed at the end of the book, and the Lists of Sovereigns, which mark the beginning of each Period, a copious Table of Chronology has been appended to every reign.





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QUESTIONS FOR THE ANALYSIS OF ANY REIGN.

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| V. Describe the Domestic Policy of the reign. | X. State and describe the leading Events, classifying them as religious, political, social, commercial, literary, &c. |

In describing an event there are six things always to be given:—1. The Causes. 2. The Time. 3. The Place. 4. The Persons concerned. 5. The Circumstances. 6. The Consequences.

HISTORY

OF

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

THE CELTIC PERIOD.

(Previous to 43 A.D.)

CHAPTER I.

FIRST GLIMPSES OF BRITAIN.

Tin.	Sparks of light.	Various races.
The secret mines.	The secret discovered.	Mythical.

THE abundance of tin, to be found on the Cornish shore, first attracted **Phœnician ships** from Gades (Cadiz) to the south of Britain. Tin was really a precious metal then. The Homeric warriors had fought with weapons of bronze; and for many centuries, until the art of tempering iron had been developed, swords and spear-heads of mingled copper and tin continued to decide the battles of the ancient world. Temples too were adorned with bronze; statues and urns were moulded of it. We can therefore well understand the joy, with which the traders of Tyre and Carthage would learn the secret of the distant island and its mines; and the jealous caution, with which the monopolists would conceal their approaches to the mysterious treasure-house. In this they were aided by nature. Girdled with an unknown sea, and curtained with treacherous grey mists, the Tin Islands long remained a shadowy name to the ancient world; and from all the wealth of classic literature before the days of Julius Cæsar, there can be gathered only two or three sparks of light to cast upon a mass of impenetrable darkness.

Classic Allusions.—Herodotus, the father of Greek history, writing about 450 B.C., knew nothing of these lands, but that they were

islands, and that tin was found there. Calling them *Cassiterides* (Tin Islands), he wrote all he knew of them in that single word. Somewhat more definite is the knowledge of Aristotle; but the information we get from his notice looks small indeed, when we remember that it took one hundred years to expand the vague word of Herodotus into the scanty statement. "Beyond the pillars of Hercules are two islands, which are very large, Albion and Ierne, called the Britannic,* which lie beyond the Celtae." Here, for the first time in History, we have the number and the names of the islands which form the nucleus of our mighty empire.

Polybius, writing about 150 B.C., notices the Britannic Isles, coupling with his mention of them a special reference to the working of tin.

From the fragments of a geographical poem by Festus Avienus, who wrote in the fourth century, we gather a few facts about the voyage of a mariner of Carthage named Himilco. Sailing from his native city, he reached in less than four months some islands, which he called the *Æstrymnides*. These (perhaps the Scilly Isles†) abounded in tin and lead, but had no wood for ship-building, so that the inhabitants were forced to make boats out of hide.

The Phœnicians were not allowed to carry on their profitable trade without many attempts to trace the course of their vessels. When a Roman cruiser was once chasing a Carthaginian ship, the captain of the latter had no way of keeping the secret but by running upon a reef, and escaping with his sailors on a raft. At last the mystery oozed out. Pytheas, a Greek of Marseilles, is said to have penetrated the unknown sea at a very early date. Others followed. The monopoly was broken; and a trade in tin sprang up between the Devonian promontory and the opposite shore of Gaul. Then, as we learn from Diodorus Siculus, the metal was carried to an island "in front of Britain," named Ictis (probably Wight), was there sold and

* Various derivations have been given for the word "Britain." There is no certainty in the matter, except that this is one of the oldest names of the island. I give a few of the conjectural etymologies:—

1. From *Brutus*, son of Ascanius the Trojan.—(Chief authority, *Geoffrey of Monmouth*.)
2. From *Prydain*, an ancient king.—(*Welsh Triads*.)
3. From *Britin*, a plural word meaning "separated," given by the people of Gaul to their island kindred.—(*Whitaker*.)
4. From *Brit daoine*, the painted people; a name given by "the Phœnician Gallic colony" to the wild Scandinavian settlers.—(*Sir William Betham*.)
5. From *Bruit*, the Celtic for "tin" or metal; and *tan*, which has in many Indo-European tongues the meaning "land." Thus *Bruit-tan* would mean (like *Cassiterides*) Tin-land.—(*Pictorial History of England*.)

Albion, or Albin, the oldest name of Great Britain, is explained to be a Celtic word, meaning "white island," used by the Gauls in speaking of the chalk-rocked land they saw to the north. The words *Albus* and *Alp* probably contain the same root.

Ierne and Iernis are the Greek forms of *Eire*, a Celtic word (of which the genitive is *Eirin*, or *Erin*) meaning "the west or the extremity."

A certain western promontory of Africa, and another in Spain bore the same name. Juvèrnia and Hibernia are formed from the same root.

† St. Michael's Mount, near which submerged islets can be traced, has also been supposed to represent the *Æstrymnides*.

shipped for Gaul, to be carried on pack-horses overland to Marseilles and Narbona. The natural result of this commerce was to give a certain polish to those natives of Britain, who met often with the merchants of the Continent. Grave courteous bearded men they were, carrying staves and wearing long black cloaks girt about the waist; very unlike the inland savages with blue tattooing on their naked limbs, from whom the popular notion of an ancient Briton is taken.

In the dim old time, of which I am writing, our islands were peopled mainly by Celts, who formed the foremost wave of that Japhetic tide of population which set steadily westward from the plain of Babel.* Sweeping along the Mediterranean shore, it spread northward through the west of Europe, until met by a slower and stronger wave—the German or Teutonic nations—which had pressed right on from the Black Sea through the centre of the continent; and by this it was beaten further and further west, till, at last, only in the mountain lands on the very margin of the Atlantic could the Celts find a safe home. There they have lingered to the present day. Settled in the district between the English and the Bristol Channels, corresponding to the modern shires of Hants, Wilts, and Somerset—were the *Belgae*, a fierce and warlike tribe, who are thought to have been of Teutonic blood, and who kept up a close connection with their continental kindred. But the mass of the original population of the British Isles was Celtic. In Ireland, as might be expected from its being the extreme western out-post of Europe, the Celtic element was even then, as it still remains, stronger than in the sister island. But all the Celts, who inhabited ancient Britain, were not of the same kind. A people called Cymri (Cimbri or Cimmerii), corresponding to the modern Welsh, held sway over the basin of the Clyde and adjacent districts, where their kingdom of Reged or Strathclyde flourished during the earlier Christian centuries. The Erse or Gaelic races, represented by the Irish or the Highlanders of Scotland, probably preceded them in the possession of Wales.† Gaulish tribes too lived in eastern Britain. And there may have been, besides these various Celtic peoples, a sprinkling of Saxons or Frisians, who had settled on the eastern coasts even before the landing of Cæsar.

The early mythical story of Britain rests chiefly upon the Latin chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth,‡ who professed to have translated an old manuscript brought over from Bretagne (Armorica). Of these legends, out of which British history gradually dawned, I shall say little. Brutus, the grandson of Trojan Æneas, lands among the giants, and mows them down with ease. A famous wrestler of

* The Lapps and the Finns—a race of gentle olive-cheeked black-haired dwarfs—may represent an earlier wavelet of the same great flood.

† Wales, from a Saxon word *weallas*, meaning “strangers,” was otherwise called Cambria. The Welsh call themselves Cymri, a name which appears to connect them with the Cimbri.

‡ This chronicler died about 1154 A. D.

his train hurls headlong from Dover Cliff the fierce Gogmagog, whose twelve cubits of stature could not save him from the deadly fall. Bladud reigns—one of a line of many kings—and bathes in the hot wells of Caerbad, whence modern Bath has sprung. Here and there, amid a crowd of flying phantoms, names, with which we have grown familiar, gleam out from the shadows. Lear alone is almost real, for a magic hand has clothed him with imperishable light. Yet we must not accept Shakspeare's picture of King Lear and his daughters as agreeing in all points with the account of the old chronicler. It seems that the beggared disrowned king crossed to France, where his disowned daughter Cordelia had become the wife of a king. With the aid of her husband's troops she replaced her father on his throne; and, when he died, she reigned after him for five years. Then, defeated by the sons of her wicked sisters, she is said to have slain herself. Shakspeare's Cordelia is killed before her father dies.

CHAPTER II.

THE TWO INVASIONS OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

Bent on conquest.

Anchor weighed.

The landing.

The fight among the corn.

Return to Gaul.

Second expedition.

Cassibelan.

British tactics.

Repulse of the Britons.

Passage of the Thames.

Abandonment of Britain.

Cæsar's story.

HAVING resolved to invade Britain, Julius Cæsar wished to fling the shadow of his sword before him. Calling together, therefore, the chief merchants of the Gallic coast, he questioned them about the people and the harbours of the opposite land. He got no information from these cautious men; but the moment they left his presence, they sent news of the threatened invasion across to their island friends. Several of the British tribes sent over envoys, who deprecated the wrath of the great soldier by humble offers of submission. But this did not stay the scheme. Despatching a cruiser to survey the coast and mark its vulnerable points, he brought the Tenth and Seventh Legions, many auxiliaries, and a picked body of cavalry down to *Portus Itius*,* where eighty transports lay waiting to receive them. The return of the reconnoitring galley was the signal for starting. Before dawn on an

Aug. 26, August morning the fleet weighed anchor and stood out from the harbour across the Strait. By ten o'clock they were close to the white cliffs of the British shore, on which swarmed men, ready to oppose the landing. The Roman cavalry had not yet arrived; and, as the day wore on, and three

* *Portus Itius* or *Iccius*, afterwards called *Gessoriacum*, lay on or near the site of modern Boulogne.—(*Wright*.) Cæsar's army had mustered in the country of the Morini (the *Pas-de-Calais*). Witsand or Wissan, between Calais and Boulogne, has also been named as the site of *Portus Itius*.

o'clock came, Cæsar resolved on action without them. With a favouring breeze and tide he sailed eastward to a shelving strand, seven miles off, where it would be easier and safer to disembark. But when the landing-place—probably near Deal*—was reached at last, and the galleys were driven prow foremost on the beach, the patriotic islanders presented a front as bold and threatening as when first the Romans saw their array upon the white rocks. For some moments the veterans of Cæsar hung back, dismayed. Sounding trumpets and waving standards were of no avail. The shaggy-locked giants on the shore rode into the waves, and dared the Romans hoarsely to come on. Still their feet clung to the friendly decks, until an officer, who has won glory by the single act, the standard-bearer of the Tenth, leaped into the water with his eagle, crying, "Follow me!" The effect was electric. The next moment saw the whole army of brass-mailed men breast-high in the surf, and struggling towards the shore against a forest of spears and amid a ceaseless rain of darts and stones. The fight was hard and long; but Cæsar's men were used to conquer, and the retreating islanders soon saw their dreaded foe digging trenches for a camp upon the blood-stained shore.

Next morning brought offers of **submission** from most of the neighbouring chiefs; and the acceptance of these brought to the Roman camp the chiefs themselves, who flocked in to pay a hollow homage, and watch for a chance of retrieving their loss. The chance soon came. When, four days later, the ships which bore the cavalry hove in sight of the Roman camp, a storm arose that drove them back to Gaul, and terribly shattered the entire fleet. Quietly the British chiefs mustered their men. It was the end of the harvest time, and one field of corn still stood uncut, not far from the Roman camp. The Seventh Legion, sent out to reap it—supplies were very scanty in the Roman tents—were beset by a host of horsemen and charioteers, who had stolen on them under cover of the woods. A cloud of dust told the sentinels at the camp that something more than harvesting was going on. Cæsar hurried to the spot with fresh troops: it took all his generalship to save the reapers from utter ruin, and to carry them safely back to camp. The Britons followed him to his trenches; but this was a great mistake. Foiled and broken, they were forced to flee into the woods; and from these leafy fortresses they sent out again their petitions for peace. Cæsar was very glad to grant their prayer. He had had eighteen or twenty days of British warfare, and thought it quite enough. However, not to imperil his dignity as a conqueror, he insisted on receiving from the suppliant chiefs double the number of hostages before agreed on. The demand was merely an empty form, for in his hurry back to Gaul he found it convenient to forget that

* The shore between Walmer and Sandwich appears the likeliest place for Cæsar's landing. Pevensey, Folkestone, Dover, have been also named. But nineteen hundred winters have so altered the landmarks and outline of the coast, that it is impossible to fix the spot with any certainty.

he had ever made it, and sailed away from the island without having received a single man.

In the following summer eight hundred transports rode at anchor to receive five legions and two thousand horse—an army of at least 32,000 men. Landing on the Kentish shore at a place selected the year before, and probably not far from the scene of his first struggle with the natives, Cæsar found the tactics of the Britons completely changed. No one opposed his landing; there was no foe in sight. But from some peasants or fishermen, brought that evening to his camp, he learned that, about twelve Roman miles away, upon a river—no doubt the Stour—the British forces awaited his approach. Leaving a guard in the camp, he moved at once to the spot, where huge heaps of felled trees blocked up every approach to the stronghold. The Romans succeeded in forcing the rude defences, but not until they had cast up a mound against the barricade, and climbed it under cover of their shields, which they lapped together in the form called *testudo*, from its resemblance to the shell of a tortoise.

At this critical time came news of a terrible storm, which had wrecked many of the Roman ships and crippled all the rest. Again the elements were fighting on the British side. Cæsar must go back to his camp. All thoughts of following up the blow just given must yield to this pressing danger; for the fleet was the only base of operations on which the Romans could rely. Ten days were, therefore, spent in repairing the ships, hauling them up on the beach, and drawing round them a line of defence, which joined them to the camp.

These ten days were precious to the Britons. Taught by their reverses, they saw that internal quarrels must be forgotten in the presence of the Romans. Woods and marshes could not save scattered and disunited tribes, which would be easily defeated in turn by the advancing legions. There must be a single army and a single chief. All eyes turned to Cassibelan, whose territory lay probably in Hertfordshire, and who was well known as the terror and the scourge of those neighbours who resisted his will. He was the very man for the great emergency; and in ninety days of struggle with his well-skilled adversary, this earliest of British soldiers won a name that cannot die.

Never had Romans fought with so strange a foe. There was no foreseeing the time or manner of their attack. They dashed out from a wood upon the passing Romans, struck their sharp quick blows, and, before the heavy-armed legionaries had quite prepared for battle, the wood had swallowed them up again. A distant cloud of dust, springing suddenly up, would sweep nearer with whirlwind speed, and out from its centre would burst a charge of wooden cars, drawn by small wiry horses, filled with giant spearmen, and armed, it is said, with huge scythes or hooks* projecting from the wheels, which tore a lane through the Roman ranks.

* The only writer who expressly mentions these scythes is the geographer Pomponius Mela, who belonged to the first century. But on ancient battle-fields blades have been dug up, which seem to answer the description of these terrible instruments.

The confederate British army, under the command of Cassibelan, mustered south of the Thames during the ten days spent by Cæsar in repairing and fortifying his fleet. But no attack was made, until a *foraging* party, consisting of three legions and all the cavalry (nearly two-thirds of the whole Roman army!), moved out into the open country. Then on came the Britons; but in their haste they dashed in upon the solid legions. It was a hopeless thing to assail the brazen wall. Back they fell, confused by the force of their own attack; and a Roman charge swept the fragments of their lines from the field. So severe was the check that it led to the retirement of Cassibelan across the Thames.

To this river Cæsar then forced a way, bent upon following the foe into the heart of his own territory. The passage is thought to have been made at a place called **Cowey Stakes**, near Chertsey,* where, so far back as the time of Bede, tradition showed the spot. It was no easy task to wade neck-deep through a great stream, whose bed bristled with thick lead-wrapped stakes of oakwood, and whose opposite bank, lined with a similar palisading, was yet more terribly lined with a fierce and angry foe. Roman valour made light of the danger. Following the horse, the legions plunged in; and though for a time nothing but a mass of helmeted heads appeared above the water, they struggled safely through, while the Britons retired in dismay at their daring.

Cæsar then moved upon the town of Cassibelan, which was a stockade in the Hertford woods, surrounded with a rampart of clay, and barricaded with felled trees. The Roman town of *Verulamium*, not far from where St. Albans stands, is thought to have been built on the site of Cassibelan's encampment. But this is very doubtful. Wherever it may have stood, Cæsar, guided to the stronghold by the envoys of the submissive Trinobantes and other tribes, broke through the out-works, drove the defenders from their post, and took possession of the great herds of cattle collected there—a prize most welcome to his half-starved soldiery.

The last hope of Cassibelan lay in the four kings of Kent, to whom he sent an urgent message, directing them to make a sudden attack upon the Roman camp. It was made, but failed; and nothing then remained but to sue for peace. Cæsar was extremely ready to grant the petition. Filled with fear of the equinoctial gales, he went through the form of asking hostages, and settling the amount of yearly tribute, and then crossed to Gaul, leaving nothing but the earth-works of his deserted camps to mark his so-called conquest of the island.

It has been well said, that "a few hostages, a girdle of British

* In the British Museum there is a corroded stake, taken from the Thames at this place, and supposed to be one of those planted by Cassibelan. Many still remain in the bed of the river. The distinguished antiquary Wright doubts the connection of these elaborate stakes with the Roman passage of the Thames, believing them to be rather the relics of some later Roman work, connected with the fishing or the navigation of the river.

pearls for Venus, and a splendid triumph were the only fruits which Cæsar reaped from his victory."

CHAPTER III.

HOW THE ANCIENT BRITONS LIVED.

A village scene.
Male employments.
Blue limbs.
Ring money.

Cutting the mistletoe.
The wicker cage.
Gods of the Druids.
What the Druids knew.

Picture of a warrior.
Dust to dust.
Note on cromlechs.

I WOULD now carry my reader back nearly two thousand years. A village, nestling under the skirts of a great wood in Kent, lies encircled by its wooden paling or stockade. Not far off, among the dark tangles of underwood, or in the caves of rocky hillocks, lurk bears, boars, and wolves; whose cries, as they prowl round the huts by night, startle the sleeping children. In the stream hard by the beaver swims and builds. Deer of many kinds glance past in the openings of the trees. Chequering the green of the grassy sweep, which stretches out from the town for a mile or so, until the view is again shut in by a dark mass of foliage, wave many patches of yellow grain; and on the rich pasture-land between, dotting it with white and red, numerous sheep and oxen graze peacefully in scattered groups.

As we approach the collection of pointed roofs, from which thin lines of blue wood-smoke rise lazily into the summer air, we catch the low sweet notes of a woman's voice, singing an old Celtic air, akin to those which live still in the harp music of Ireland and Wales. Dressed in a tunic of dark blue woollen cloth, over which a scarf of red-striped plaid, fastened on the breast with a pin of bronze, is loosely thrown, she sits at the door of her cabin, grinding corn in a little *quern*.* A string of dusky pearls adorns her neck, and silver rings glitter on her arms. At her call, from the low archway which serves as both door and window to the hut, comes a child, yellow-haired and blue-eyed like her mother. The girl runs quickly to the well for water, which she carries in a clumsy pot of coarse sun-dried clay, beside whose discoloured tawny surface, full of lumps and cracks, the commonest red flower-pot of our gardens would seem beautiful and smooth. When the meal is mixed with water, the wet dough is set on a heated stone to bake.

Let us take a peep through the smoke at the interior of the hut, whose walls are of pliant rods tied together, and whose conical roof is of simple thatch. The floor, dug below the surface in the shape

* The *quern*, or hand-mill, was made of two round stones, the upper one revolving, as a ball revolves in its socket, in the cup-shaped hollow of the lower and larger. One or two upright wooden handles, projecting from the upper stone, served to work the mill.

of a bowl, is lined with thin slates, in the middle of which some fragments of wood* lie smouldering in their white ashes. Rounded blocks of wood serve for seats and table; a few fleeces or deer-skins—the bedding of the family—lie piled by the wall, on which hang the long pointless sword of the chieftain and his small round shield. In a corner rest a bronze-headed spear, and a bundle of reed arrows, tipped with flint. These wooden platters and bowls of yellow clay are of home manufacture; but not that ivory bracelet, those amber beads, that drinking-cup of glass. They are from Gaul; and proud indeed is the chieftain's wife of owning them, for the possession of such rare foreign treasures entitles her to hold her head high among the matrons of her tribe. While the cake is baking for supper, the wife takes from one of those pretty osier baskets, which serve both as wardrobes and cupboards, a roll of knitted stuff, on which she needs to work hard against the coming winter, for both husband and children look to her for the clothes they wear. Spinner, knitter or weaver, dyer, seamstress, cook, dairy-keeper, corn-grinder, this lady of primitive Britain has her hands quite full of work, although her establishment is not upon the grandest scale.

Meanwhile the **men of the village** are scattered in different directions. The chief, having looked after his sheep and oxen, has taken his spear and quiver, has whistled for his dogs, and is away into the heart of the woods in search of venison or wild boar. Another has launched his light coracle of skin, stretched upon a slender wooden frame, and is paddling down stream with net and line.† When the sun sets, the wearied sportsmen will come home to enjoy a heavy supper of beef or mutton, hot bread, fresh butter, and curds, washed down with large draughts of mead or barley ale; and will then sink, almost with the falling night, into a deep sleep upon shaggy skins, covered only with the mantles which they wear by day. Dawn sees the whole village astir. But in southern Britain, by the time of Cæsar's invasion, hunting had become rather a pastime than the serious business of life. The Britons of the south had ceased, long before that date, to be savages. The tending of their flocks and herds—the manuring of their tilled land with chalk marl—the sowing and reaping of their grain—the storing of the unthreshed ears in underground chambers, from which the daily supply was pulled by the hand, to be roasted and beaten out with a stick, occupied much of their working time. But they had many other occupations. Wicker baskets were woven, probably by the older men and the boys, to whose aid the women sometimes came. The moulds have been found, in which the Britons ran melted tin and copper to make heads for their axes and their spears. Heaps of flint flakes of various colours—red, yellow, grey, and black,—were brought from the quarry to be chipped

* In some places, where coal lay near the surface, it was used as fuel by the ancient Britons.

† This applies only to southern Britain. The natives of the north abhorred the use of fish as food. A similar feeling prevails, or lately prevailed, in the Highlands of Scotland.

by skilful hands into shapely arrow-points. And when the cutting was done, a hole was bored through the flint, that the thin thong of hide, which bound the point to the slender shaft, might hold it firm and straight. Then there was often a canoe to be hollowed out; not with fire and stone axe only, the most primitive method of making a boat, but, probably, with hammer and *celt*.* The supply of pottery, too, needed to be kept up in the camp; and so the soldier and hunter of one day might be seen upon another, kneading and modelling yellow clay, tracing simple patterns of line and dot with a pointed stick upon the soft ware, and then, with an artist's pride, placing the rude vessel which he had formed with all the simple skill he could command, out before the door of his cabin to dry in the sun.

I have thus given in mere outline, for the materials are very scanty, a sketch of home-life among the ancient Britons of the south-east. We must be cautious lest we apply this description to the natives of the entire land. The truth is, the term "**ancient Briton**" means three things. When Cæsar landed in Kent, there were in the island three grades of civilization. The farmers, who marched under the banner of Cassibelan, I have just described. Further inland there were herdsmen, who sowed no corn, but were content with the milk and the flesh of their flocks, and the game which they killed now and then in the adjacent woods. And in the dense forests of the north and west roved groups of savage men, who shot a deer or snared a bustard when they wanted food, ate berries and leaves when game was not to be had, slept in caves or under trees, wherever the setting sun found them after the day's chase, and led, in short, a life which took no thought for the morrow. A gigantic savage wrapped in deer-skin, his naked limbs stained deep blue with the juice of woad,† his blue eyes darting lightning, and a storm of yellow hair tossing on his broad shoulders and mingling with the floating ends of his tangled moustache, has been the favourite portrait of an ancient Briton, as painted by some historians of our nation. Retaining the giant size, the fierce blue eyes, and golden mane of hair, we may dismiss the deer-skin and the blue limbs to the backwoods of the land. Among the soldiers and craftsmen who dwelt round the Thames, naked limbs were never seen, except when they flung aside their plaids in the heat of battle, that the claymore might have a freer swing, or when they prostrated themselves in the worship of their gods. The tatooing of breast and limbs with blue patterns was, no doubt, long kept up by all the natives of Britain, maritime and inland tribes alike.

Cæsar distinctly says that the Britons had no coined money, but

* *Celts* (so called from the Latin *celtis*) were chisels or small axe-heads of bronze, used by the ancient Britons. It must not be supposed that the name has anything to do with the name of the Celtic races.

† Woad (*Isatis tinctoria*) yields a deep blue dye like indigo, which is now generally used in its place. It is cultivated near Ely, but grows wild in France and on the Baltic shores. After being bruised in a mill, it is made into balls for use. Compare our common word, *weed*.

used instead pieces of bronze or iron, made of a certain weight. These pieces were probably in the shape of rings.

I turn now from these homely sketches of old British life to the barbaric splendour of a **Druid sacrifice**, and the picturesque grandeur of a soldier ready for the fray.

The 10th of March has come and gone. The moon, now a thin silver crescent, has reached its sixth day. Bearded Druids,* pacing solemnly along the dark aisles of the oak wood, which surrounds their circular temple of stone, have watched through summer days the yellowish leaves of mistletoe peeping out from among the darker foliage of one old tree, and have grown glad at heart when autumn withered the oak leaves, and left the sacred evergreen hanging on a naked bough, ripe for the golden knife. The apple-tree being the favourite home of this pretty parasite, its presence on the oak, where it rarely grew, was considered a special mark of Divine favour. Summoning his priests together, the **Arch-Druid**, a pontiff of extraordinary power, hedged with a divinity far beyond what earthly kingship could bestow, commands a procession to the tree. The Druids, whose short hair, flowing beards, and loose white vestments distinguish them from the lines of awe-struck people, between which they slowly pass, march to the hallowed spot, moving, perhaps, to the wild music of the chants, with which the holy maidens of the sacred island profess to raise storms and cure the sick. Two milk-white bulls are bound by their horns to the trunk of the oak. And, when the Arch-Druid has climbed the tree, and the mistletoe, cut with the golden knife, has fallen into a snowy cloth, extended lest the plant may touch the earth and lose its magic power, another knife pierces the throats of the oxen; the sacrifice is offered; a blessing is pronounced upon the sacred plant, whose leaves and berries are believed to possess wonderful virtues against poison and disease; and then the ceremony—most solemn of all the Druid rites—is wound up with a banquet, probably consisting chiefly of the roasted beef.

But there were bloodier scenes than this in the **Druid worship**. Within a huge cage of wicker-work, woven in colossal mimicry of the human form, a huddled heap of men and oxen were roasted alive in one great hecatomb, to appease the wrath of some offended deity; and, as the wretched victims shrieked out in agony amid the flames, songs, shouted to the music of harps and the loud beating of drums, drowned their screams. Criminals and prisoners of war generally suffered this fearful death; but, when there were none of these, innocent persons were burned after this cruel fashion. Upon the Druid altars men were slain with knives, and auguries were drawn from the dying struggles and the flowing blood. These things we shudder to believe; but more horrid still is that whisper of History, which we gladly snatch at the chance of doubting, that the

* This word was most probably derived from the Celtic *drut*, akin to the Greek *drus*, an oak. Compare the English, *tree*. The Druids, in their three sections—*Druids* proper, *Vates*, and *Bards*—held in both Gaul and Britain unlimited sway over the popular mind.

Druids ate a part of these human sacrifices, in order to complete the efficacy or realize the full delight of the offering.

The Druids, whose creed is thought to have grown out of Eastern fire-worship, paid homage to many gods. Under the name of *Bel* or *Baal* they revered the sun; and fire played a prominent part in all their four great festivals—the first of May, Midsummer Eve, the last day of October, and that day of March when the mistletoe was cut. They also worshipped the serpent, and are said to have worn, hung from the neck, a ball like an apple, generally cased in gold, which they called a serpent's egg. They had other deities, whom Cæsar calls by the Roman names, placing Mercury first, and after him Apollo, Jupiter, Mars, and Minerva. They believed that the soul is immortal; but the sublime simplicity of that great doctrine was marred by their notion, that the spirit passed through a series of brute bodies, before it was received into the abode of final bliss.

According to the wont of a barbarous priesthood in every age, they enshrouded their rites and their lives with a mystery, which the common people, unable to penetrate, beheld with the deepest awe. The shadowy oak glades, which formed their college halls, were thronged with noble youths, who devoted many years—even twenty sometimes—to the study of those charms and songs, in which the secrets of the sect were embodied. These verses were never committed to writing, although the Druids wrote their common documents in the Greek character. They studied the stars intently. Their woodland life enabled them to acquire a knowledge of herbs, with which they performed some simple cures; and their horrible practice of sacrificing men must have given them the opportunity of learning something of anatomy. But how far they applied this latter knowledge we do not know. They sat as judges in the weightiest matters. The true wielder of the British sceptre then was the Arch-Druid, who held the keys of life and death, of peace and war, of exile and excommunication. A word from those mighty lips could shut a man out even from the hearts, in which his own blood ran. None dared to give food or fire to the wretch, on whom the ban had fallen.

So much for the bearded priest: now for the moustached soldier. The well-known Roman eagle glitters on a gentle slope. The brass-mailed legions are locked in a solid mass, and the horsemen guard their flanks. Here comes a cloud of British chariots, thick-planked, with solid wooden wheels, careering in the dusty sunlight, which glints upon the broad scythes projecting from the axles. On they go, skirting the slope, and, as they pass, the spearmen—each car holds two or three—fling darts upon the Roman line. Each driver has his ponies well in hand, and they obey every movement of wrist or finger. In the foremost chariot a giant soldier stands, the model of a British chief. His tunic and trousers of red-barred plaid, and his short blue cloak (*sagum*) are of finer stuff than the dress of a common soldier. And see! he wears round his neck the torc (*torques*), or twisted rope of gold, which is a sure sign of command.

A thin corslet of the same precious metal, ornamented with lines and nail-heads in many parallel rows, glitters on his breast.* But this is clearly too slight for the purpose of defence. It is a mark of the highest rank. The thunder of the charge, accompanied by a thick rain of flint arrows, shakes even Roman valour, as the horses rush upon their shields. But the legion is too strong to break. Sheering suddenly off, the chariots are down with a swoop among the Roman cavalry. Quick as lightning the British warriors run along the pole and leap to the ground. Spear and sword begin their deadly work; and the chieftain's claymore deals deep gashes in its bloody path, until he falls, smitten with a deadly blow. His long bronze blade, stopped in its descent by an uplifted shield, sticks inch-deep in the hard bull-hide, and, before he can tug it free, the short broad knife of Spanish steel, with which a Roman soldier fought, plunged up beneath his ribs, has cleft his heart.

With sad pageantry the **dead chief** is laid in his rocky tomb. Decked with his choicest ornaments of amber and bone—his golden corslet, cleansed from blood and battle-dust, glittering upon the linen which wraps his stiffened frame—his hands clasped in the attitude of prayer—his drinking-bowl half filled with mead—his spear and sword and dagger, his bow and heap of flints, beside him, all laid ready to his hand for that waking of the dead, which his faith has taught him to expect—he is buried in a stone sepulchre among the heather on some lonely hill-top above the sea. The *cromlech* is covered with a mound of clay, and round the base a row of guardian stones is planted and a shallow ditch is dug.† Blue-eyed daughters weep his loss, and

* Such a gorget was found in 1833, encircling the breast-bone of a skeleton, which was dug out of a barrow at Mold in Flintshire. It is three feet seven inches long, and, although its outline is broken, the curves for receiving the neck and arms are clearly seen.

† Our scanty knowledge of the primitive Britons is gathered chiefly from their graves. Here and there in Britain and in France, especially in Cornwall, Wilts, Kent, Ireland, Bretagne, and the Channel Islands, great mounds of earth or stones rise, called by antiquaries *barrows* (a Saxon word). Many of these, when dug into, have been found to contain a stone chamber, formed frequently of four large flattish rocks in their natural roughness. Three are placed on end for the three sides, and the fourth rests as a cap or roof upon their upper edges. Such a chamber is called a *cromlech* (probably a Celtic word, meaning stone table). The French call the chamber *dolmen*; and some adopt another Celtic name, *kist-vaen* (stone chest). The Scotch *cairn* is a barrow made of stones instead of clay. When the *cromlech* is found bare, the barrow has been removed by farmers or treasure-hunters. Sometimes a stone has disappeared, chipped up to mend a fence or pave a road, and the remaining three often form a doorway with posts and a cross slab. This is called, from the Greek, *trilith*. The chamber is sometimes represented by two stones, or even by a single one. There are *cromlechs* of a complicated sort, made of many stones. One near Wellow in Somersetshire consists of a central corridor with three chambers on each side. A fine specimen of the simple *cromlech* may be seen on a hill between Maidstone and Rochester, commanding a view of the Medway valley and the opposite chalk hills. Kit's Cotty House, as it is locally called, is connected with other monumental stones and circles, which indicate, perhaps, that the place was the cemetery of a leading Kentish tribe. Some barrows have no *cromlech* in them.

The most remarkable stone monuments of old British times are the circles at Stonehenge, and, twenty miles off, at Avebury in Wiltshire. These were once thought to

fair-haired stalwart sons, like himself in bone and blood, shall burn with the memory of their dead father, when they meet a Roman in battle, until they too shall have died, and the grass shall dress their heaped-up graves in green. Long ages after, an English farmer, carting away the rich heap of mould to spread it on his fields, shall come upon the tomb; wiser men shall read the story its silent relics tell; and the bronze blades, eaten deep with green rust,—the urn of yellow clay still marked with the crust of a dried-up liquid,—the scattered beads,—the shining gorget,—and the wreathed *torc*,—shall exchange the chill silence of a sepulchre for the painted shelves and orderly glass-cases of an antiquarian museum.*

have been Druidical temples, but the barrows all round them seem to show that they were monuments erected to some great chieftains. At Stonehenge (the name means in Anglo-Saxon *hanging stones*) a circular bank and ditch, 300 feet in diameter, encloses two concentric circles, the outer one formed of connected *triliths*, and the inner, of single pillars. Within these are two oval arrangements of stones. The stones are squared, unlike those of other Celtic monuments, and on the upright posts tenons are cut to fit into holes in the upper blocks. A large flat stone marks the centre of the work. At Avebury a yet more remarkable set of circles is approached by two winding avenues of upright stones, which are thought to have had some connection with the worship of the serpent.

* The things found in ancient British tombs, besides bones and human ashes, may be classed under three heads—

1. Urns and pottery-ware, rough, clumsy, and sun-baked.
2. Tools of stone and bronze,—including axe, spear, and arrow heads, daggers, hammers, celts or chisels, and rude saws. And here it may be said that we must not imagine that the use of stone necessarily implies no knowledge of metals. Weapons of stone have been found beside others made of bronze and iron. The Saxons at Hastings, and the Scots to the day of Wallace, are said to have used weapons of stone.
3. Beads of amber, jet, &c., and personal ornaments. Of these the gold breast-plate found at Mold is the most remarkable specimen.

THE ROMAN PERIOD.

(43 A.D.—410 A.D.)

CHAPTER I.

CARACTACUS AND BOADICEA.

Slight intercourse.
Cunobelin.
Claudius invades.
Caractacus.

Vespasian.
Ostorius Scapula.
Caractacus at Rome.
Druidism destroyed.

Boadicea.
The march of vengeance.
The fatal battle.

THE ninety-seven years, which intervened between the second campaign of Julius and the invasion of Britain by the legions of Claudius, were marked by no events of great moment.

Cunobelin, king of the Trinobantes*—the *Cymbeline* of Shakspeare—was the most notable Briton of his day.† Many of his coins still exist. Improving on the rude imitations of Macedonian money, in which the British coinage had its origin, he issued from his mint at Camulodunum (probably Colchester in Essex) neat copies of Roman coins. His disowned son, Adminius, induced Caligula to abandon for a little the luxuries of Rome for the purpose of invading Britain: an expedition which has left a strange picture on the page of history—an army of bearded soldiers, bareheaded on the strand at Boulogne, filling their helmets with shells, as “the spoils of the conquered ocean.”

But if one son of Cunobelin was a traitor, another gave immortal lustre to the name *Caractacus*. When in the year 43 A.D. the Emperor Claudius, resolving to attempt the conquest of Britain, sent thither the senator Aulus Plautius, with four legions and some cavalry, this noble British chieftain, together with his brother Togudumnus, was forced to retreat before the Romans. Plautius, landing without hindrance, pushed across the Medway to the Thames. Claudius joined him there. Camulo-

* The Trinobantes occupied Middlesex, Essex, and part of Hertfordshire.

† Though founded on history, this play of Shakspeare's, like all his historical dramas, has a large mixture of fiction. He makes the legions of Augustus engage in actual war with the Britons, although it is well known that the intention of Augustus to invade Britain was three times frustrated by more important business.

dunum was besieged and taken. The Emperor added *Britannicus* to his other names, and Britain was called, for the first time, a Roman province.

The great **Vespasian** then was summoned to the war. While Plautius fought north of the Thames, this general swept the island south of that river with the Second Legion, fighting thirty battles, and storming more than twenty stockaded towns. Titus, serving in his father's army against the fierce Belgae and Damnonii of Hampshire and Wight, sharpened the sword, which was destined to fall in a few years so heavily upon rejected Israel. Against such foes Caractacus, with his wild untrained valour, could make little head. Leaving his brave brother dead among the Essex swamps, he retreated to the trackless mountains of southern Wales.

Then, in the room of Plautius, came Ostorius Scapula, who drew a line of forts from the Wash to the estuary of the Severn. Having subdued the Iceni of the east plain and the Brigantes of the northern woods, and having erected Camulodunum into the capital of the Roman province, beautifying this city of the plain with a temple to Claudius and other fine buildings, he marched against Caractacus, who was now at the head of the **Silures**, a warlike tribe inhabiting southern Wales. He found him somewhere in the wilds of Wales, strongly posted behind a stone rampart on a hill, in front of which ran a river difficult to pass.* The matted locks and tattooed breasts of the British were easily cloven by Roman swords and pierced by Roman spears. The stone rampart was forced, and Caractacus was finally defeated.

His nine years' struggle, bravely maintained, had come to an end. Separated from his wife and daughters, who were taken captive, the chief fled to a false kinswoman, Cartismandua, queen of the Brigantes, by whom he was betrayed into the hands of the Romans. Tacitus tells us how undauntedly Caractacus confronted the shame of a triumphal procession through Rome, and with what bitter truth he wondered how the lords of marble palaces, like those past which he walked in chains, could envy dwellers in the reedy huts of Britain. Claudius, struck with his noble bearing, pardoned him for the crime of patriotism and gave him leave to live.

Suetonius Paulinus, a soldier of great renown, arrived in Britain in 59 A.D., to find Druidism existing only in the island of
59 Mona.† The destruction of the British priesthood was now
 A.D. resolved on. Paulinus, penetrating to the Menai Straits, crossed the narrow sea in flat-bottomed skiffs, and fell with fury upon the British lines, which were marshalled by bearded Druids and inflamed by the songs of dark-robed priestesses, who flitted along

* *Caer-Cardoc*, a high hill on the Ony in Shropshire, near the meeting of the Clun and the Teme, has been pointed out as the scene of this battle; but the site is very uncertain. *Cozal Knoll*, some miles off, where the remains of a British camp are shown, is a rival candidate.

† The Romans called both Anglesey and Man by this name, which survives in the latter word.

the shore with yellow streaming hair, and eyes blazing like the torches that they bore. The blow was deadly. A priest or two, who had escaped the sword, may have stolen out at midnight, to weep amid levelled groves and altars that smoked no more with sacred fire, but the bloody superstition never revived. In old customs and legends its memory still haunts the land; and even these are dying fast. The May-pole, gay with boughs and bloom—the blazing hill-sides of Midsummer Eve—the mistletoe at Christmas time—still speak of eighteen hundred years ago.

The name of Paulinus is also associated with the sad story of **Boadicea** and her wrongs. To propitiate the soldiers who were robbing the conquered land, Prasutagus, a dying king of the Iceni,* bequeathed half of his wealth to the Romans, in the hope that they might thus be induced to let his daughters enjoy the other half in peace. The greedy victors seized on all; and when Boadicea, widow of the king, courageously demanded justice for her children, she was publicly scourged, and a shame worse than death was inflicted on her daughters. Covering with her queenly mantle the cruel traces of the rods, she seized her husband's spear and called her people to the field. At once every hut on the wide plain east of the Chiltern Hills sent forth a British heart, whose fierce and righteous anger could be quenched only in Roman blood. The time was ripe, for Paulinus was away cutting down the Druid groves of Mona. Strangely enough, the Roman capital, Camulodunum, lay open to attack, guarded by no rampart, and garrisoned only by a few hundred men. The temple of Claudius, the only building that could be made a temporary citadel, held out but for two days. The town was plundered and destroyed. The Ninth Legion, coming up to the rescue, was beaten at Wormingford on the Stour; and before Paulinus could bring his troops from Wales through woods thick with foes, the whole country-side was in a blaze of rebellion. A crisis had come.

Unable to save London, to which his march was first directed, Paulinus left that city to the fury of a storm, which laid it in ashes ere his legions were many miles from its gates. Verulamium too was filled with slaughter; and the butchery went on until seventy thousand Romans lay dead amid their ruined towns.

Mustering ten thousand soldiers, Paulinus took up a position, probably between London and Colchester, with woods and the sea behind him, and an open plain stretching far in front. So sure were the Britons of victory, that their women assembled to witness the fight from a row of waggons drawn up behind the host. Boadicea, robed in plaid of many colours and wearing a rich gold collar, passed along the lines with her injured children, encouraging her soldiers as she drove by. The Britons came on with deafening yells, but recoiled from the solid mass of the Roman army. Formed in a wedge, the legions bore down upon the disordered ranks, and drove them back

* The *Iceni* occupied Norfolk and the lower basin of the Great Ouse, *Venta Icenorum* being their capital.

upon their cars. Eighty thousand perished in the battle and pursuit; and Boadicea, to escape the horrors of capture, completed the tragedy by killing herself with poison.

CHAPTER II.

JULIUS AGRICOLA IN BRITAIN.

Arrival of Agricola.
His early campaign.

The chain of forts.
Battle of Mons Grampius.

Circuit of the island.
The recall.

WHILE Vespasian wore the Roman purple, a man of decided genius, combining the highest qualities of soldier and statesman, was sent as Proprætor into Britain. This was **Julius Agricola**, whose life has been written for us by Tacitus, the husband of his daughter.

Agricola had commanded the Twentieth Legion in Britain some years earlier, when Petilius Cerealis held sway in the island. Now fresh from the honours of the consulship, this great man

78 landed in the island to win the fairest laurels of his life.

A.D. The Ordovices of northern Wales, old allies of gallant Caractacus, were up in war. Marching without delay into that wild district, the Roman leader cut the tribe to pieces, and wrested Mona once more from British hands.

But he knew how to subdue with other weapons than the sword. His more permanent victories over the flower of the British youth were won by Roman books and fashions, the pleasures of Roman baths and banquets. Planting the luxuries of the Tiber upon the banks of the Thames, he soon saw with secret pleasure the sons of those free and hardy chieftains, who had swung the claymore with bare limbs, and had slept within willow walls on a bed of skin, vying with each other in the whiteness of their folded togas, and the grace of their marble porticoes.

His second campaign (79 A.D.) was spent in the subjugation of several tribes in north-western Britain, and in studding the conquered districts with strong castles. This year's fighting brought him close to what is now the Scottish Border. In the year 80 he carried the Roman eagle to the mouth of the *Taus*, which has been considered by some to be the Tay, by others the Solway Firth. The following summer (81 A.D.) saw a **chain of forts** stretching from *Clota* (the Clyde) to *Bodotria* (the Firth of Forth), across the narrowest part of the island, so that the Caledonians might be pent completely up in their native woods, whither they were soon to be followed. Then, with a view to an invasion of Ireland, one of whose princes had sought his help, he passed in 82 into Galloway, where traces of his camps may still be seen. During his sixth campaign (83 A.D.), passing the fortified line which he had drawn from sea to sea, he advanced to a position some distance south of the Ochil range

of hills, where his advanced guard—the Ninth Legion—being attacked by night, was nearly cut to pieces by the fierce woodsmen.* In a general engagement which followed, he succeeded in beating back the hordes; but could do nothing else before winter compelled him to withdraw to Fife. There, with the sea on two sides, and flat land in front, he lay secure until the opening spring enabled him again to take the field.

Last and greatest of Agricola's campaigns was that of the year 84. Tracing the valley of the Devon for a while, he passed with his army of thirty thousand through the Ochils, and upon the moor of Ardoch at the foot of the Grampian range he found a host of Caledonians marshalled under the leadership of Galgacus. The men of the woods fought with the same long cutting sword and small round target which their Highland descendants bore for many a day after; but as had happened in Kent and Hertford, so on this Perthshire moor the short knife-like sword of the Romans won the day. In vain the Highland rush and wild hurrah came sweeping down the hill. It was the battling of waves against a rock; and ten thousand Caledonians fell on the bloody field. The ditch of a Roman camp—many weapons, both British and Roman, which have been dug up on the moor—and the presence of two huge cairns on the neighbouring hill, probably raised above the bones of the ten thousand, seem to mark out Ardoch as the most probable site for the battle of **Mons Grampius**. 84
A.D.

The fleet of Agricola, which had kept pace with his northward movements, was despatched by him from the Firth of Tay to cruise along the coasts to the north. Visiting the Orkneys and rounding Cape Wrath, his ships ran down the western shore, turned the Land's End, and arrived safely at a port, which was probably Sandwich. Britain had always been called an island before, but this voyage established the fact beyond a doubt.

After eight years spent in subduing the British tribes—some by the arts of war, others by the gentler force of kindness—Agricola was recalled in 86 A.D. from a province whose people, so far at least as they were submissive, he had blessed with lighter taxes and cheaper bread. Stupidly jealous of this great soldier, Domitian hurried him back to Rome on false pretences, and doomed his genius to rust in the forced inaction of private life. He died in 93 A.D., poisoned, some say, by an imperial order. Most eminent of the Roman Proprietors in Britain, he did more than any of his countrymen to mould that turbulent province to a Roman shape.

* The Celts of southern Britain called the inhabitants of the northern part of the island *Caoill daoin*,—that is, "people of the woods;" and Roman tongues shaped out of this phrase the name Caledonia. There is no evidence that the people of the north called themselves by this name.

Loch Ore, two miles south of Lochleven, is named as the scene of this surprise. The ditches of a camp remain to mark the halting-place of a Roman army.

CHAPTER III.

THE ROMAN WALLS AND ROADS.

Hadrian's Wall.
Antonine's Wall.

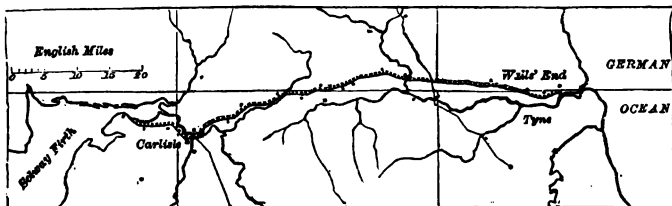
The Roman Streets.
Old Severus.

His march through Scotland.
His death at York.

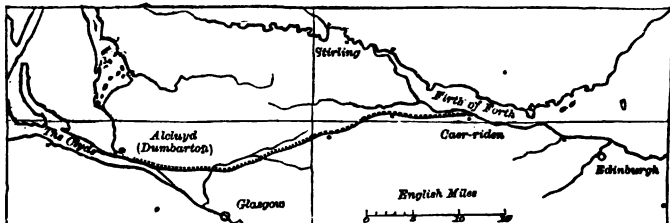
AFTER the departure of Agricola the history of Britain is a comparative blank for many years. The scanty story of this time may be gathered up in a few facts relating to the great works of engineering, by which the Romans tried to secure the conquests they had won, or to open the way to new dominion. Such works were the ramparts of earth and stone known as the Roman Walls, and the great military Roads, which were called in the Latin language, *Strata*.

The Emperor **Hadrian** came to Britain in the year 120 A.D. He left behind an enduring monument of his visit in the great wall of stone, nearly seventy miles in length, which he built over the Northumbrian hills, from Bowness on the Solway Firth to Wall's End on the river Tyne. Agricola had already raised a bank of clay across this lower isthmus, but forty years had gapped its outline in many parts. Deepening the ditch, and raising the bank to a greater height, Hadrian completed the work by a wall of solid masonry, eight feet wide, running parallel within a short distance of the northern face of the earthen rampart.* Twenty-

* The earthen *vallum* of this great work has been ascribed to Severus; but the best authorities now believe that Hadrian erected all the works, both of earth and stone. I subjoin sketches of the Walls of Hadrian and Antonine.



THE ROMAN WALL BETWEEN THE SOLWAY AND THE TYNE.



THE ROMAN WALL BETWEEN THE CLYDE AND THE FORTH.

three stationary towns, connected by military roads which ran between the works of stone and clay, guarded the line at intervals; and these intervals were subdivided by mile-castles and watch-towers. For the defence of the entire line a force of ten thousand men was needed.

The name of **Lollins Urbicus**, Roman governor of Britain under Antoninus Pius, who assumed the purple in 138 A.D., is associated with a second wall, built about 140 A.D. on the site of Agricola's earth-work, which crossed the upper isthmus. From *Caer-riden* on the shore of Forth to *Alcluyd* (Dumbarton) on the Clyde, a distance of about thirty-one miles, he raised a great bank of turf upon a stone foundation, studding the line with several forts, and adding along its southern side a military road, by which the defenders might easily pass from post to post. The object of this wall was to defend the districts north of Hadrian's rampart from the inroads of the wild mountaineers. It marks the gradual advance of the Roman dominion towards the north; but the tract between the walls—nearly corresponding to the Lowlands of Scotland and the shire of Northumberland—was always in a troubled and unsafe condition during the Roman occupation. The work I have just described was called the **Wall of Antonine**. Its local name of Graham's Dyke refers, perhaps, to a more modern use of this great bank of earth. 140 A.D.

Walls like these would have been of little use, unless the Romans had possessed means of pouring their legions with speed into any part of the conquered province. Such means they had in their great military roads, which crossed the island from side to side. It has been rashly inferred that the primitive Britons had no roads. Modern antiquaries say that eight highways, older than the Roman occupation, can be traced, one of them running round the entire coast. If this were so, it is probable that the Roman engineers turned the works of the conquered people to some account; and, when it was possible, made the British road a Roman street. Trenching the soil until they came to the rocky crust below, upon this foundation they built up three or four layers of squared or broken stones, mixed with gravel, lime, and clay; and when the causeway had reached the height of eight or ten feet, it was closely paved with large blocks of stone, especially in the middle of the track.

Most important of these military roads was that which the Saxons called **Watling Street**, probably after one of their mythological kings. Starting from Richborough and Dover, it crossed the Thames at London, and ran diagonally into western Wales, with a branch to Chester. The *Fosse* ran from Cornwall to Lincoln; the *Ermyrn Street* coasted the eastern part of the island; the *Icknield Street* ran from Yarmouth to Land's End; the *Ryknield*, from the mouth of the Tyne to Gloucester and St. David's. Some of our best modern roads have been made on the basis of these old Roman ways.

In the reign of the Emperor **Commodus** the men of the northern woods burst through the wall of Antonine, and overran the land

between the two great ramparts. As if naturally formed to be a Debatable Ground, the basins of Tweed and Clyde, of Annan and of Tyne, became the battle-field of the Legions and the Clans. And when a mutinous spirit spread among the Roman troops in Britain, and the legions followed to Lyons the banner of Albinus, governor of the island, who fought with Severus for the great stake of the imperial throne, the ravages of the Meætæ and Caledonians grew worse and more daring than ever. Having slain his rival in Gaul, stout-hearted old **Severus**, though racked with gout, passed with his army into Britain, resolved to teach these audacious woodsmen of the north a terrible lesson. So long as his legions trod the pavement of the Roman roads, all was well; but, when swamp and moorland, mountains thick with trees, or wastes of cold grey stone lay stretching out before his march, the real difficulty of the task before him became clear. A people hardier and more savage than the men who had met Julius Cæsar on the Kentish shore, possessed of a strange food which gave them strength and spirit if they ate only a piece like a bean, rushed out in their chariots from the woods, brandishing their dirks, and shaking with dreadful noise the brazen balls which tipped the handles of their spears. Like the wind they came and went, vanishing before a charge into the ferny dells and gloomy woodlands. Their attack might have seemed a horrid dream, but for the bloody marks they left behind. Throwing out baits of sheep and oxen, they pounced upon hungry stragglers from the Roman files, who lingered to seize the prize. Yet the stern valour of the old Roman never gave way. Carried in a litter, he forced his path with sword and axe through forests and across morasses, until he reached the promontory washed by the Cromarty and Moray Firths; and there a peace was made. It was a brave but very useless expedition. The clouds of Caledonian skirmishers, that hung ever on the flanks of his army, were but little the worse of the war; while the bones of fifty thousand Romans lay bleaching in the trackless woods.

Returning to Eburacum (York), Severus visited the wall of Hadrian, and probably repaired it; but did not raise
211 the earthen *vallum*, as the common story goes. His last
 A.D. hours were embittered by the conduct of his son Caracalla, who, aiming at the throne, had already tried to kill him. Just before his death, news came of a rising in the north. The spirit of the old soldier blazed up, and he prepared again to enter the Caledonian forests. But life failed (211 A.D.); and his worthless son, Caracalla, despising the last words of his dying father, left Britain to its fate.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RELAXING HOLD.

Recruits.
Carausius.

Recovered for Rome.
A creeping palsy.

The Picts in London.
Flight of the eagles.

WHILE contending rivals were soaking the imperial purple of Rome in blood, or rending it in pieces as they fought, far away in the island I write of, changes were taking place, of which History gives little or no account. Britain was sending out her sons to rot on distant battle-fields or to be estranged from their far-off home; and in return she was receiving from the Continent colonies of foreign soldiers—Vandals, Burgundians, Tungrians, Franks, Saxons—who settled in various districts, and by degrees melted, partially or altogether, into the native population. From a settlement of Teutonic tribes on the coasts of the plain between the Wash and the Thames, a Roman officer of high rank derived his title as Count of the Saxon Shore.

Among those claimants for the purple, who are connected with British story, **Carausius** is the most remarkable. A Menapian, born either in Belgium or in Britain, he rose to be captain of the Channel Fleet, which cruised on the southern and eastern coasts of the island in order to protect them from the attacks of the Frisian pirates. A rumour having reached the Emperor that he was playing into the hands of the enemy, and enriching himself at the expense of the coasts which he guarded, an order to put him to death came from Rome. He sought refuge in his ships. Scattering money freely round him, he drew many soldiers to his banner, and with his fleet he seized *Gessoriacum* (Boulogne), which was the great naval station of northern Gaul. Conscious that his only safety lay in daring, **289** he assumed the purple as Emperor of Rome, and established **A.D.** himself securely in Britain. For seven years he ruled the island, curbing the fierce northern tribes, striking coins and medals in great numbers, and with his galleys, manned by the very pirates against whom he had formerly fought, sweeping the seas clear of every foe that dared to approach his island throne. The dagger of a false friend, *Allectus*, whom he had promoted to the command of the fleet, cut short his brilliant career in 297. The assassin, having seized the supreme power, held it for about three years, until the island was recovered for Rome by Constantius the Sallow.

It would be very useless to describe the **gradual palsy** which enfeebled the martial grasp of Rome. Every year of the fourth century saw her hold upon Britain growing slacker. In truth, the great old Empire was fast breaking up, and, as life grew weak within the unwieldy frame, it retreated to make its last stand in the citadel of the heart. Corruption and civil strife within, hordes of fierce barbarians without, at last did their certain work. One symptom, out of many,

may be taken to show how weak the Roman rule in Britain had grown. The wild woodsmen of the north, no longer Meætæ and Caledonii, but transformed, History does not certainly say how, into Picts and Scots and fierce Attacotti, were not content, as
367 before, with ravaging the country between the walls, or even
 A.D. the districts south of Hadrian's wall, but pushed their destructive march to London itself, which they emptied of all its treasures, carrying away the citizens to be their slaves. Leaders trained in the British war-school, where these restless northerns allowed no swords to rust in the sheath, set up the banner of Empire, one after another, until the island obtained the questionable renown of being "fertile in usurpers." Such a usurper was Maximus, who led the flower of the British youth to perish on Gallic and Italian battle-fields.

The reign of **Honorius** saw the tie between Britain and Rome finally severed. As the Roman soldiery were gradually
410 withdrawn from the island to fight on soil nearer home, the
 A.D. barbarians of the north poured from their forests in greater swarms. After some feeble efforts to defend the southern part of the island from these incursions, the hopeless task was abandoned. Letters from Honorius to the cities of Britain, written in 410, told them to provide for their own safety. The island was left to its fate. Even the troubled light of later Roman history ceased to shine upon it, and a darkness of nearly two hundred years closed around its shore.

CHAPTER V.

ROMANIZED BRITAIN.

A Roman camp.
 A Roman town.
 Roman tombs.
 Home life.

The *coena*.
 Games and gardens.
 Manufactures.
 Roman coins.

The Municipia.
 Idol altars.
 The Light of the Cross.

It has been already said that under Agricola, and even earlier, the youth of Britain had begun to imitate Roman ways of living. I now devote a short chapter to a sketch of that life in some of its features.

The **Roman**, essentially a soldier at all times, never changed the attitude of war during his occupation of our island. No sight was more familiar to the native Britons than that of bronzed legionaries, with their large shields, heavy javelins, and short thick swords, marching in firm array along the stone-paved roads, with the eagles glittering overhead. The camps, with which the island was quickly studded, grew into towns, built in a rectangular shape, unwallled at first, but afterwards fortified with ramparts of massive stone. Over all the face of England we can still trace the foot-prints of these in-

vaders by the names they have left behind. In many places, where the banks, once swelling grass-grown in the well-known oblong form, have long ago crumbled down to a level with the soil, the Latin word *castrum* still recalls the clank of brazen armour, and the hoarse cry of sentinels watching at the gate.

Lining the two main streets of a **Roman town**, which cut each other at right angles, buildings of various kinds might be seen. Here rose the fluted or leaf-crowned pillars of a Temple to Neptune or Minerva. There were the public Baths, suggestive of the *strigil* and the oil. The Basilica or court-house, and the Amphitheatre caught the eye at once in every town of any note. And flanking these public edifices, ran long rows of private dwellings—those of the richer officials built of stone and coloured tiles, glowing inside with tessellated pavements and painted stucco, and warmed by means of elaborate *hypocausts*, which filled the hollow floors with heated air. Below the town ran wide sewers of solid masonry, into which smaller drains carried off the refuse from the various houses. Passing out of the city gate into the green country, which was sprinkled with villas, enriched with all that Roman architecture and sculpture could bestow, a traveller along the straight stone-paved causeway could not help noticing the cemetery with its earthen mounds and its *ustrinum* strewn with human ashes. Below these mounds in the hollow grave of tiles lay the great urns of dark clay, which held the relics of the dead; and grouped round the central vessel stood smaller ones full of wine and spice—often beautiful vases and *paterae* of the red Samian ware. Lamps, which were probably placed lighted in the tomb, have also been found in Roman sepulchres. But the body was often buried unburned, being cased in a coffin of wood, stone, clay, or lead.

Within the **Roman homes**, where the ladies of the household sewed or spun while the centurion was out at drill, or the *drumvir* presided on the bench, life went on gaily enough. The mirror of polished metal and the boxwood comb did daily duty on the toilette table, as plate-glass and ivory do now. Brooches of gold and silver gathered the folds of the *stola* into a graceful fall, and bracelets of the same precious metals glittered on taper arms. From the pins of bone that fastened the rich coil of hair behind, down to the dainty shoes of jewelled silk or linen that covered their feet, we know how Roman ladies dressed; and as the changes in Roman fashion were slight, we can easily picture the pretty groups that sat of an afternoon within the Roman *atria* in London or Verulam, waiting for the gentlemen, who were coming in to supper at three o'clock. Fashionable young Britons, with their golden locks cut short, and their beards of Roman trim, flocked often to the tables of the Italian officials; and there, in short banquet frocks of red or blue, crowned with roses or ivy, reclining amid the gleam of terra-cotta lamps, they learned to talk slang Latin, to criticise mullet and ortolan, to drink deep of yellow Falernian, and to stake their dogs and horses on the perilous cast of dice. And to the kitchen, where slaves of many

sorts were busy at supper-time, running, when the little bronze bell rang its summons, to remove the numerous courses of the feast, there used to come at dusk huge British ploughmen or farm labourers, who earned a cup of mead by taking a turn at the handles of the *quern* or carrying the oyster shells out to swell the miniature mountain of refuse, which rose close to every Roman dwelling of any note.* By daily intercourse like this, in a few generations the society of lowland Britain was completely Romanized in all but its very lowest class. Celtic dependants found it convenient to forget or to despise the way of life, to which their forefathers had been used.

Romans could not live without the games of the **amphitheatre**, and there were, consequently, few military stations in which the huge round walls were not soon seen to rise. There the sand was reddened with gladiators' blood, or was whirled into rolling clouds by the speed of racing chariots, as in the very centre of life—imperial Rome itself. Benches filled with gay provincials betted on the swordsmen and drivers, or broke into thunders of applause at a lucky stroke. And there too the Briton, varnished into a bad copy of a Roman exquisite, showed off the graven gem that glittered on his huge finger, while he pretended to smooth the folds of his snowy toga, somewhat ruffled in the crush for seats. A manlier sight he was, when in the chase of stag or wild boar he followed a pack of those noble hounds, for which ancient Britain was famous.

The thought of the chase leads us to **country life**, and country life suggests the garden. The gardens of Britain owe much to the Roman occupation. Beautiful flowers, such as the violet and the rose, now for the first time decked the land. The southern valleys were planted with the vine. The grafting of fruit trees became a usual practice in British orchards, where cherries began to mingle their rich deep red with the purple and gold of apples, plums, and pears, already naturalized to the soil.

The Romans who occupied Britain carried on various **manufactures**. Their principal potteries seem to have been in the Upchurch Marshes on the Medway, and at Durobrivæ on the Nen. In grain, shape, and ornament, the Roman earthenware, as might naturally be expected, greatly surpassed the rude sun-dried pots of the British. The red Samian ware, resembling in colour and fragility a shape of sealing-wax, was most probably imported into Britain. Glass vessels of great beauty, and of various colours—amber, ruby, blue—have been found on Roman sites. Then in the development of those mineral treasures, to which the island owed its earliest fame, the invaders were most active. Mines of iron, tin, copper, and lead were worked in many places; and the metals, rudely smelted in charcoal furnaces, and run into rough blocks, were exported in large quantities. How the fine arts were cultivated in Roman Britain we can now judge only from a few fragments of painted

* The Romans ate oysters in immense quantities. Those of *Rutupia* (Richborough, on the shore of Kent) were very highly esteemed, and were sent regularly to Rome.

frescoes, some statues carved in oolite, mouldings of bronze, and the exquisite tessellated pavements with which the villas were adorned.*

Many Roman **coins** have been found in Britain. Buried in earthen pots, or scattered over the soil of every Roman site, gold, silver, brass, and spurious metal have been turned up by spade or plough continually. It is singular how much bad money has been thus collected. Rolls of iron coin, plated with silver, were found, a short time ago, in laying the ground-work of King William Street in London, and are supposed to have been imported for the purpose of paying the troops!

The Roman literature, the Roman language, and the Roman law left but slight and passing traces in ancient Britain. There was, no doubt, a mongrel **Latin** spoken in the Roman towns; and it has been stated, as just possible, that this prevailed over the native British tongue in Kent. But a great infusion of Latin words into our language belongs to later times and other sources. Latin books too were freely read in Britain. We have a *Juvenius*, which once belonged to a young Pictish soldier. But no star of Latin literature was of British birth. And as to Roman law, to which our modern lawyers are no strangers, its final establishment in the land was the work of a much later day. Perhaps it was in the municipal institutions, the organization of town governments, that the influence of the Roman occupation was most lastingly felt. The troubles into which the country was plunged, when the legions of Honorius were withdrawn, could not but modify and alter the constitution of the towns during the centuries of Saxon war; but with changed aspect and altered names they rode out of the storm. "In fact," says a recent writer, "the constitution of our towns is as Roman as the bricks of St. Martin's Church at Canterbury.

Temples to the gods of Rome were as thickly scattered over Britain as were the Roman camps and towns. And yet more thickly scattered were altars of sculptured stone. Jupiter, "best and greatest," as they styled him, and helmeted Mars, always the delight of the Roman soldier, are prominent among the worshipped names; but Mercury and Minerva, Venus and Apollo, Saturn, Sol, and a host of minor deities, had also their altars and inscriptions in the Romanized island.

Whether **Christianity** was planted in Romanized Britain or not, is still a matter of debate. Some of the fathers, Tertullian and Jerome, refer to the conversion of the Britons; but their expressions are regarded as mere rhetorical flourishes. British bishops seem to have attended the Councils of Arles and Rimini in the fourth century; but the lists have, it is said, been tampered with: and there are various legends, such as the visits to Britain of Joseph of Arimathea,

* The tessellated pavements were formed by setting small cubes of various materials—chalk, terra-cotta, freestone, sandstone, coloured glass, &c.—in a fine cement, so as to represent a pattern, as in Berlin wool work. Bacchus sitting on a leopard, and Orpheus playing the lyre, were favourite subjects. Fine specimens may be seen at Bignor in Sussex and in a cellar at Leicester.

and St. Paul; the request of a Welsh king, Lucius, that Pope Elutherius would issue a mandate to make him a Christian; and the martyrdom of St. Alban in the Diocletian persecution, which good authorities look upon merely as pious fictions invented to please the devotees of the Middle Ages. Amid the crowd of heathen altars and inscriptions, which the Romans left in Britain, only three uncertain relics point to the Cross;—a tile, thought to represent Samson and the foxes; a silver vase; and a tessellated pavement, bearing the Christian monogram X.P. But, although the Romans in Britain seem to have despised Christianity, or to have accepted it, as the Athenians erected an altar “to the unknown God,” in the laxity of an infidelity which esteemed all deities alike, there is good reason to presume that a native Christian Church, composed of peasants and huntsmen, and some of the higher Britons who were not deeply tainted with the influence of Rome, flourished among the hills and marshes of the land.

We cannot tell who first preached the **Cross** in Britain; but it is not unlikely that there were in the Roman legions some poor but faithful soldiers, who gave thanks, as Christ did, over black bread and simple salad; or who, during the lonely watch by night, thought of Him who prayed on the blood-stained grass under the olive trees of Gethsemane. The faith of Christ soon became dear to the Celts, for it was just the religion for the poor and the oppressed. So, weak at first but ever growing stronger, the infant Church of Britain was nurtured among the mountain villages, in the houses of a simple reverent peasantry. It was not pure in everything, for traditions of the old faith still lingered among the hills, and there were probably réactions in favour of Druidism; but in its doctrines and its ritual shone gleams of that true Light, which neither lapse of time nor hate of men has been able to destroy.

CHIEF DATES OF THE ROMAN OCCUPATION—55 B.C. to 410 A.D.

B.C.

55. August 26.—*Julius Cæsar* lands with two legions in Kent—stays eighteen or twenty days.

54. Returns with five legions; crosses the Thames, and storms the town of Cassibelan; readily concludes peace.

A.D.

43. *Plautius*, lieutenant of the Emperor *Claudius*, lands and is soon joined by the Emperor. Capture of Camulodunum. Britain called a Roman province. *Vespasian* in Britain subdues the Belgæ. *Caractacus* after a battle in Essex flees to Wales.

51. *Defeat of Caractacus* and the Silures by *Ostorius*.

59. Conquest of Mona (Anglesey), and final destruction of the Druid altars by *Paulinus*.

61. *Rising of the Iceni under Boadicea*. Sack of Camulodunum and London by the Britons. Massacre of seventy thousand Romans. *Boadicea*, defeated by *Paulinus*, poisons herself.

78. *Beginning of Agricola's propretorship*. He defeats the Ordovices of South Wales.

79. *Agricola* fighting and forming camps in north-western Britain.

80. He advances to the Taus (Tay or Solway Firth.)
81. Builds a chain of forts from Forth to Clyde.
82. Overruns Galloway with a view to the invasion of Ireland.
83. Advances almost to the Ochils. The Ninth Legion nearly cut to pieces.
84. *Defeats Galgacus on the moor of Ardoch in the battle of the Grampians.* His fleet sails round Britain, the insularity of which had previously been only guessed at.
86. *Agricola recalled* by the jealous Domitian.
121. Hadrian builds his great wall, seventy miles long, from the Solway Firth to the Tyne. It required ten thousand defenders.
140. The wall of Antonine, built by Urbicus, from the Forth to the Clyde, a distance of about thirty-one miles.
209. *The great campaign of Severus* in the Caledonian forests; he penetrates to the Moray Firth.
211. Death of Severus at Eburacum (York).
289. *The revolt of Carausius*, captain of the Channel Fleet. He seizes Gessoriacum and assumes the purple in Britain.
297. Assassination of Carausius by Allectus.
367. Sack of London by Picts, Scots, and Attacotti—a sign of the weakness of the Roman rule at that time.
410. *The Letters of Honorius*, telling the cities of Britain to provide for their own safety. End of the Roman Occupation.

PERIOD OF THE HEPTARCHY.

(410 A.D.—800 A.D.)

CHAPTER I.

FOUNDATION OF THE KINGDOMS.

Darkness.
Picts and Scots.

The Stallion and the Horse.
The eight kingdoms.

Doubtful dates.
King Arthur.

THE letters of Honorius, recalling the eagles, conveyed sad news to the inhabitants of Roman Britain. Picts and Scots swarmed over the deserted walls, or floated across the narrow firths, and wasted the land as far as Lincolnshire. The Yorkshire Cymri, displaced by this movement, fell upon the Gaels of northern Wales, who spread over the fertile centre of the island, destroying the towns of the Loegrians or Roman provincials in their resistless rush.

Out of this deadly war grew the **Teutonic Conquest** of our land. But whether by the invitation of Vortigern, or through the opportunity and temptation which a civil war afforded to adventurous neighbours, there is no absolute certainty. The details of the Teutonic Conquest are entirely mythical; and all that I can do here is to tell the story as it is given by the opposite sides, Celt and Saxon, premising that neither version can be accepted as historical truth.

A British chief, **Vortigern**, who seems to have been hemmed in between a Roman faction under Aurelius Ambrosius, and a fast advancing host of Picts and Scots, called in Saxon pirates to his aid.* **Hengist** and **Horsa** (the Stallion and the Horset†), sailing with their

* It must not be forgotten that the "Saxon shore," under the Roman government, was thickly peopled with Frisian settlers; and, no doubt, by this time there was a great mixture of German blood in the cities, for the Roman army had been largely recruited from Germany.

† In the Berkshire parish of Uffington, twelve miles south-west of Abingdon, the huge figure of a white horse in the act of galloping is cut out of the turf on the face of a chalk hill. It is about 374 feet in length. The "scouring of the white horse" is a rural festival occurring every three years, when the people of the district assemble to clear away the grass which has grown in upon the outline of the figure. It is supposed to represent the sacred horse of the Celts, or to have been cut out by the Saxons. All readers of Mr. Hughes (author of "Tom Brown"), are familiar with this Berkshire festival.

men in three *chiules* (keels) off the coast of Kent, came at once to the rescue. The banner of the White Horse was victorious; and Vortigern gladly granted to his allies, what, no doubt, seemed 449 to him a whimsical request—leave to buy as much land as the A.D. skin of an ox would cover. Cutting the leather into strips, they managed to enclose what sufficed for the site of a castle, and there they took their stand, resolved that their little ring of land in Thanet should soon expand its borders into a kingdom. Vortigern, visiting the castle of these sea-kings, saw there a beautiful golden-haired girl, Rowena, sister of the chiefs. Bending her knee, she offered him a cup of wine, and so won upon his fancy or his heart, that he begged her in marriage, and made a present of Kent to her fierce brothers, in order to win their consent to the match. The Britons, who could not tamely see their fairest province thus bartered away, rose in rebellion. With Vortimir, son of the weak king, at their head, they slew Horsa, and expelled the Saxon settlers. But Vortimir being poisoned by Rowena, the pirates came back; and Hengist, having invited three hundred British chiefs to a feast, made them drunk with mead, and killed all but Vortigern, who had then no resource but to yield Essex and Sussex to his treacherous host. This king was afterwards, it is related, burned with fire from heaven as a punishment for his crimes. Such is the Welsh version of the landing of the Saxons, founded chiefly on the histories of Gildas and Nennius.

The **Saxon story**, as given by Bede and the *Chronicle*, says that the Ethelings, Hengist and Horsa, being invited by Vortigern to aid him against the Picts and Scots, arrived with three ships—one containing Jutes; another, Angles; and the third, Saxons. The Picts were routed; but the growing ranks of the sea-kings, recruited by new arrivals from the Continent, frightened the Britons, who refused to give them food. The invading crews, aided by their late foes the Picts, then turned their axes and steel-spiked hammers upon the Britons, and established themselves on the southern and eastern coasts.

Then came the conquest of Sussex by Ella, who reduced the capital by hunger, and levelled its walls—the landing of Cerdic in the Isle of Wight and Hampshire—the reduction of Essex by a prince of the Uffingas—the establishment of Bernicia between Tees and Tyne—of Deira between Tees and Humber—and of East Anglia in Norfolk and Suffolk. The kingdoms of Bernicia and Deira, united under one sceptre, afterwards stretched up to the Forth, and became Northumbria. The inland kingdom of Mercia, running from the Humber to the Severn, was established by some of the latest arrivals.

These invaders, who are commonly called Saxons, although three tribes—Jutes, Angles, and Saxons—took share in the great migration, coming from the peninsula of Denmark and the shore between Rhine and Elbe, occupied nearly a century and a half in the foundation of their eight kingdoms. It would be useless to give the dates of the various settlements, for there is no authentic chronology to de-

pend upon. The arrival of the first three Keels is assigned to the year 449 A.D.

Above the ceaseless wars, which obscure this era of British history, the name of **Arthur** rises like a clear star. To form any estimate of his character and position, approaching to historical likelihood (for we have no certainty to stand on), we must disregard that halo of splendour, with which poetry has ever loved to invest his name and his achievements. Son of a Romanized Briton, who by revolt against Vortigern had won for himself a little kingdom in Hampshire and Wiltshire, and who had died at Amesbury* in battle with the troops of the invading Cerdic, Arthur made a brave stand for British liberty in his capital of Camelot or Cadbury, which, defended by Roman works, formed the heart of his little kingdom. His sword, which smote the Saxons so heavily at Bath, that they ceased for a generation to attack the Britons of the West, was also employed in a war against Maelgoun, a prince of North Wales, who had carried off his wife. It is not likely that Arthur was an ordinary type of manhood. In days when patriots were scarce, and brutality was the rule of war, a character that combined noble daring and unselfish love of fatherland with a gentler heart and a purer life than were common, would shine out by force of contrast with the darker natures round him. His virtues were exaggerated, no doubt; but so fair a memory could not grow from a common root.

CHAPTER II.

THE MISSION OF AUGUSTINE.

British apostles.
Ethelbert.
Gregory the Great.
The mission.

Procession of the monks.
Conversion of the Jutes.
Feasts retained.

Augustine made Arch-
bishop.
Priests of the Cymri.
Ethelbert's Dooms.

It was not long until the great spiritual power, which enthroned itself upon the ruins of Pagan Rome, stretched out its hand towards the British Isles. Pope Celestine sent Palladius in 430 A.D., and **St. Patrick** two years later, to convert the Scots in Ireland. But Ninian and Kentigern, who laboured during the fifth and sixth centuries in the south-west of Scotland, and **Columba** of Donegal, a man of noble birth and remarkable qualities, who landed with twelve monks on the Scottish coast in 563 A.D., bent upon the conversion of the Picts, can scarcely be regarded as Papal missionaries. Settling in Iona, a

* Arthur's father (poetically called Uther) was perhaps the Ambrosius who opposed Vortigern in the south. *Amesbury* (Ambres-byrig), which seems to preserve the Roman name, is a town of more than 8000 inhabitants on the Avon in Wiltshire, eight miles north of Salisbury. Stonehenge is in the parish of Amesbury. There are three Cadburys in Somersetshire.

bare little island off the lower horn of Mull, the illustrious Apostle of Scotland—last named of the three—established that priesthood of the Culdees, which did more true missionary work in Scotland and Northumbria during those dark times than any other class of men.

Ethelbert, an *oeskinga** of Kent, married Bertha, daughter of the Frankish king of Paris, who was a professed Christian. Within a church at Canterbury the chaplain of this lady, Bishop Liudhard, who had come with her from Gaul, held a regular Christian service, to which curiosity, and probably deeper motives, attracted many of the Kentish people. Ethelbert went on worshipping his idols, Thor and Odin, for fully thirty years after his marriage; but he must in the meantime have grown familiar with some of the doctrines preached in that little chapel of St. Martin. The ground was therefore somewhat prepared for the operations of Augustine and his monks.

A letter from Ethelbert to Pope **Gregory the Great**, requesting a mission to Britain, was the first step in this important transaction. The gentle words of Bertha, dropping continually on the oeskinga's ear, had wrought out this result; and the Frankish chaplain was in all likelihood the scribe on the occasion. Gregory gladly responded to the call; for his active mind had been long ago attracted by the distant isle. He had once seen some beautiful English slaves on view in the Roman market, where their blue eyes, yellow hair, and pink-white complexion contrasted strongly with the dark locks and swarthy cheeks of more southern captives; and he had fallen into an ecstasy of puns at the thought of converting their countrymen. "Not Angles," he cried, "but angels." "From Deira? Then they shall be *de ira eruti*—snatched from wrath." "Name of their king Ælla! That is Alleluiah." The arrival of Ethelbert's letter filled his heart with joy. Selecting for the work **Augustine**, the prior of the convent on the Coelian Hill, to which he had himself belonged, he despatched that priest with forty monks to the distant shores of Kent.

Accompanied by the Frankish bishops, whose language was not unlike the Saxon, they crossed the sea, and wondered to find themselves in a fair and smiling land. A message from **Ethelbert** reassured them yet more. Bidding them welcome, and thanking them for having come so far to do him good, he said that they might remain as long as they pleased, and make as many converts as they could; but uttered not a word of the letter, for he wished the people to look upon the mission as a thing in which he had no share. He then agreed to give the foreign monks an audience in the open air, in sight of the assembled men of Kent.

Somewhere in the island of **Thanet** a double throne was set; and when the king and queen had ascended their royal chairs, music came floating on the breeze. The rough Jutes stood round in rapt delight and silent awe. Nearer came the song, and the words of

* *Oeskinga*, meaning "son of the ash-tree," was derived from the surname of Eric, king of Kent, who was called Oesc, or "the ash-tree." Eric was Hengist's son.

Latin psalms and litanies, chanted by the monks, grew distinct as the solemn march advanced. Dressed in robes of silk and gold, with a picture of the Saviour carried aloft, and a silver crucifix flashing in every hand, the procession reached the foot of the throne. Augustine spoke through his Frankish friends, declaring the blessings and hopes that flowed from the faith he professed. The answer of the King was cautious; but the delighted face of Queen Bertha sufficiently rewarded the missionaries for their toils and fears. Before long Augustine sent a letter to Gregory, announcing the baptism of the Kentish king, and the conversion of ten thousand Jutes.

There was no violence in the change. The Pagan habits of the people were consulted in the innovations of the priests. Holy water sprinkled on a temple turned it into a church. The oxen, formerly offered to Thor and Odin, were now roasted and eaten at the doors of the buildings, within which the monks said mass and sang psalms.

Augustine, appointed **Archbishop of Canterbury**, entered with zeal upon the duties of his see. His grand object was to bend every man in Britain beneath Roman sway. The simple priesthood of the Cymri refused obedience to the Pope, even though Augustine, in proof of his divine authority, pretended in their presence to restore sight to a blind man. A second meeting had the same result. Knowing that Christ preached meekness and lowliness of spirit, they could not believe the man, who disdained to rise from his chair at their approach, to be a minister of the true gospel: alike unallured by his proposals and undaunted by his threats, they broke off the conference, and went back to their mountains.

We must not leave Ethelbert without a word or two regarding the Dooms or laws which he laid down, with the help of the wise men round his throne, and which must be regarded as the basis of all legislation in England. These Dooms, eighty-nine in number, were nearly all penal. Money was the universal salve for any wrong, from a practical joke played on the king at a drinking party up to the crimes of murder and adultery.

CHAPTER III.

EDWIN—PENDA—OFFA.

Edwin in exile.
His glorious reign.
Paulinus.
The hurled spear.

Hatfield Chase.
Penda the Pagan
East Anglia.
Battle of the Winwed.

Offa's cruelty and crime.
Eadburga.
Three surviving king-
doms.

ABOUT the time of Augustine's death, which is said to have happened in 605, **Edwin**, a young prince of Deira, driven from his throne by a usurper, was wandering homeless through Britain. After a long residence at the Mercian court he crossed the wide stretch of fen and

mere, which formed the inland bulwark of the East Anglian plain, to seek a welcome in the palace of King Redwald. When the usurper, Ethelfrid, heard that the exile had taken refuge there, he offered a great sum of gold for the murder of Edwin. The East Anglian monarch wavered. Tempted by a still higher price, and frightened by threats of war if he refused to slay his guest, he had almost consented to the crime, when his wife saved him from the shame. Meanwhile Edwin, warned just as he was going to bed that the strangers in the hall were plotting against his life, went out and sat down on a stone before the door, ready to flee at the first hint of peril. As he sat, he fell asleep and dreamed:—A man of huge size and kingly looks came and asked what he would give the person who should restore him to his throne. Edwin replied that he would give all he could to such a benefactor. The prince also agreed to obey any one who should teach him so to regulate his conduct as to insure his happiness both here and hereafter. The spectre, then placing a shadowy hand upon his head, bade him mark that sign, and yield obedience to any one who afterwards might use it. The broken conference of that night led to a war. On the banks of the Idel* the usurper Ethelfrid was slain; and the crown of Deira was replaced on Edwin's head (617 A.D.).

Early disaster had moulded the Northumbrian prince for greatness. His armies swept the land north of the Humber, reducing even the fierce denizens of the northern mountains. His ships added the wild Orkneys, and the isles of Man and Anglesey, to his mainland realm. Mercia and the Britons of the West trembled in the shadow of his throne.

The second wife of this great Bretwalda† was Ethelberga of Kent, daughter of that good Queen Bertha who had turned her husband from the worship of Saxon idols. Paulinus, a tall pale black-haired monk of majestic presence, accompanied Ethelberga to the Northumbrian court, where by force of intellect he won the respect of the stern soldier Edwin. One day there came from Wessex a mock-ambassador, who, when admitted to the royal presence, rushed forward with drawn sword upon the monarch. A faithful earl, shielding the king with his breast, received the thrust, which passed right through his body, but yet inflicted a deep wound upon Edwin. Every sword then flashed out, and amid shouts and blows the assassin fell, hacked to death, but not until he had slain another of the royal train. In gratitude for this deliverance, Edwin dedicated his new-born daughter to a Christian life; and the little child of seven weeks was baptized by Paulinus at Whitsuntide—the first member of the Northumbrian Church. Events then gradually worked towards the establishment of Christianity in Edwin's realm. Returning from the slaughter of the West Saxons, that prince pon-

* The Idel, or Idle, is an affluent of the Trent, flowing eastward chiefly through Nottinghamshire.

† This word, wrongly supposed to mean "the welder or ruler of Britain," seems to have been a purely Northumbrian title, meaning, probably, "powerful king."

dered much upon a change of creed. The die was cast by the entrance of Paulinus, who, coming in upon him as he sat alone in his chamber, and laying a hand upon his head, asked if he remembered that sign. The dream of the dark night before the palace door in Norfolk flashing upon the king's mind, he yielded immediate obedience to one who gave him, as he thought, a sign from heaven.

Yet Edwin would not act alone. The Witenagemot of the kingdom must be summoned to give advice upon the momentous question. They gathered, and discussed the question. After a

627 sermon from Paulinus, springing upon a horse and galloping
A.D. towards a neighbouring shrine, the fiery high-priest Coifi hurled his javelin within its sacred fence.* A great wooden church soon arose in Edwin's capital of York, where Bishop Paulinus baptized the king, who openly professed the Christian faith.

The splendour of Edwin's fame and the prosperity of his kingdom, through which travellers—even solitary women, it is said—could pass from sea to sea in peace and safety, excited the envy of some neighbours, who resolved to lay his greatness in the dust. Penda, king of Mercia, and Cadwalla, king of the Cymri, forgot their hereditary hatred in their burning desire to ruin Edwin. Forming a

633 league, of which Cadwalla was the chief, they met the North-
A.D. umbrian army at **Hatfield Chase** in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The pine forest echoed with the roar of battle, until the bloody head of Edwin, raised on a pike in sight of his troops, according to the barbarous fashion of the time, struck panic into the Northumbrian ranks. A tide of blood then swept over the fair fields of the north. Edwin's head found a grave within the timber church he had raised at York. Paulinus and the queen fled by sea to Canterbury, carrying among other treasures a cross and chalice of gold. The old bishop received the see of Rochester, and the widowed queen took refuge in a convent, which she had built on land given to her by her royal brother.

Penda, king of Mercia, was one of the leading spirits in this age of storm. His chief glory consisted in having bound together into a compact and solid realm the disjointed provinces, of which Mercia had, until he assumed the sceptre, been composed. We have just witnessed his revenge upon the prosperous Edwin; and as we trace his name in the chronicles of these troubled days, we find it always written in blood.

Standing in the centre of the lower island, this giant infidel smote fiercely on every side. When he had broken the power of Northumbria at Hatfield, he turned his mace upon East Anglia. In that kingdom of the plains Christianity had struck a feeble root. Redwald, Edwin's protector, had built Christian altars within the shrines of Thor. His son had become a Christian to please Edwin. Pagan-

* In order to understand fully the extent of Coifi's insult to heathenism, we must remember that in Northumbria a priest was allowed to ride only on a mare, and was forbidden to carry weapons. The horse and the spear alone were enough to degrade the priest's office, apart from the violence done to the temple.

ism had then revived ; and, when the fierce warriors of Penda crossed the bordering fens to strike at the heart of the kingdom, there was none to head the doomed East Anglians but a weak monk Sigeberht, who had abandoned his crown for a cloister, and who, going staff in hand to battle, was there struck down amid heaps of the people whom he had once ruled.

Northumbria was a sore trouble to this proud pagan ; and, when that wide realm, recovering from Edwin's death, rose again to greatness under Oswald, whose chief adviser was Aidan, a Scotch monk of Iona, he advanced, breathing slaughter, to Oswestry in Shropshire, where he inflicted a terrible defeat upon the Christian host, slaying and mangling their pious king. But the day was not far off when he too was to die a death of blood. Stung by the insults of the mean and cruel Oswy, a Northumbrian prince, the aged warrior, whose eighty years had not quenched his love of battle, met the Bernician host upon the banks of the Winwed near Leeds ; and there, amid the clang of weapons and the hoarse thunder of the fight, his grey head sank to rise no more.

655

A.D.

Penda, for all his cruelty, had a rough sense of honour and a large liberal heart. Not so that descendant of his brother, who filled the Mercian throne in the latter half of the next century. Offa could wield the warrior's sword ; but he knew something too of the secret dagger and the drugged cup. Having wrested from the Britons of Wales some of the fairest tracts that skirt the mountain land, he secured his conquests by erecting, from Dee to Wye, an embankment a hundred miles long, to which his name still clings.* His sword also fell heavily upon Wessex. So great a soldier was he, that he became the representative man of England in his day. The Pope allowed him to erect Lichfield into an archbishop's see, in rivalry of the mitres of Canterbury and York. And Charlemagne, the giant Emperor of the West, entertained his ambassador ; formed a commercial treaty with him ; sent him a baldric, a Hungarian sword, and two silken cloaks ; and showed him all friendly countenance, until the island king asked the beautiful princess Bertha in marriage for his son. This was too much for imperial pride ; and relations were broken off between the courts of Tamworth† and Aix-la-Chapelle.

Most hateful among Offa's many crimes was the murder of the handsome young Ethelbert, king of East Anglia, who came to the Mercian court as the accepted wooer of his daughter. After a banquet, at which music and wine sped the hours, the unsuspecting guest retired to a gorgeous bed-chamber prepared for his reception. Tired of revelry, he flung himself on the silken

* Offa's Dyke ("Clawdh Offa" in the Welsh) stretched its ditch and rampart from Basingstoke in Flintshire, near the mouth of the Dee, to the shore of the Bristol Channel. There are considerable remains of the work to be seen still.

† Tamworth in Staffordshire was long the capital of Mercia. It lies at the junction of the Tame and the Anker, twenty-five miles from Stafford, and has a population of about 14,000.

cushions of a chair, when suddenly a trap-door opened in the floor, and he fell headlong—chair and all—among a band of ruffians, who smothered him with pillows and curtains. So runs one of the many versions of this tale. The annexation of East Anglia to the Mercian kingdom was the immediate consequence of the murder. The poor girl—solitary lamb in a household of wolves—thus deprived of a husband who had won her love, fled to a convent, where she spent the sad remainder of her life.

Four years later (796) the murderer followed his victim to the grave. Haunted by the phantoms of his crime, he sought to atone for his evil deeds by building churches and bestowing lands on monks. He founded a monastery for the Black Friars at St. Albans. In vain he buried himself among the trees of Andresey, a beautiful island on the Thames. Wherever he went he pined; and so he died. The waters of the Ouse gradually ate away the foundations of the little church at Bedford, where his body lay; and it was said by the monks, that bathers on a summer day could see the tomb of this bloody king lying far below among the tangled river weeds.*

Worse than even the story of her father is the story of **Eadburga**, one of Offa's daughters. Married to Brihtric, the usurper of Wessex, this wicked beauty in a fit of jealous rage prepared a cup of poison for one of her husband's favourites. The king, having accidentally drunk of the fatal liquor, died. From the fury of an angry people she fled with her treasures to the court of Charlemagne, who hid her dangerous beauty in a convent by placing her as abbess over some noble nuns. She was soon, however, expelled from the sacred house. Then travelling into Italy, she sank to utter destitution, and died—this once proud and lovely princess—in beggar's rags upon the streets of Pavia.

CHIEF DATES OF THE SAXON HEPTARCHY—410 A.D. to 823 A.D.

A.D.

432. St. Patrick preaches the gospel at Tara in Ireland.

449. *The reputed landing of Hengist and Horsa* at Thanet in Kent. Three tribes—Jutes, Angles, Saxons—are said to have been represented by the crews of their three ships. Various settlements of Teutonic tribes on the southern and eastern coasts of Britain form seven or eight kingdoms. The names and assigned dates follow:—

457. Kent, founded by..... Hengist.

490. South Saxony, founded by Ella..... = Sussex and Surrey.

519. Wessex, founded by..... Cerdic .. = Hants, Wilts, Dorset, Devon.

527. East Saxony, founded by Ercenwin = Essex, Middlesex.

547. Northumbria, founded by Ida..... = East shore from Humber to Forth.

575. East Anglia, founded by.. Uffa..... = Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge.

582. Mercia, founded by..... Cridda... = Midland Counties.

597. *Landing in Thanet of Augustine* and forty monks, sent by Pope Gregory at the request of Ethelbert of Kent.

617. *Battle of the Idel*, which restores Edwin of Deira to his throne.

* A stone coffin with the name Offa on it, which was dug up in 1836 at Hemel-Hempstead in Hertfordshire, seems to contradict this tradition. Perhaps the coffin was removed from Bedford before the chapel fell into the Ouse.

627. Christianity planted in Northumbria by means of Paulinus. Colfi hurls his spear into the idol's shrine.
633. Death of Edwin in battle at Hatfield Chase in Yorkshire, where Penda and Cadwalla rout the northern army.
655. Death of Penda, king of Mercia, in the battle of the Winwed near Leeda.
688. *Ina, the lawgiver, ascends the throne of Wessex.*
752. Battle of the Windrush, which determines the ascendancy of Wessex over Mercia.
787. *Landing of three Danish ships at Dorchester*—being the beginning of the Danish incursions.
796. Death of Offa, king of Mercia, who had beaten the Cymri at Rhuddlan.
800. Egbert, king of Wessex, restored to his rightful throne.
823. *He subdues Mercia in the battle of Wilton*, after which Kent, Essex, Northumbria, and East Anglia submit to his sword.

THE EARLY SAXON KINGS.

(800 A.D.—1017 A.D.)

NINTH CENTURY.		A.D.		A.D.
EGBERT—restored.....	800		EDMUND I. (brother).....	941
ETHELWULF (son).....	836		EDRED (brother).....	946
ETHELBALD (son).....	857		EDWY (nephew).....	955
ETHELBERT (brother).....	860		EDGAR (brother).....	959
ETHELRED I. (brother).....	866		EDWARD the Martyr (son).....	975
ALFRED (brother).....	871		ETHELRED II. the Unready (half-brother).....	978
TENTH CENTURY.				
EDWARD the Elder (son).....	901		ELEVENTH CENTURY.	
ATHELSTAN (son).....	925		EDMUND II., Ironside (son),	1017

CHAPTER I.

THE RISE OF WESSEX.

The nucleus of England.
Battle of Burford.

First descent of Danes.
Reign of Egbert.

His three successors.
Ravages of Danes.

EIGHT kingdoms could not live within the limits of the British shore. They were welded into three—Anglian Northumbria, Anglian Mercia, and Saxon Wessex—which ultimately became one. We cannot find this name upon our modern maps, though Essex and Sussex still remain to mark the site of ancient Saxon kingdoms. The omission is full of meaning. **Wessex**, reserved for a loftier destiny than the mere naming of a shire, extended its frontiers until it had reached the northern hills and the eastern sea, and thus became the nucleus and origin of the great kingdom of England.

During the thirty-seven years of **Ina's** reign (688–725), Wessex rose rapidly in power and in fame. In imitation of the Kentish kings this monarch enacted a code of laws for his subjects. But the ascendancy of the West Saxons may be dated chiefly from a battle fought by the Windrush near Burford in Oxfordshire, in which the handsome and dissolute Ethelbald of Mercia was forced to flee before the standard of the Golden Dragon.

752

A.D.

It was indeed time that the scattered energies of England should be centred in a solid heart, for the Raven of the North had whetted his iron beak and spread his sooty wings. **The Danes** were abroad on the eastern sea, furious to smite the renegades, who had forsaken the ancient faith of Thor and Odin for the worship of a peaceful God.

The first descent of these pirates took place in 787 at Dorchester, where the crews of three ships landed to plunder, and, after killing the sheriff, were driven on deck again. They chose **787** a safer place for their second descent. Sailing northward, **A.D.** they landed upon the island of Lindisfarne, where pious Oswald had founded a monastery, and there they slew and burned and robbed without stint or stay.

Brihtric, whose usurpation of the Wessex crown had driven the true heir, **Egbert**, into exile at the court of Charlemagne, had been but a short time king when the Danish keels touched at Dorchester. We have already seen how that wretched man was poisoned by his yet more wretched wife. His death restored Egbert to a hereditary throne. Some fifteen years' residence among the **800** polished Franks had prepared the Bright-eyed Prince for **A.D.** the lofty station of a king. His keen glance saw the weakness of the neighbouring states. Mercia fell smitten on the field of Wilton (823), and with it fell its feeble limbs, Kent and Essex. The prince of Northumbria arrested the uplifted sword by an abject submission. Thus the Angles bent under the Saxon sceptre, and a united nation had its birth. Yet the old supremacy of the Anglian race was not forgotten, as the new name of the country testifies to this day. While that old name of "Saxony beyond the sea," by which our land was known to the German tribes, lingers only in the records of a thousand years ago, "Angle-land," or England, is still the dear familiar name of our vast empire's heart. All the lowlands acknowledged Egbert's rule, the Cymri of the mountains alone holding fast their ancient freedom. The last years of the West Saxon king were spent in beating back the incursions of the Danes. Joining the Cymri of Cornwall, they faced the army of Egbert at **Hengsdown Hill** above the Tamar, but were defeated with severe loss. In the following year (836 **A.D.**) the brave king of Wessex died.*

I pass over with few words the next four kings of Wessex. The monkish Ethelwulf, whose solitary ray of fame is derived from the fact that he was Alfred's father, was succeeded by four sons, who reigned in turn,—Ethelbald, Ethelbert, Ethelred, and Alfred. The Danish sea-kings now gave no peace to the land. Penetrating the country, they seized York, and pushed southward to Reading on the Thames. A brave but vain resistance was made to their destroying march by the Mercian earl Alfgar, who with a chosen band laid

* We must not forget that the title "King of England" was not adopted by Egbert. Even Alfred was styled only "King of the West Saxons." Athelstan was the first "King of England."

down his life among the oak-trees of Kesteven.* A fruitless victory won at Ashtree Hill near Reading by the West Saxons, and memorable as one of Alfred's earlier fights, was followed by the defeat of Basing and the indecisive battle of Merton,† in the latter of which King Ethelred received a mortal wound. The greatest of the Saxons then ascended the throne of Wessex.

CHAPTER II.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

Alfred's youth.
His disease.
Unpopular at first.
Athelney.

Battle of Ethanduna.
Treaty of Wedmor.
Policy of Alfred.
His daily life.

Hastings the Dana.
The stranded ships.
Alfred's death

BORN at **Wantage** in Berkshire‡ early in the year 849, Alfred, son of Ethelwulf and Osberga, ascended the throne of Wessex at the age of twenty-two. His early years had displayed a promise of greatness, of which the fulfilment adorned his manhood. At six he had won as a prize an illuminated copy of Saxon ballads, by learning them quickly as he heard them read. At the same early age he had gone with his father to Rome, where he resided for a year. At seventeen his sword had been reddened with Danish blood. When the crown of Wessex devolved on Ethelred, the crown of Kent and Sussex should, by old Ethelwulf's will, have been given to Alfred; but it passed by consent of the Witan to the elder brother, in order that no disunion should weaken the kingdoms of the south. No murmur had broken from Alfred at the change; for his young heart could, even at seventeen, set his country above himself.

Our wonder at his achievements deepens as we read of that unknown malady, which tormented him internally for five-and-twenty of his busiest years.

The West Saxons murmured a good deal at first under the sway of young Alfred's sceptre; for with youthful impetuosity he plunged into the work of reform so hotly and thoroughly that he lost sight, for a while, of prudence in his demands upon a struggling people. For this reason Alfred was not popular at first; and when we add to his exactions the ever-threatening danger of the Danes, who held

* Lincolnshire has long been divided into three parts—Lindsey, Kesteven, and Holland. *Kesteven* forms the south-west district of the shire, and is remarkable for the steep slope, Cliffe Row, overlooking the valley of the Witham.

† There is a *Merton* on the Wandle in Surrey, nine miles from London, noted for the ruins of its abbey; but Sharon Turner thinks that this battle was fought at Moreton near Wallingford in Berkshire.

‡ *Wantage*, in the north of Berkshire, is a market town (population, 17,438), ten miles from Abingdon. Formerly noted for woollens and sacking, it now trades chiefly in farm produce.

Northumbria and East Anglia, and who pressed so fiercely on Wessex that there was, in the first year of his reign, a battle every six weeks, we shall not wonder that the people of Wessex shrank alike from the iron sceptre of their young king and the gleaming axe of their unresting foe.

Thus it came to pass that when **Guthrum**, a Danish chief, made a descent upon Wareham in Dorsetshire,* only a few dispirited men could be gathered round the banner of the Golden Dragon. To fight was useless or impossible at the moment. Exeter fell, Wilts was over-run, and Alfred was without a throne. The forest and the marsh became his home, and the royal robe was exchanged for the coarse frock of a peasant. A wet tract of land, wooded with alder-trees, stood in the centre of that swamp through which the Parret and the Tone found their way to the Bristol Channel.† This sequestered spot, known as **Athelney**, or "the Isle of Nobles," formed his refuge; and here he lived with a few faithful friends during the winter of 877-78, often so destitute of food that he was forced to depend for a meal altogether on the trout and pike of the neighbouring streams. From this safe but cheerless haunt the unfortunate king used to stray away for days, brooding over his fall, and content to rest his weary head at night in any hut, to which his aimless steps had led him. While he sat one day in a neat-herd's cabin, by the logs which crackled in the centre of the clay floor, the wife of his host bade him turn the cakes that were baking, perhaps on an iron girdle. Lost in meditation, he continued mechanically to trim his bow, while his thoughts reverted to the disasters of the past, or turned with hope to the chances of the coming spring. A cry aroused him. The smoking cakes were burned black, and the angry woman upbraided him violently, telling him, amongst other things, that, lazy as he was in watching the bread, he would be ready enough at meal-time to eat it. So far as we know, the king took the rebuke meekly.

But this eclipse lasted only a few months. Three shires—Hants, Wilts, and Somerset—kept their absent king in loving memory. Except a few, they knew not where he had gone. Imagine, then, the sudden thrill of joy, with which all hearts leaped up to meet a whisper that he was still within the bounds of Wessex, waiting only for sufficient numbers and a fitting time to strike a decisive blow for the crown of Cerdic. One by one, there arrived at the little island-camp, over the three-arched bridge, stout young Saxon soldiers, ready to die sooner than submit again to that dark winter's shame and bondage. The spring sun was shining upon the fresh foliage of the alders, when the resolute little band left their camp, and pursued their silent march through the hawthorn-scented glades of **Selwood**

* *Wareham* in Dorsetshire lies on a hill near the Frome, nineteen miles from Dorchester, and three miles from a branch of Poole Harbour.

† The Parret (anciently Pedred), the chief river of Somersetshire, rises at South Perrot, in Dorsetshire. It receives from the west the Tone, flowing out of Brendon Hill. Macaulay remarks that most names in this district of Somerset—Bridgewater and Sedgemoor, for example—remind us of its original swampy state.

Forest to a spot near the base of Bratton Hill in Wiltshire, on the oval summit of which the tents of Guthrum lay. Then is said to have occurred one of those incidents, which occasionally fling the colours of romance upon the pages of history. Although too picturesque to be omitted, I give the story with the warning that it rests upon the authority of an old monk of Croyland,* whose veracity is not above suspicion.† Donning the gay robe of a gleeman, and summoning a servant to bear his harp behind him, Alfred made his way up the hill to the Danish camp. The path to the royal tent was readily shown. A wild shout hailed his entrance, for mead and ale had been flowing fast. Alfred struck his harp with no unskilful finger, and, as song succeeded song, the praises of the Danes grew louder. Noting with sharp eye everything that passed, and catching with attentive ear the careless talk of the revellers, the disguised king acted his daring part through the whole of that night. When the camp was silent, he stole away to the forest, where his men were preparing for to-morrow's fight. Early in the morning the Danes, having slept off their debauch, arose, and no doubt there were many surmises as to what had become of the minstrel, who had added so much to the previous evening's enjoyment. Suspecting no danger, Guthrum's troops went down to amuse themselves at the little village of **Ethandune** or Eddington,‡ which lay in the plain below the hill. In a short time Alfred had cut them off from the camp, and was on them with a fierce charge. Rather amused, at first, than frightened

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A.D.

at the daring of the Saxons, they stood at bay; but it soon became manifest that no passing inspiration of valour had brought the Saxons from their forest retreat, but the fixed resolve of courageous men to have their own again, or perish in the struggle. Towards sunset the Danes gave way, and fled before the Saxon bill-hooks up to their lofty camp. Deep trenches, high banks, and a strong castle enabled them for a fortnight to defy the circle of Saxon spears, ever growing thicker round the base of the invested hill; but at last bread grew scarce, and the humbled Northmen sought a peace. The Treaty of **Wedmor**§ was made between the contending races, Guthrum and thirty of his chiefs consenting to be baptized into the Christian Church, and to till in peace that district known as the Danelagh. Within that flat land, which corresponded nearly to the kingdom of East Anglia, the Danes, tired of war and humbled in spirit by this severe reverse, beat their swords into ploughshares, and settled down to the quiet life of husbandmen.

Alfred now ruled a tolerably quiet land. The only danger, which he had to fear, must come from the sea. His fleet, therefore, was enlarged; and ships, built and modelled after the grace and symmetry of the

* *Croyland*, or *Crowland*, in Lincolnshire, lies forty-eight miles from Lincoln. The ruins of its celebrated monastery are still to be seen. Population, 2466.

† *Ingulphus*.

‡ *Ethandune*, or *Eddington*, lies under Bratton Hill, about two miles from Westbury, not far from the western border of Wiltshire.

§ *Wedmore*, in Somersetshire (population, 3905), stands on a slope, five miles from Uxbridge, which lies under the Mendip Hills.

salmon, cut the English seas at a rate of swiftness, which the flat-bottomed boats that bore the Northmen could not attain. The name of this West Saxon king began to be heard in the great centres of the world. In Rome, in Constantinople, in Bagdad his praise was on priestly and princely lips. Even under the cocoa palms of the Coromandel coast in India, an envoy from the court of Wessex appeared in his strange English dress among the turbaned Nestorian Christians, to present costly gifts from King Alfred to the shrine of St. Thomas.

English law owes much to Alfred; for he framed a code in which some of the great principles of our Constitution appear for the first time. By him the throne was first planted firmly on its foundation, in the enactment that to plot against the person of the king was death. But there is one great pillar of our liberties, of which Alfred was not the architect, although the common story runs in favour of his claims. He did *not* introduce the practice of trial by jury.* Nor did he, as is commonly stated, divide the land into shires, hundreds, and tithings. He probably defined more exactly many of the existing boundaries, but the shire was at least as old as Ina's laws. Besides his organization of a really useful fleet, he built castles on commanding sites; he founded schools at great expense; and invited learned men from abroad to settle at his court. He sent Ohter to survey the icebergs of the White Sea, and Wulfstan to penetrate that dark entrance of the Baltic whence so many keels laden with death had poured upon the English sea-board; he enclosed his cities with walls, and by the magic of industry turned the ruins of London into palaces; and, finally, he exhibited in the full gaze of all his people a high example, and a force of personal character, whose influence was felt to the lowest ranks of the nation.

Having burned his **time-candles** far into the night, busied with the dictation of a translation from Latin into Saxon, he would lie down, and drawing the goat-skin coverlet over him, would try to snatch a few hours' rest, if his inward pain would give him leave. But scarcely twelve rings had wasted on his taper-clocks† when the active king was up in the dawn, bending his head in humble devotion before his day's work began. A sparing meal then prepared him for his toil. Several hours were given to business of the State. The model of a ship's hull, perhaps, carved by some sailor of the fleet, came for his inspection; and with wrights and smiths by his side in the primitive dockyard of the time, he went to give directions for the building of a similar vessel, whose sharp prow and slender waist gave promise of increased speed. Or he talked with Plegmund, Asser, or Grimbald, about the pitiful ignorance of the clergy, many of whom

* Trial by jury, which became a common way of deciding cases under the Normans, originated in the practice of leaving the decision of any dispute to a certain number of men who knew the facts of the affair. The original jury was therefore composed of the witnesses in the case.

† The candles, which were shaded from draughts by horn lanterns, are said to have burned an inch in twenty minutes; and it is likely that they were marked with rings at intervals of an inch.

could not understand the Latin mass they read, and suggested means by which this evil state of things might be partly cured. There were reports to hear from all corners of the land; masons to be directed in the fortification or beautifying of towns; members of the Witan to be consulted; troops to be reviewed; and a thousand other things, either crowding all together, or coming round on stated days, which made the eight hours given by the king to public business seem too short. After some three or four hours of the morning had been thus devoted to the duties of his crown, a sharp gallop through the forest after deer or wild swine prepared him for the mid-day meal, which was often followed by a mid-day sleep. In Alfred's case this *siesta* cannot have been long, for he allotted only eight hours altogether to sleep, meals, and exercise. The afternoon and evening, when some additional hours had been given to royal business, were probably spent in literary work, converse with scholarly men, and hearing books read. He could not read them himself, though all his life long he earnestly desired to learn. His authorship, which he managed by dictation to a clerk, consisted in translations from the Latin of such authors as Orosius and Bede the historians, and Boethius the philosopher. Having learned to speak Latin after he was forty, he caused these books to be read to him, and, while the words were fresh in his retentive mind, he turned them freely into Anglo-Saxon, often adding from his own gathered knowledge, or compressing the substance of a lengthy paragraph into a few pithy words. By this incessant toiling, varied with such service in the field as his sleepless foes, the Danish sea-kings, occasionally obliged him to undertake, Saxon Alfred earned his title of the Great. Of his personal appearance we can form but a faint idea. We may guess that his eyes were blue, and his hair golden, for these were the common tokens of Saxon blood; and a feminine delicacy of colour and slenderness of frame may probably have resulted from his weak health. But beyond these conjectures our portrait-painting cannot go.

A foe, more terrible than even Guthrum, broke in 893 the peace which England had been then enjoying for fifteen years. A sea-king, known on every shore from the Skaw to Sicily, cast anchor off the coast of Kent in that year, with a fleet of two hundred and fifty sail. It was **Hastings**, the prince of living pirates. A shuddering whisper ran through the Saxon territory, and reached the court. But Alfred was not afraid of spending another winter in Athelney. His cities were cased in armour of stone; his ships, swift and strong, rode upon the sea. Sickle and plough had not taken the old skill in war from his people's hands, and in every cottage a spear and an axe stood sharp and ready. Yet it was a critical time; for Guthrum, who had religiously kept the terms of Wedmor, was dead, and the old fire of hatred towards the Saxons was still smouldering among the farmers of the Danelagh.

Without following minutely the movements of the four years, during which this struggle between Alfred and Hastings lasted, I shall just indicate the general course of events. The Danes, who

landed in two divisions at the mouth of the Thames, and of a river, now dry, called the Lymne, threw up great intrenched camps, which became centres of desolation—ulcers eating deep into the prosperity of the rich lowlands of Kent and the neighbouring shires. The tillers of the Danelagh, seizing their ancient weapons, made a rush to join their kinsmen. But Alfred was a sleepless foe. At Farnham in Surrey* he inflicted a severe defeat upon the pirates. A sudden descent on Devon brought him hastily to the relief of Exeter. Thus, from Thames to Severn and back again, the torch of war was carried through the land, the Danes recoiling from the walls of the fortified towns, and never able to make head against an army in the field, but, wherever they stayed, encircling their camp with great earth-works to form a central station, from which they ravaged all the surrounding country.

Almost their last stand was made at Ware† upon the Lea, where they erected a fortress of enormous strength, which the citizens of London, aided by the surrounding peasantry, attacked in vain. Through the entire summer of 896 they held this position, watching the corn-fields grow white under the ripening sun, and waiting for a propitious August day, on which they might house the grain for winter use. Unexpectedly Alfred came up with a force, one half of which was armed with sickles, and the Danes saw the sheaves bound and carried off in waggons before their very faces, while they stood within their works, not daring to meet the Saxon spears on level ground. It was a bitter vexation; but a worse loss was yet in store. Well aware that the Danes were secure so long as they had their ships to fall back on in case of disaster, Alfred, by digging a deep trench on each bank of the stream and letting the current flow into these, so shallowed the main channel, where the Danish vessels lay, that they were left slanting—useless—on the scarcely covered mud. Breaking from their lines, the Danes crossed the Chilterns towards the Severn, where with difficulty they existed during the winter; and when the spring winds blew, patching as they best could some old ships borrowed from their kinsmen of the Danelagh, they steered away for the mouth of the Seine, where better fortune than they had met by the Thames awaited their swords. 896 A.D.

Alfred then spent a few years of peace, disturbed only by the scattered attacks of small pirate squadrons. But his end was drawing nigh. To the last he worked for the land he loved so well. Suddenly, on the 26th October 901, death smote his feeble frame, and the great soul left its prison-house of clay.

We can well imagine the hurry and alarm of that sad day; the bearded leeches summoned hastily to the royal chamber; the choking sobs that shook the brave breasts of guards and courtiers; the white awe-struck faces of the common crowd standing silent at the palace

* Farnham in Surrey (population, 11,804) lies near the Wey, thirty-eight miles from London. It is noted for hops.

† Ware in Hertfordshire lies on the Lea, twenty miles north of London. Population, 16,482.

door, and listening to the beat of the passing-bell, as it rang out its iron prayer, imploring a nation to kneel for their dying king. Treading on withered leaves, they bore his confined dust with the chant of psalms to that sacred roof in Winchester himself had reared, and left it there to mingle with the clay of God's acre, as the Saxon burying-place was reverently called.

CHAPTER III

DUNSTAN.

Birth and boyhood.
The cell at Winchester.
The handsome abbot.

Quarrel with Edwy.
In exile.
Archbishop of Canterbury.

The marriage question.
The broken floor at Calne.
Decay and death.

DURING the reign of Edward, Alfred's not unworthy son, a child was born of Saxon parents, whose name fills the history of England during nearly all the tenth century. This was **Dunstan**, afterwards to be first and greatest of the three churchmen, who climbed to stations even higher than the English throne.

When he was probably still a student at the school of Glastonbury,* where he read himself into a fever, all England rang with the tidings of a battle won at Brunnaburgh in Lincolnshire by Athelstan, the son and successor of Edward. A vast league had been formed to overturn the Saxon throne. Under the Raven standard of Anlaf, a Danish chief from the Irish shore, a motley force of Danes, Scots, and Cymri swept up the Humber in more than six hundred ships, and disembarked to fight a decisive battle. The fate of the day is said to have been decided by a body of English, who in the heat of the struggle turned the flank of the allied force, and fell upon their rear. This victory of **Brunnaburgh** raised the name of Athelstan high among the princes of the Continent, some of whom sought his sisters in marriage. Then it was, in the glow of his success, that the title of "West Saxon King" was exchanged for the prouder name, "King of England."

Dunstan was still young when an outlaw's dagger slew another king—Edmund, whose chief title to remembrance rests upon his having uprooted the Danish race from those **five burghs**, Derby, Leicester, Nottingham, Stamford, and Lincoln, in which they had planted themselves early in Alfred's reign.

To raise monasticism, and firmly to establish its empire over human wills, became the grand object of all Dunstan's thought and work. Building a little cell, half sunk in the earth, beside the wall of **Winchester church**, he shut himself in to pray and to swing the

* *Glastonbury* in Somersetshire lies on a hill surrounded by marshy flats, twenty-one miles south-west of Bath. Population of town and parish, 3125. A colony of Irish monks founded a great monastery there early in the Middle Ages.

sledge. At midnight bars of light used to stream from his smithy, and hoarse cries and heavy blows disturbed the still air. The rumour spread that the saint spent the dark hours in conflict with the devil; and his own words confirmed the terrible suspicion.

Made **Abbot of Glastonbury** at a remarkably early age, he rose speedily into prominence: for to great abilities he added brilliant accomplishments; and with an uncle who was Primate, his powers were not likely to remain hidden in obscurity. The handsome young Abbot, whose talk flowed in so sparkling a stream,—whose rich voice, echoed by the sounding harp-strings, was the very soul of music,—who could make bells, stain glass, and carve crucifixes,—was just the man to become popular at a court where intellect and refined taste were rare. Five kings of England owned his sway, and more than one owed to him the crown. In truth he deserved the title of “King-maker” fully as well as that soldier of a later day, who died on the bloody field of Barnet.

Under the sickly Edred, who reigned from 946 to 955, the power of the monk grew steadily, and everything portended a struggle between the cowl and the crown. Turketul, long the chancellor of the kingdom, having raised once more the walls of Croyland Abbey, drew some of the choicest intellects of the court within the shadow of the cloister, over which he presided. This did much to consolidate monasticism in England; but Dunstan took a more active part in laying the foundations of the system.

His quarrel with **King Edwy** showed the material of which he was made, and the kind of work which he had steeled himself to do. It was the day of the coronation, which had just been performed at Kingston-upon-Thames by Odo the Dane, Archbishop of Canterbury. A great feast graced the royal board, at which the leading clergy of the realm were assembled. Prominent among them sat the Abbot of Glastonbury, who after the fashion of the day drank deep. Edwy, a handsome bridegroom of eighteen, escaped from the drunken riot to tell his wife and her mother how the coronation ceremony had passed off, and to talk unrestrainedly with them after the tedious rites of the day. Tossing the crown on the floor, he was rejoicing in the thought that all was over, when the door, flung rudely back, admitted two boisterous priests, who desired the king to return at once to the hall, for Archbishop Odo was enraged at his absence. Edwy's kingly spirit took fire, and he refused to stir, until Dunstan, picking up the crown, placed it on his head, and amidst the cries of the women dragged the royal captive back to the banquet hall. Such an insult burned deep into Edwy's heart, nor did he rest until he got revenge. Edred, the late king, having confided the royal treasures to Dunstan's care, Edwy demanded that the money should be accounted for at once. Upon Dunstan's refusal, soldiers were sent to Glastonbury, to seize the daring abbot's wealth and drive him from the shelter of the abbey. He fled across the sea to Flanders, where he resided for some time. The poor queen Elgiva is said to have been torn by the cruelty of Odo from her husband's side, branded on the face with

white-hot iron to destroy her beauty, and then banished to Ireland. For daring to come back, the sinews of her legs were cut across, and she was left to die. Monkish hatred, having slain the wife, rested not until it had hewn down the husband's throne. Supported by the intriguing leaders of the Church, Mercia and Northumbria unfurled the banner of revolt in favour of young Edgar, a brother of the king. Edwy the Fair, shorn of more than half his realm, died in the following year (958), not improbably by foul means.

Meanwhile Dunstan had returned at the summons of Edgar to receive the mitres of Worcester and London, honours which he soon exchanged for the Primacy of England,—good old Byrhtelm being dismissed to make room for a greater man. Henceforward the

English crown was Dunstan's plaything; nor was there any redeeming quality in the puppet kings. The lust and murder, which disfigured Edgar's reign, can excite nothing but disgust.

An assassin's dagger cut short Edward's career, before he had done much good or much harm. The follies of Ethelred belong chiefly to the story of that great Dane, who forms the subject of the next chapter. I turn from such themes to note the part that Dunstan played in the great ecclesiastical struggle of his time.

The **Church of Rome**, looking to England, saw the parish clergy intermarrying with the people of the nation—a practice that did not suit her system. Upon such men as Dunstan devolved the duty of leading the crusade against priestly marriages, as a degradation of the sacred office. A bitter war began to rage between the Benedictine monks and the national clergy. The sight of abbeys filled with unmarried monks, who lived a life of vicious ease, stirred up the honest rage of Englishmen, who knew that the land was groaning under pestilence and famine. By secret plots and open violence, by the thunders of a fierce eloquence, by the working of pretended miracles, Dunstan fought the battle of his Church and his Order. That his cause triumphed is scarcely wonderful, when we regard the troubled time and the undeniable genius of the man.

The most remarkable crisis of the struggle took place at **Calne** in Wiltshire,* where the Witan assembled to debate the disputed points. Gathering in a large chamber on the first floor of the town-hall, the earls, thanes, bishops, abbots, and other leading churchmen took their seats in two bodies at different ends of the room, according to the

side which they supported. The wise and eloquent Beornhelm had come from Scotland to plead the cause of the national Church against the oppressive interference of Rome. Dunstan rose, when the illustrious stranger had spoken at great length, and was in the midst of an address, which mingled pathetic lamentations over his own decaying years with fierce appeals to Heaven for judgment, when a sudden cracking noise was heard—the opposite end of the flooring, where the national party sat, gave way with a crash—and all but Dunstan and his friends lay far below among the

* *Calne*, a borough of Wiltshire (population 2544), lies on a brook in one of the chalk valleys, thirty-one miles north-west of Salisbury.

splintered joists in a ghastly heap of dead and maimed. It is, of course, impossible to say whether this was a remarkable coincidence or a deadly design. Whether Dunstan sawed the beams below or not, the crash at Calne swept off at one terrible stroke his most formidable opponents, and left him completely master of the field.

But his glory soon departed. The feeble prince, for whose sake Edward had been murdered—that unhappy Ethelred, whose memory has been branded with the name, “Unready,”—bent under the iron sway of the great archbishop, signing away broad acres to the Church with the wildest lavishness. But the nation had grown weary of Dunstan. Stories were afloat as to his interviews with demons, and his skill in unholy arts. And to the misery of a failing power there was added the worse misery of a failing frame. Retiring to Canterbury sick in body and in mind, he spent the last days of his life apart from the stormy world, in whose strife his spirit when unbroken had rejoiced; and there he died in 988.

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE IN ANGLO-SAXON ENGLAND.

Sunrise.	In the forest.	Money.
The Bower.	By the mere.	Travelling.
Dress.	Industrial arts.	Noon-meat in the Hall.
Breakfast.	Farming.	Drinking customs.
The porch and garden.	Commerce.	Evening in the Bower.

Morning.—When the sun rose on Anglo-Saxon England, it shone through painted windows upon long-robed monks already in the chapel; and at certain seasons upon ploughmen with their oxen in the furrow, swineherds in the beechen glades, and shepherds on the fair green pastures. Its faint red light stirred every sleeper from the sack of straw, which formed the only bed of the age. Springing from this rustling couch and casting off the coarse sheeting and coverlets of skin, the subjects of King Alfred prepared for the work of the opening day. Grouped round the central hall of every important house, stood the *bowers* or sleeping chambers, which also served for private sitting-rooms. The tiled roofs and walls of wood, raised like all the house upon a stone foundation, gaped with many chinks, and afforded but an insecure protection against bad weather. Glancing round the tapestried walls, the eye caught but few articles of furniture in the bowers. A round table with three or four legs—a common stool or two—a foot-stool for dainty slippered feet—a tall spiked stick,* in which a rough candle of tallow, plastered round a

* The word *candle-stick* reminds us of this article. Bone and metal, often formed into branches, soon took the place of wood. They had snuffers too. Lamps, borrowed from the Romans and called *light-eats* by the Saxons, and lanterns, ascribed by Asser to the inventive genius of Alfred, were not unknown. Rich men made their candles sometimes of wax.

wick, had melted half-way down the night before—a strong-box banded with bronze, for holding money, plate, or jewels, were the principal articles. The bed lay upon a low shelf in some recess. Here the day's dress was donned. Men wore linen or woollen tunics, which reached to the knee, and, over these, long fur-lined cloaks, fastened with a brooch of ivory or gold. While martens, beavers, and foxes were stripped for the adornment of the rich, the skins of cats and lambs sufficed the lower classes. Strips of cloth or leather, bandaged cross-wise from the ankle to the knee over red and blue stockings, and black pointed shoes, split along the instep almost to the toes, and fastened with two thongs, completed the costume of an Anglo-Saxon gentleman. Except by soldiers, who wore helmets in the field, the head was seldom covered. The moustache was shaved; the beard was trimmed into a fork. The ladies, wrapping a veil of silk or linen upon their delicate curls, laced a loose flowing gown over a tight-sleeved bodice, wound golden snakes round neck or arm, and pinned the graceful foldings of their mantles with gold butterflies radiant with coloured gems, and other tasteful trinkets of the kind.

After hearing mass in the adjacent chapel, and engaging in various kinds of work for some hours, the Anglo-Saxons **breakfasted** at nine o'clock. This meal consisted probably of bread, meat, and ale, but was a lighter repast than that taken when the hurry of the day lay behind. It was eaten often in the bower. Between breakfast and noon-meal at three lay the most active period of the day. Let me picture a few scenes in Anglo-Saxon life, as displayed in the chief occupations of the time.

Leaving the ladies of his household to linger among the roses and lilies of their gardens, or to ply their embroidering needles in some cool recess of the orchard, festooned with broad vine leaves and scented with the smell of apples, the earl or thane went out to the porch of his dwelling, and sitting there upon a fixed throne, gave alms to a horde of beggars, or presided over a meeting of the local court.

Autumn brought delightful days to the sportsmen of Anglo-Saxon England. Galloping down from his home, situated, as were all great Saxon houses, on the crest of a commanding hill, the earl, with all care or thought of work flung aside, dashed with his deep-chested Welsh hounds into the glades of a neighbouring forest, already touched with the red and gold of September. Gaily through the shadowy avenues rang the music of the horns, startling red deer and wild boars from their coverts in the brushwood. Away after the dogs, maddened by a fresh scent, goes the **gallant hunt**—past swineherds with their goads, driving vast herds of pigs into the dales, where beech-mast and acorns lie thick upon the ground—past woodcutters, hewing fuel for the castle fire, or munching their scanty meal of oaten bread about noon; nor is bridle drawn until the game, antlered or tusked, has rushed into the strong nets spread by attendants at some pass among the trees. Then knife or spear does its bloody work. Among the Anglo-Saxons, as among the Normans and

the English of a later day, the bow was a favourite weapon in the deer-forest. When better game proved scarce, they shot or netted hares.

Hawking long held the place of our modern shooting. Even the grave and business-like Alfred devoted his pen to this enticing subject. And we can well understand the high spirits and merry talk of a hawking party, cantering over rustling leaves, all white and crisp with an October frost, on their way to the reedy mere, where they made sure of abundant game. On each rider's wrist sat a hooded falcon, caught young, perhaps in a dark pine-wood of Norway, and carefully trained by the falconer, who was no unimportant official in an Anglo-Saxon establishment. Arrived at the water, the party broke into sets; and as the blue heron rose on his heavy wing, or a noisy splashing flight of ducks sprang from their watery rest, the hood was removed, and the game shown to the sharp-eyed bird, which, soaring loose into the air from the upflung wrist, cleft his way in pursuit with rapid pinion, rose above the doomed quarry, and descending with a sudden swoop, struck fatal talons and yet more fatal beak into its back and head, and bore it dead to the ground. A sharp gallop over the broken surface had meantime brought the sportsman up in time to save the game, and restore the red-beaked victor to his hood and perch.

Trades.—But hunting and hawking were the pastimes of the rich. While fat deer fell under the hunter's dart, and feathers strewed the banks of lake and river, the smith* hammered red iron on his ringing anvil—the carpenter cut planks for the mead-bench or the bower wall, or shaped cart-wheels and plough-handles for the labours of the farm—the shoemaker, who also tanned leather and fashioned harness, plied his busy knife and needle—the furrier prepared skins for the lining of stately robes—and in every cloister monks deep in the mysteries of the furnace, the graving-tool, the paint-brush, and similar instruments, manufactured the best bells, crucifixes, jewellery, and stained glass then to be found in the land.

The **Anglo-Saxon farmers** were rather graziers than tillers of the soil. Sheep for their wool, swine for their flesh, kine for their beef and hides, dotted the pastures and fed in the forests near every steading. But there was agriculture too. A picture of an Anglo-Saxon farm-house would present, though of course in ruder form, many features of its modern English successor. Amid fields often bought for four sheep an acre, and scantily manured with marl after the old British fashion, stood a timbered house, flanked by a farm-yard full of ox-stalls and stocked with geese and fowl. A few bee-hives—the islands of the sugar-cane not being yet discovered—suggested a mead-cask always well filled, and a good supply of sweetmeats for the board; while an orchard, thick with laden boughs, supplied pears and apples, nuts and almonds, and in some districts figs and grapes. From the illustrations of an Anglo-Saxon manu-

* There were two kinds of smiths;—the armourer, who was well paid and held a high social place; and the mere blacksmith, who did the coarser work.

script we know something of the year's farm-work. January saw the wheel of the iron plough drawn down the brown furrows by four oxen, harnessed with twisted willow ropes or thongs of thick whale-skin. They dug their vineyards in February, their gardens in March. In April, when seed-time was past, they took their ease over horns of ale. May prepared for the shearing of the wool. June saw the sickles in the wheat; July heard the axe among the trees.* In August barley was mown with scythes. In September and October hounds and hawks engrossed every day of good weather. Round November fires farming implements were mended or renewed; and the whirling flail, beating the grain from its husk, beat also the December chill from the swiftly-running blood. We find in the threshing scene a steward, who stands keeping count, by notches on a stick, of the full baskets of winnowed grain which are pouring into the granary.

Ships came from the Continent to Anglo-Saxon England, laden with furs and silk, gems and gold, rich dresses, wine, oil, pigment,† and ivory; bearing back, most probably, blood-horses, wool for the looms of Flanders, and in earlier times English slaves for the markets of Aix-la-Chapelle and Rome. The backward condition of **trade** may be judged from a law, which enacted that no bargain should be made except in open court, in presence of the sheriff, the mass-priest, or the lord of the manor. Merchants, travelling in bands for safety and carrying their own tents, passed round the different country towns at certain times, when holiday was kept and village sports filled the green with noisy mirth. The wives and daughters of Anglo-Saxon cottages loved bright ribands and showy trinkets after the fashion of their sex. So while Gurth was wrestling on the grass or grinning at the antics of the dancing bear, Githa was investing her long-hoarded silver pennies in some strings of coloured beads, or an ivory comb. Close to the merchant or peddler (if we give him the name which best expresses to modern ears the habit of his life) stood an attendant with a pair of scales, ready to weigh the money in case of any considerable sale.‡ Slaves and cattle formed in early Saxon days a common medium of exchange. Whenever gold shone in the merchant's sack, it was chiefly the Byzantine gold *solidus*, shortly called Byzant, worth something more than nine of our shillings. Silver Byzants, worth two shillings, also passed current; and in earlier times Roman money, stamped with the heads of emperors, found its way into Saxon and Anglian purses.

By the Anglo-Saxon a **journey** was never undertaken for mere

* It is thought that the artist has here transposed June and July by mistake.

† Pigment was a sweet liquor, made of honey, wine, and spice.

‡ Anglo-Saxon money is little understood. The *pound*, which was the name of a sum and not of a coin, represented a Cologne pound of silver (11½ oz. Troy), and was equal to £2, 16s. 3d. of our money. The *penny* (worth 2½d. of our money), the *triens* (doubtful), the *halfpenny*, and the *farthing* were their only silver coins; and in copper they had only the *styca*, worth about one-third of a farthing. The *mark* (two-thirds of a pound), the *mancus*, the *ora*, the *scilling*, the *thrima* seem to have been only money of account—i.e., sums used in reckoning but not represented in the coinage.

pleasure, for many perils beset the way. The rich went short journeys in heavy waggons, longer journeys on horseback—the ladies riding on side-saddles as at present.* But most travelling was performed afoot. Horsemen carried spears for defence against robbers or wild beasts; pedestrians held a stout oak staff, which did double work in aiding and defending them. The stirrup was of an odd triangular shape; the spur, a simple spike. A cover wrapped the head; a mantle, the body of travellers. That they sometimes carried umbrellas we know; but these were probably very rare, being confined, like gloves, to the very highest class.

Ale-houses, in which too much Anglo-Saxon time was spent, abounded in the towns, but in country districts inns were scarce.† There were indeed places like the Eastern caravanserai, where travellers, carrying their own provisions, found a refuge from wind and rain by night within bare stone walls—the ruins, perhaps, of an old Roman villa or barrack, which afforded a cheerless shelter to the wearied band. But the hospitality of the Anglo-Saxons, implanted both by custom and by law (not after the narrow modern fashion of entertaining friends, who give parties in return, but the welcoming to bed and board of all comers, known and unknown), caused the lack of inns to be scarcely felt, except in the wilder districts of the land. No sooner did a stranger show his face at the iron-banded door of an Anglo-Saxon dwelling than water was brought to wash his hands and feet; and, when he had deposited his arms with the keeper of the door, he took his place at the board among the family and friends of the host. For two nights no question pried into his business or his name; after that time the host became responsible for his character. There were few solitary wayfarers, for the very fact of being alone excited suspicion, and exposed the traveller to the risk of being arrested, or perhaps slain, as a thief.

The central picture in Anglo-Saxon life—the great event of the Anglo-Saxon day—was **Noon-meal**, or dinner in the great hall. A little before three, the chief and all his household, with any stray guests who might have arrived, met in the hall, which stood in the centre of its encircling bowers—the principal apartment of every Saxon house. Clouds of wood-smoke, rolling up from a fire which blazed in the middle of the floor, blackened the carved and gilded rafters of the arched roof, before it found its way out of the hole above, which did duty as a chimney. Tapestries of purple dye, glowing with variegated pictures of saints and heroes, hung, or, if the day was stormy, flapped, upon the creviced walls. In palaces and earls' mansions coloured tiles, wrought like Roman *tessere* into a mosaic, formed a clean and pretty pavement; but the common flooring of the time was of clay, baked dry with the heat of winter

* Anne of Bohemia, queen of Richard II., did not introduce the side-saddle into England, for it was known there centuries before her birth.

† *Inn*, an Anglo-Saxon word, means "lodging." Other names for the same thing were *Gest-hus* (compare the German *Gast-haus*), and *Cumena-hus*, "the house of comers."

evenings and summer noons. The only articles of furniture always in the hall were wooden benches; on some of which, especially the *high settle* or seat of the chieftain, lay cushions, or at least a rug.

While the hungry crowd, fresh from woodland and furrow, were lounging near the fire or hanging up their weapons on the pegs and hooks that jutted from the wall, a number of slaves, dragging in a long flat heavy board, placed it on movable legs, and spread on its upper half a handsome cloth. Then were arranged with other utensils for the meal some flattish dishes, baskets of ash-wood for holding bread, a scanty sprinkling of steel knives shaped like our modern razors, platters of wood, and bowls for the universal broth. The ceremony of "**laying the board**," as the Anglo-Saxon phrased it, being completed, the work of demolition began. Great round cakes of bread—huge junks of boiled bacon—vast rolls of broiled eel—cups of milk—horns of ale—wedges of cheese—lumps of salt butter—and smoking piles of cabbage and beans melted like magic from the board under the united attack of greasy fingers and grinding jaws. Kneeling slaves offered to the lord and his honoured guests long skewers or spits, on which steaks of beef or venison smoked, ready for the hacking-blade. Poultry too, game, and geese filled the spaces of the upper board; but, except naked bones, the crowd of **loaf-eaters**, as Anglo-Saxon domestics were suggestively called, saw little of these daintier kinds of food. Nor did they much care, if to their innumerable hunches of bread they could add enough bacon to appease their hunger. Hounds, sitting eager-eyed by their masters, snapped with sudden jaws at scraps of fat flung to them, or retired below the board with some sweet bone that fortune sent them. All the while a clamorous mob of beggars and cripples hung round the door, squabbling over the broken meat and mingling their unceasing whine with the many noises of the feast.

With the washing of hands, performed for the honoured occupants of the high settle by officious slaves, the solid part of the banquet ended. The board was then dragged out of the hall; the loaf-eaters slunk away to have a nap in the byre, or sat drowsily in corners of the hall; and the **drinking** began. During the progress of the meal Welsh ale had flowed freely in horns or vessels of twisted glass. Mead and, in very grand houses, wine,* now began to circle in goblets of gold and silver, or of wood inlaid with these precious metals. Most of the Anglo-Saxon drinking glasses had rounded bottoms, like our soda-water bottles, so that they could not stand upon the table. Two attendants, one to pour out the liquor and another to hand the cups, waited on the carousers, from whose company the ladies of the household soon withdrew. The clinking of cups together, certain words of pledge, and a kiss opened the revel. In humbler houses story-telling and songs, sung to the music of the harp by each guest

* The use of wine among the Anglo-Saxons was limited to the highest class. It was either imported from the Continent or made of home-grown grapes, which since Roman days had ripened in the lower basins of Severn and Thames. Many monasteries contrived to have a vineyard of their own.

in turn, formed the principal amusement of the evening. But in great halls the music of the harp, which under the poetic name of "glee-wood" was the national instrument, of fiddles played with bow or finger, of trumpets, pipes, flutes, and horns, filled the hot and smoky air with a clamour of sweet sounds. The solo of the ancient *scop* or maker, who struck his five-stringed harp in praise of old Teutonic heroes, was exchanged in later days for the performances of the gleeman, who played on many instruments, danced with violent and often comical gestures, tossed knives and balls into the air, and did other feats of jugglery. Meantime the music and the mead did their work upon maddened brains; the revelry grew louder; riddles, which had flown thick round the board at first, gave place to banter, taunts, and fierce boasts of prowess; angry eyes gleamed defiance; and it was well if in the morning the household slaves had not to wash blood-stains from the pavement of the hall, or in the still night, when drunken brawlers lay stupid on the floor, to drag a dead man from the red splash in which he lay.

From the reek and riot of the hall the ladies escaped to the bower, where they reigned supreme. There in the earlier part of the day they had arrayed themselves in their bright-coloured robes, plying tweezers and crimping-irons on their yellow hair, and often heightening the blush which nature gave them with a shade of rouge. There too they used to scold and beat their female slaves, with a violence which said more for their strength of lung and muscle than for the gentleness of their womanhood.* While their needles were employed upon those pieces of delicate embroidery, known and prized over all Europe as "English work," some gentleman came in, perhaps harp in hand, to talk and play for their amusement, or to engage in games of hazard and skill, which seem to have resembled modern dice and chess.† When in later Saxon days supper came into fashion, the round table of the bower was usually spread for *evening-food*, as this meal was called. And not long afterwards, those bags of straw, from which we saw the toilers spring at sunrise, received for another night their human burden, worn out with the labours and the revels of an Anglo-Saxon day.

* It was no uncommon thing for Anglo-Saxon ladies to order, on the slightest provocation, that their slaves should be loaded with fetters or tortured fearfully. Then, as a proof of their proficiency in the art of beating and the volcanic heat of their tempers, we have the story of Ethelred's mother, who struck him so heavily with a bunch of candles—the first thing she could lay her hands on—that he lay almost senseless for a while. Naturally enough he could never after bear the sight of candles.

† The chief of these was called *toefl*.

CHAPTER V.

GOVERNMENT AND LAW IN ANGLO-SAXON ENGLAND.

The King.	The towns.	Were-gild.
His revenue.	Reeves and courts.	Compurgation.
Other classes.	The Witan.	The ordeals.
Division of the land.	Law and punishment.	

SHOUTING warriors in the German forests had been wont to hoist their newly chosen king* upon a shield, and bear him amid the smoke of sacrifices three times round the tribe he was to rule. A stout cudgel (the original type of all the jewelled sceptres and ivory batons which have ever filled the hands of monarch or marshal) kept his restless subjects in tolerable order, for one at least of his special claims to the kingship lay in his superior strength. But in Anglo-Saxon England more state adorned the coronation of a **King**, who had become a personage of considerably more importance than the simple forest chieftain. The soldier's sword, the judge's crown, the monarch's sceptre, the executioner's rod—he received them all as symbols and instruments of his great authority. Then riding round his dominions he renewed customary rights, and accepted the homage of his people. All public property and entire jurisdiction over roads and rivers lay in his royal hands. The heaviest penalties fenced round his person and his life. He summoned the militia and issued the coinage. He alone possessed the right of convening the Witan, but he could neither forbid nor dissolve the great assembly. His **revenue** came chiefly from *six* sources:—1. The crown-lands, which descended with the sceptre. 2. The custom-tolls. 3. The *wiht-gild*, or tax on crime. 4. The estates of those who died intestate and without heirs. 5. Succession dues, claimed from all estates. 6. Presents from his freemen, which gradually became an extorted tax. The reeves (*gerefan*), who collected the revenue, kept back a large share in the shape of commission fees, in order that they might not lose the fruits of their labour. "Out of the surplus the king maintained his court, entertained strangers, paid his judicial commissioners, and contributed to public works. The church, the army, the fleet, the police, the poor-rates, the walls, bridges, and highways of the country were all local expenses, defrayed by tithes, by personal service, or by contributions among the guilds."†

Below the king stood the **ealdorman** or *earl*, who owned forty hides‡ of land, and presided over the affairs of a shire. The Church had its own aristocracy, archbishops being ranked with ethelings or

* The King (Cyning) may have derived his name either from "*cunnan*, to know," as possessing superior skill; or from "*cyn*, a nation," since he represented the people whom he ruled.

† Pearson's "Early and Middle Ages of England."

‡ We do not know the size of a hide of land. Some conjecture it to be thirty acres.

princes of the blood, bishops with earls, and mass-priests with thanes. After the earls came the **thanes** or *gesith*, nobles of a lower class, who, holding at least five hides, represented the gentry of our day; the **ceorls** or yeomen, who formed the lowest class of freemen; and the vast crowd of **theowes** or slaves, whom birth or crime or debt or the fortune of war had doomed to the lowest drudgery. In certain cases a slave might buy or receive his freedom; but, while his slavery lasted, he was a mere cipher in the State, could own no property, take no oath, complete no document. The **ceorl**, rejoicing in a freeman's right of bearing arms and combing out a long fleece of yellow hair, could by industry and enterprise climb into the ranks of nobility. Alfred enacted that every merchant, who made three voyages in his own ship, should receive the rank and rights of a thane.

After the king had received his enormous share of the **land** conquered by a Saxon or Anglian army, a portion of the remainder, divided among his officers, became private property (*boc-land*). But the surplus (*folo-land*) went to the State, to be allotted or rented out, as future circumstances might require. Ten Anglo-Saxon families formed a *tithing*; one hundred families formed a *hundred*;—expressions which afterwards came to mean the land these families dwelt on. The bond of union, which kept the tithing together, was the *frank-pledge*, or system of mutual police, by which every man of the ten became responsible for the conduct of the other nine. This contained our Jury in embryo: if a criminal fled, the headman of his tithing summoned eleven neighbours to decide upon the case.

The **wooden towns** of the Anglo-Saxons, rising on old Roman sites, began to stud the land plentifully, when the desolating wars consequent on the first settlements had subsided. But architecture made little progress among the early Anglo-Saxons. A log-house on a hill, surrounded with a dyke and a stockade, formed the *burh* or fortress, which served as the nucleus of many English towns. Clustering round this central point clung the squalid huts of tradespeople and dependants, attracted by the instincts of safety or the hope of a little employment from the house. In general, the free inhabitants of these towns levied their own taxes, had their common purse, and chose their own officials. The *burh-gerefa*, who corresponded to the Norman *mayor*, was probably elected by the citizens, and confirmed by the king. His chief work was to collect the royal dues, but he also looked after the city walls and the militia drill.

The people elected **reeves** or magistrates, who held the courts of the tithing and the hundred; the latter once a month, the former whenever need arose. Higher than these was the county-court, presided over by the ealdorman or earl of the district; or in his absence by the sheriff (*scir-gerefa*), assisted by the bishop. The Anglo-Saxon sheriff seems to have derived his office from the king, who could dismiss him for negligence. His court met twice a year. But even when the earl presided, it was the assembly of freemen who judged the causes, both as to law and fact. The power of the

president lay simply in convoking the court, and carrying its judgment into force. An appeal from the decision of the tithing was heard in the hundred-court; an appeal from the hundred was argued before the earl or the sheriff. In addition to their judicial functions, these courts witnessed the completion of important sales, and took charge of the military defences of the land.

The **Witenagemot**, or Gemot of the Witan (assembly of the wise), constituted the supreme court of the Anglo-Saxon nation, and was, in a certain sense, the original type of the British Parliament. Composed of the earls and prelates, with some of the leading thanes and clergy, and presided over by the king, it met usually three times a year—at the great festivals of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide. A number of *ceorls* stood by during the discussion of state affairs, but what part they actually took in the proceedings has not been definitely ascertained. Palgrave describes them in the Witan of the smaller kingdoms as “listening to the promulgation of the decree, declaring their grievances, and presenting the trespasses committed in the districts to which they belonged.” The Witan joined the king in making peace or war, in imposing taxes, in enacting laws, in raising forces, and in appointing prelates. They, moreover, elected a member of the royal family to the vacant throne, and could depose a bad king. And they formed the supreme tribunal, beyond which there lay no appeal. Owing to the difficulty of travelling, the attendance of members at a meeting of the Witan rarely exceeded one hundred. The *ceorls*, especially, must have been represented merely by the local yeomanry.

Generally speaking, the Anglo-Saxon **law-code** was not bloody. Ethelred and Canute both condemned the destruction on slight grounds of “God’s handiwork and His own purchase.” When death was inflicted for treason, witchcraft, or sacrilege, the criminal was usually hanged. Fetters, shackles for the neck, the stocks, scourges, knotted rods, and whips with leaded thongs awaited minor offenders. Recourse was had to mutilation in the case of incorrigible thieves. But the grand engine of Anglo-Saxon law was the fine. The *wit-gild* or crime-money, and *were-gild* or life-money, secured a certain amount of compensation, both to the king or state and to the family or individual who had suffered wrong. A regularly graduated scale priced the lives and bodies of all Anglo-Saxons from the king to the *thow*, descending even to front-teeth and finger-nails. The luxury of knocking out a front tooth cost the striker six shillings; he could amuse himself with a finger-nail for one. Fifty shillings satisfied the law for the blinding of an eye; the mulct for a cut-off ear was only twelve. The *were-gild* of the West Saxon king amounted to six times that of the thane; the thane’s to four times that of the *ceorl*.

A man’s *were-gild* settled the value of his oath. A thane could outswear half a dozen churls; an earl could outswear a whole township. So the man who, when charged with any crime of which sufficient evidence was wanting, could get an earl or a few thanes to swear him innocent, escaped by what was called “compurgation.” If

the united oaths of his neighbours failed to determine the innocence of a suspected man, one of the **ordeals** was resorted to with the following ceremonial. After three days of fasting and prayer, closed by the sacrament, the accused proceeded to a church, where were assembled the accuser and twelve witnesses. The Litany having been read, the suspected man plunged his hand into a vessel of boiling water, or took three steps with a bar of red-hot iron in his hand. Wrapping the scorched or scalded limb in a cloth, the priest sealed it up for three days. If at the end of that time the wound was healed, it was accepted as a sign of innocence; raw flesh proved guilt. Room was afforded by the ordeal for unlimited cheating and collusion. No scald or burn of the kind could heal in three days; but a priest might pronounce the sore healed, and who would doubt a holy man? Chemistry too, in which not a few priests then dabbled, knows of certain unguents and washes that protect the skin against the action of fire or boiling water. Undoubtedly the ordeal was a great imposture, which could not flourish except in days when clouds of superstition and credulity overhung the national mind.

CHIEF DATES OF THE EARLY SAXON KINGS—800 A.D. to 1017 A.D.

- A.D.
835. Egbert defeats the Danes at Hengsdown Hill in Cornwall.
836. Death of Egbert.
849. Birth of his grandson Alfred at Wantage.
871. *Accession of Alfred.* Battle of Wilton.
877. Alfred hides in the marsh of Athelney for the winter.
878. *Battle of Ethandune*, in which Guthrum is defeated. Treaty of Wedmor, by which he receives baptism and the Danelagh.
893. Hastings, the Sea-king, anchors off the Kentish shore with two hundred and fifty sail. Desolating war for four years.
896. The fleet of the Danes stranded at Ware on the Lea by Alfred, who turns the stream aside.
901. *Death of Alfred*, aged fifty-two. He is buried at Winchester.
938. *Battle of Brunnaburgh* in Lincolnshire, where Athelstan, Alfred's grandson, defeats a league of Danes, Scots, and Cymri. Athelstan calls himself "King of England."
956. Quarrel of Edwy and Dunstan. Flight of the latter to Flanders.
962. *Dunstan made Archbishop of Canterbury.* He becomes the champion of the Benedictines, in their struggle with the parish clergy of England about the lawfulness of priestly marriages.
978. Meeting of the Synod of Calne. Fall of that part of the floor which held Dunstan's opponents.
988. *Death of Dunstan at Canterbury.*
1002. The massacre of Danes on St. Brice's Day by order of Ethelred the Unready. Next year Sweyn, whose sister and brother-in-law were killed, takes a terrible revenge.
1013. Return of Sweyn, who sets up a rival throne at Bath. Ethelred flees to Normandy. Sweyn dies in 1014.
1017. *Accession of Canute the Dane* after a six months' struggle with Edmund Ironside, who dies just after the Treaty of Olney has divided the kingdom.

THE DANISH KINGS.

(1017 A.D.—1041 A.D.)

CANUTE (son of Sweyn),	A.D. 1017
HAROLD (son),	1036
HARDICANUTE (half-brother),	1039-1041

CHAPTER I.

SWEYN AND CANUTE.

Sweyn lands.	Canute sole king.	His letter.
St. Brice.	His policy.	Story of the waves.
Revenge.	Conquers Norway.	Canute's death.
Edric Streone.	His laws.	His successors.
Treaty of Olney.	On Pilgrimage.	

THE imbecility of **Ethelred the Unready** reached a climax in what led to the fearful Massacre of St. Brice. Already the incursions of the Danes had grown so threatening that recourse was had to the miserable temporary expedient of paying them to go away. Most active among these Vikings was Sweyn, the fierce son of Harold Bluetooth, who made his first appearance in the Thames in 994. Beaten from the walls of London, the Danes sailed on a voyage of desolation round the southern coast, staying their destructive career only when a great sum of money had left it scarcely worth their while to plunder. They wintered at Southampton. A fatal mistake was then made. These Northmen were taken into English pay, and intrusted with the defence of the kingdom. To defray the cost of their maintenance the tax called Danegeld was levied.

Then it was that Ethelred conceived the awful thought of butchering in one day all the Danes in England. A terrible whisper, proceeding from the throne, crept through Anglo-Saxon houses, lighting a fierce joy in thousands of sunken eyes; for there were few who had not suffered from the Danes. On the festival of **St. Brice** the Saxons rose upon the scattered Danish soldiery and killed them all. Gunhilda, sister of Sweyn, and her husband, Palig, lay among the bleeding heaps. We must be careful not to over-estimate the extent of the massacre. The

settled Danish population, deeply intertwined with the Anglo-Saxon families, cannot have been swept away on this dreadful day.

Moved by revenge and ambition,—two of our fallen nature's strongest springs,—**Sweyn** dashed over the sea to the English coast; desolated Exeter, Salisbury, Norwich, Thetford;* and, before he turned his prow eastward again, saw the entire land groaning under the threefold scourge of war, plague, and famine. His speedy return began the same round of terrors. All southern England was alight with the blaze of burning towns.

A new actor now comes upon the stage—**Edric Streone**, son-in-law of the witless Ethelred; in truth, a clever villain, who governed the king as he pleased. The assassination of Elfhelm, ealdorman of Mercia, permitted, if not abetted by Ethelred, opened to this low-born favourite a place of power, into which he climbed at once. The cause of the Danes prospered as that of the Saxons grew weak. The Angles, among whom the embers of ancient hatred were still alive, ranged themselves under the banner of Sweyn. Ethelred enticed to his help Thurkill, a Danish chief, who, having plundered half the land, consented in return for an enormous sum to fight under the Saxon flag. Woful years, red with fire and blood, went by, until in 1013 Sweyn, having landed with a huge force, swept over the land, and set up at Bath a rival throne, proclaiming himself King of England in defiance of Ethelred and the mercenary Thurkill, who were confined within the walls of London. The props of the Saxon throne had long been decaying. It now fell, and the Unready king fled across the sea to Normandy.

Sweyn died in 1014; but his greater son Canute stood ready crowned in his room. Then came the last flicker of Ethelred's feeble spirit. When Sweyn had breathed his last, a sudden call from the Witan induced the Unready king to strike another blow for the fallen throne. All looked well at first; and Canute was driven from England. But the leopard cannot change his spots. Neither the loss of a crown nor the hardships of exile could make Ethelred a ready king. Canute spent the winter in building ships and gathering warriors for a decisive invasion of England; Ethelred spent it in rehearsing on a smaller scale that bloody day of St. Brice, which had cost himself a crown and his subjects infinite tears. So, when the masts of two hundred ships, laden with death and revenge, broke the eastward horizon in the early spring, there was but a slender force to face the invading host. Young Edmund, indeed, whose surname **Ironsides** seems to stamp him as a man of other metal than his father, did his best, but could not muster troops enough to meet the Danish army. Unhindered, the Vikings marched along the southern shore destroying as they went.

A cunning eye watched every move in the game. Men were playing for a crown, and why should not Edric, who had already won an earldom by craft, cast in his stake and win the higher prize? The

* *Thetford*, a Norfolk borough (population, 4075) on the Little Ouse, thirty miles south-west of Norwich.

old king was sick unto death; the Ironside had no hereditary claim, for he was an illegitimate child; and Canute was a mere crown-hunter from beyond the seas. "Why may not I," thought the Mercian earl, "play them off, one against the other, and work the destruction of both? Let me join the Dane in slaying Ironside, and then rouse the national feeling against the Dane." So he joined Canute's camp. Amid the clang of war which then arose the death of Ethelred was scarcely noticed (1016). London proclaimed for Edmund. Canute, on the other hand, was saluted as sovereign at Southampton. An unsuccessful siege of London by the Danes; a drawn battle at Sherstone in Wiltshire;* another fight, maintained under the light of a full moon, at Assandune, or the Asses' Hill, in Essex,† in which the Danes were beaten; and what fable calls a duel, but what was probably a formal conference, between the rivals, on an island in the Severn, paved the way for an arrangement called the **Treaty of Olney**,‡ by which Edmund was restricted to Wessex, while Canute held East Anglia, Mercia, and all the North. Edric glided from camp to camp as the balance of victory swayed from one side to the other. The supposition is not improbable that he accomplished, by some secret agent, the mysterious death of Edmund in November 1016.

Canute, having then induced the Witan to make peace with him, began to make a bloody clearance round his throne. There stood in his way six persons, who must either die or leave the land.

1017 Edwy, son of the Unready, and also branded by a scornful A.D. nickname—"the Churl King"—soon fell. Edward and Alfred, sons of the Unready's second marriage, fled to their mother's native land of Normandy. Edward and Edmund, the little children of Ironside, were sent over to Norway to be killed; but by the caution or mercy of Olaf were sent to the court of Hungary, where one died a bachelor and the other got married. Of the latter we shall hear again. The unscrupulous Edric Streone was also murdered. It had been from first to last a duel of craft between him and Canute; and the safety of the newly-founded Danish throne demanded his death.

Thus far Canute plied the steel. But he was no mere soldier. The time had now come for his genius to put forth fruit. Linking himself to the fallen dynasty by a marriage with the old queen Emma, he adopted a policy which went far to heal the wounds of the English nation. Englishmen were raised to offices of trust and power. He sent the greater part of his fleet and army back to the Baltic Sea—laden, indeed, with more than eighty thousand pounds,

* *Sherstone Magna* (the *Seorstone* of the Saxon chronicle) lies in Wiltshire, near the head of the Avon, six miles from Malmesbury. Population, 1589.

† *Assandune* in Essex is thought to be Ashington near Canewdon on the Crouch, twenty miles south-east of Chelmsford. Ashdon, thirty miles north-west of Chelmsford, has with less probability been named as the site.

‡ *Olney*. This island in the Severn must not be confounded with that market town on the Ouse in Bucks, where the poet Cowper resided for a long time.

but yet gone for ever from the shore which they had so terribly wasted. Six thousand *huscarls*, glittering in armour richly inlaid and ornamented with gold, alone remained around the throne. And, to crown all, he abjured heathenism, and threw himself with ardour into the ranks of the Romish Church.

His restless spirit then turned into the old familiar channel. Taking up the sword, which had been his toy almost from the cradle, he crossed the sea in 1025 to Sweden, where with difficulty and peril he contrived to establish an unstable dominion. More complete and lasting was his conquest of Norway, where the gentle Olaf meekly reigned amid a crowd of fierce jarls and pagan priests, incurring hatred and reproach by doing what he could to abate vice, and leaven the unruly mass of his subjects with the mild teachings of the Christian faith. Canute seized the chance. English gold proved stronger than Norse loyalty; and the treacherous courtiers of Olaf promised, when the English fleet entered their fiords, to desert the throne of their Christianizing king, and range themselves under the invading banners. They did so. Olaf fled to Russia, and Canute received the crown of Norway.

Returning in 1029 from this successful expedition, Canute with the help of the Witan set about the enactment of a great **Code of Laws**. Divided into two sections—ecclesiastical and secular—they rest upon two broad and stable principles: asserting that but one God should be worshipped in the land, and that every man is worthy of folk-right, or the protection of the common law. The latter clause seems to claim justice even for the slaves, of whom there were not a few in England. We see in these laws of Canute glimpses of the wild superstition and savage barbarity which disfigured the crude legislation of the Dark Ages. Before burial clay could be cast upon a corpse, the soul-scut, or fee for admission into Paradise, must be paid by the weeping relatives. Fierce penalties awaited the unfortunate woman whom it suited a foe to accuse of witchcraft or *morth-working*.* With the hot zeal of a proselyte, the royal lawgiver denounced the heathen idols, which he had just abandoned, and prohibited their worship. Mutilation was the punishment of thieves, who, if they escaped with their lives, wandered noseless, lipless, scalpless, or lay with bloody sockets from which the eyes had been torn, until death released them from misery. The coinage and the regulation of weights and measures were not forgotten in the Code of Canute; and the ceremonies of the Ordeal received minute attention. The jealous spirit of the age gleams out in a little clause, which enacts that a stranger was to be imprisoned till he could prove by the Ordeal that he meant no harm. Travellers for pleasure or curiosity must have been rare in the days of such legislation. Money might tempt the merchant, and religious fervour impel the monk or

* *Morth-workers* are thought to have resembled those enchantresses of Hellas, who made a waxen image of the person to be devoted to death, and roasted it before a slow fire, piercing the wax with pins as it softened, until the last stab, reaching the heart, caused, or was said to cause, the instant death of the victim.

pilgrim; but the risk of being hanged as a spy must have acted strongly to keep men at their own firesides.

From the building of churches and the framing of laws the Dane turned to what was regarded as the crowning sacrifice of a penitent sinner—a **Pilgrimage to Rome**. Canute set out, resolved to pay his way nobly. He showered gold round him as he passed through France and across the Alps. The Pope and the Emperor did not disdain to receive magnificent presents, and yet more magnificent promises, from the kingly sailor. The pomp of the

1031

A.D. Papal court struck but little awe into the breast of a man whose talk still smacked of ocean brine, whose manners had still the bluster of the ocean breeze. In the presence of princes who doffed their crowns at St. Peter's footstool, he rated the Pope soundly for the avarice which taxed English archbishops, when they came to seek the pall at Rome. On his way across the Continent he had arranged that pilgrims and peddlers should no longer be obliged to pay exorbitant tolls to those barons and powerful officials, whose castles commanded the mountain gates of Italy; and he also induced the Pope to exempt from all taxation the school established for English students at Rome.

From Denmark, whither he went from Rome, he wrote to the English people a remarkable **letter**, in which he speaks of the duty of obedience; commanding especially that tithes, alms, and dues—above all, Peter's Pence—should be regularly paid. This epistle is manifestly a result of his visit to Rome.

An expedition to **Scotland** closed the campaigning days of Canute. He is said to have then reduced the Northern princes to submission; although in the earlier years of his reign the Lothians had been severed from his realm, and the tie that held Cumberland had been much relaxed. Any mark, which his sword left upon Scotland, must have been of the most transient kind. The great mistake, which the Danish conqueror committed, consisted in his neglecting to consolidate the English nation into one mighty and invincible whole. Finding a land broken into petty states, he left it as he had found it; and out of one of these earldoms came the man who broke his sceptre, in a very few years after his dying hand had let it fall.

A well-known but very doubtful story is that of Canute and **the waves**. At some uncertain time the king being, where he loved to be, at the sea-side, resolved to teach his courtiers how absurd were the flatteries, which they had been used to lavish on him. They had said that the sea would know his voice, and roll back its waters at his august bidding. Gathering them on the sand, he placed his throne within the tide-mark, and sat until the surf flowed almost to his feet. Then he spoke in a loud voice, commanding the waters to retire. Each wave swept higher on the sand, until they leaped, as if in scorn, upon his knees, and soaked the skirts of his kingly robe. Turning to the watching crowd, he said, "How frivolous and vain is the might of an earthly king compared to the might of that Great Power who rules the elements, and can say to the ocean, 'Thus far

shalt thou go, and no farther!" Then taking from his head the crown, which he never wore again, he sent it to Winchester Cathedral, to be placed, in lasting memorial of this incident, above the plaited thorns of the great crucifix.*

The early death of this great Dane caused the triple kingdom, which he had cemented with lavish blood, to fall asunder. Dying in 1035—his fortieth year—he left three feeble sons, who are little more than faint shadows in the vision of the past. Canute, for all his cruelty, had manhood to redeem his memory from oblivion. But of Sweyn who got Norway, of Hardicanute who got Denmark, and of Harold Harefoot who got England, nothing need be said beyond the bare mention of their names.

While the last throes of the Danish Conquest were convulsing the land, a Norse chieftain, flying from his foes, wandered all night through one of the great forests in the south of England.† At day-break he came suddenly on a young man, whom he begged to show him the way to the Danish camp. "Not now," said the Saxon youth, "for it would peril the lives of us both; but come to my father's hut till night, and then I will be your guide." Refusing a gold ring, which the soldier pressed him to accept, the seeming cowherd led the way to a wattled cabin, where sat a worn old man. The story was soon told: father and son vied in attention to their guest, whom the latter brought by starlight safe to Canute's camp. It was then the turn of the rescued guest to play the host, which he did with true heartiness. The mean-clad herdsman sat among princes at the carouse of that glad night, and received the praises of all for the good deed he had done. Such was the incident which opened a path of glory to Godwin, the only son of old Wulfnoth, once a captain in the Saxon fleet, afterwards a pirate on the high seas, and now a cowherd in a forest hut.

Received into Canute's army, Godwin rose rapidly in favour and in fame. One great achievement placed him at a bound among the first warriors of his day. While the army of Canute lay beleaguered in their camp on the Helga in Sweden, this daring young officer, at the head of a brave handful who formed the Saxon contingent in the Danish force, made a sudden night attack upon the intrenchments of the Swedes, and drove them headlong from their works—thus saving the force of his adopted king from being cut to pieces. The hand of Canute's sister Githa and the earldoms of Kent and Wessex rewarded the hero. So powerful had he become upon the death of Canute that his voice swayed the assembly of the Witan, which met at Oxford, to assign Wessex to Hardicanute, Emma's son, and London with the districts north of the Thames to Harold Harefoot. The

* There is an odd Welsh legend, which probably afforded to Henry of Huntingdon the ground-work for this story of Canute. Many princes assemble on the shore to try who shall be supreme; and in the contest that ensues, Maelgoun (the Lancelot of the Idylls) wins by means of a chair that has waxed wings below it.

† Probably the great forest of *Andred*, which stretched from Winchester almost to Dover Cliff, clothing the slopes of that extensive and now fertile valley that divides the North and South Downs.

enmity of the latter, who felt deep annoyance at being thus shorn of a great province, obliged Godwin to retire with the widowed queen to the palace of Winchester, where he lived in great magnificence.

The name of this illustrious man is mixed up strangely with the worst of Harold's crimes. Those sons of the Unready, who had taken refuge in Normandy, made descents upon the English shore, in the hope that Saxons would rally round a Saxon flag. Alfred, induced perhaps by the invitation of his mother Emma, or more probably by the news that a few nobles had united in his cause, landed on the Kentish side of the Thames, and having been met by Godwin, who proposed to guide him to the queen-dowager, passed on to spend the night at Guildford.* As the tired soldiers slept, a band of Harold's men attacked the town and captured the whole six hundred. Alfred, brought naked on a wretched hack to Ely,† was there insulted by a mock trial; after which his eyes were torn from the sockets, and he was left to die in awful agony. It is uncertain whether Godwin can be fairly charged with a share in this nefarious transaction. That he deserted the Saxon prince at Guildford is pretty clear; but a charitable view of his conduct may suppose that he had previously stipulated for the safety of Alfred's life.

An accusation against him in the succeeding reign by Elfric, archbishop of Canterbury, roused the spirit of all the English nobles, who came forward as one man to swear that he was innocent of Alfred's death. This utterance of his order testifies to the esteem, in which his countrymen held him. His taste and wealth are sufficiently proved by an account of that splendid ship, which he offered as a present to Hardicanute. The hull, shaped after the best models of the time, rose at prow and stern into the golden images of a dragon and a lion. A purple sail, embroidered with the pictured history of the Danes, swelled on high. Eighty soldiers, armed with Danish battle-axes and Saxon spears of the finest work, with gold bracelets on their arms, and gilded helmets on their heads, hung their eighty shields, after the naval fashion of the time, along the bulwarks.

TIME OF THE DANISH KINGS—1017 A.D. to 1041 A.D.

A.D.

1025. Canute's invasion of Scandinavia. After some campaigns he expels Olaf, and receives the crown of Norway.
1031. Canute's pilgrimage to Rome. He obtains remission of taxes and tolls on English pilgrims and students.
1035. *Canute's triple kingdom falls asunder on his death.* Accession of Harold, who reigns four years.
1039. Accession of Hardicanute, his half-brother.
1041. *The crown returns to the Saxon line in the person of Edward the Confessor, through the influence of Godwin, Earl of Kent and Wessex.*

* Guildford on the Wey, the capital of Surrey, lies among the North Downs, twenty-nine miles south-west of London. Population, 6740.

† Ely in Cambridgeshire is an episcopal city, sixteen miles north-east of Cambridge. It is noted for a fine cathedral. The island of Ely—once really an island, lying in a great district of mere and swamp—filled the north of both Huntingdonshire and Cambridgeshire.

SAXON LINE RESTORED.

(1041 A.D.—1066 A.D.)

	A.D.
EDWARD the Confessor (son of Ethelred),	1041
HAROLD II. (son of Earl Godwin),	1066

CHAPTER I.

EARL GODWIN AND HIS ROYAL SON.

Policy of the Confessor.	Return and death of Godwin.	Battle of Stamford.
The riot at Dover.	Death of the Confessor.	Landing of William.
Flight of Godwin.	Harold elected.	Harold's southward march.
Visit of Norman William.		Battle of Hastings.

WHEN that indolent son of Canute—whose sole acts of kingship may be summed up in the levying of oppressive taxes and the insult of his brother's corpse—fell dead at Lambeth, Godwin might have seized the English crown. But the restoration of the house of Cerdic, glorified by the light of Alfred's reign, had long been his dream; and now, forgetful or neglectful of himself, he 1041 secured the election of a guest at the English court, whose A.D. six-and-twenty years in Normandy had made him, in language, in dress, in habits of life and thought, a Frenchman. Dazzled by his Saxon lineage, Godwin placed the crown of Alfred upon the head of Edward, who was fitter to be the prior of a Norman monastery than the wielder of the English sceptre. And here, in passing, I may say—what will explain many of the revolutions in early English history, and will clear the memory of such men as Alfred from the charge of usurpation—that during all the time of which I write, and for centuries afterwards, the monarchy of England was elective, the power of choosing a king being the grand prerogative of the Witan. The crown remained within the circle of a certain family; but no law of primogeniture existing to fix the future king, the Witan chose from the kinsmen of the dead monarch the man who seemed worthiest to wear it.

The solitary benefit conferred on England by Edward, whom monks called **the Confessor**, lay in his repealing that tax of Ethelred, the hated Danegeld; but he repealed it chiefly because famine

had so drained the land of substance that it could not be collected. This little ray of doubtful light darkens under a great odium attached to Edward's memory. It was he who first admitted to English soil a crowd of needy Frenchmen. Edward's wars succeeded on the whole, but not because he bore a weighty sword: there were Godwins, Leofrics, and Siwards around his throne. Hence the Welsh shrank bleeding to their mountains; and Macbeth was beaten at Dunsinane. The commander of Edward's fleet, Raoul the Staller,* seems to have shared in the feebleness of his royal master.

When Magnus of Norway, afraid to enforce by the sword an insolent claim which he had made to the English crown, narrowed his ambition to an attack upon Denmark, Godwin proposed, in a full assembly of the Witan, to send over a fleet of English ships for the defence of the assaulted throne. In the voice of the council, uplifted with one consent against this enterprise, the great earl received the first opposition to his power. Yet that power seemed a solid rock, which flung its shadow over nearly all England, quite eclipsing the feeble throne. Wessex and Kent owned his sway as earl; but not content with his own dominion, he had planted round him his stalwart sons in the richest earldoms of the land—Sweyn at Hereford on the skirts of the Welsh mountains, and Harold among the fair cornfields of East Anglia.

A riot at Dover brought the estrangement between Godwin and the king to a crisis. A band of armed Frenchmen rode one day into Dover, and began to force their way into private houses, clamouring for lodging and refreshment. It was Eustace, count of Boulogne, who had married Goda the king's sister, returning with his retainers from a visit to the English court. Saxon blood at once took fire, and in one house a Frenchman was slain. The news of this resistance brought the foreign knights in a disorderly troop to the place where their dead comrade lay; and there, by his own fireside, the stout-hearted Saxon, who had given the fatal blow, was hewn down. The cry of battle rang through the streets, until the French horsemen, after having slain many citizens and trodden many women and children to death, were driven at last from the town. Eustace and a few of his knights galloped away, with torn crests and bloody spears, towards the palace of their royal friend.

When the king heard of the affair he at once directed Godwin to hasten to Dover, which lay in the earldom of Kent, and to punish the citizens who had dared to show such spirit. This Godwin refused to do, believing that he could reckon upon the support of the nation in case of an open rupture. Mustering, with the aid of his two sons, a vast army, ostensibly for the Welsh war but really for the purpose of striking terror into the court of Gloucester, he advanced to Beverston and Langtree, and there demanded that Eustace and his murderous band should be tried for the massacre at Dover. Edward,

* The Staller was a kind of high-steward or lord-chamberlain at court. Raoul, son of a French earl by Edward's sister Goda, was among the most noted of the foreigners who came over to enjoy rich estates taken from English owners.

calling the great earls Leofric and Siward to his aid, met this threatening front with craft. Instead of a battle at Gloucester, it was arranged that there should be a conference at London on St. Michael's Day. Godwin reached the place to find the streets thick with hostile spears. He stood in the very jaws of destruction, with scarcely a weapon at his back. The old story of Alfred's murder being brought up against the fallen earl, he fled with Githa and Sweyn to his villa at Bosenham in Sussex, where a few ships lay at anchor. A grateful people implored blessings upon the little band of exiles, as the prows turned towards the shore of **Flanders**. There Count Baldwin ruled a court, which stood to England in a relation not unlike that held in later history by the Duchy of Burgundy. All discontented spirits flocked to that centre from the English shore. Harold and Leofwin, other sons of Godwin, went to Ireland; and the ban of outlawry was proclaimed upon every member of this illustrious family. Queen Edith, the daughter of Godwin, shorn of all her state, was sent to the nunnery of Wherwell.*

William of Normandy, who had been secretly invited over to England by the Confessor as an ally against Godwin, now landed with a splendid train of knights, and received a magnificent welcome from the king. The joy, with which he had greeted the summons from Edward, who had already admitted many Normans to places of honour in Church and State, deepened as his ambitious eye roved over the fair fields of England. If not before, he must certainly then have resolved to attempt the conquest of the country. Everything favoured such a design. A spiritless weakling sat upon the throne, ruling a court already invaded by French fashions of speech, dress, and daily life; and Normans wore all the mitres and coronets that were worth possessing.

Godwin soon returned to triumph and to die in the land he loved so well. Aided by his sons from Ireland, he sailed up the Thames to London Bridge, which was purposely left unguarded by the citizens, and in sight of the royal fleet landed his men upon the Southwark side. Sweyn no longer stood by his father's side, for he had gone upon a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. His life of lust and violence found its fitting end in Lycia, either by cold or hunger or Saracen steel. A panic struck through Edward's Norman court, as the bold Saxon earl reëntered London amid the rejoicings of the entire city. Riding out by the east gate, Robert, the foreign primate, never drew rein till the welcome shore was reached; nor did he breathe freely till some miles of sea rolled between him and the peril which he had left behind. Many others fled in like manner to Normandy. The king and Godwin formed a hollow friendship, Edith came back from her nunnery, and Saxon Stigand received the vacant see of Canterbury.

But the hand of **Death** had already touched the great Earl of Kent. Soon after his arrival in England his health began visibly to break. Some have whispered that he was poisoned; but that is a mere

* Another authority says that she found a refuge in Wilton convent.

suspicion. The end came at Winchester on the 18th of April 1053.

Three days before, he had been carried speechless to his chamber from the royal banquet hall. Brave, eloquent, and patriotic, he stands out in these sunset days of Saxon greatness, like a giant amid a crowd of mean and vicious dwarfs.

He committed crimes, no doubt, for it was an age of crime; but his unshaken loyalty to the house of Cerdic would cover far deeper stains than those that lie upon his name. His manhood, descending to his royal son, flashed out a bright brief blaze at Stamford and at Hastings, setting for ever on the latter field.

The reign of Edward lingered on for thirteen years. Feuds between Harold, who had succeeded to the western earldom once held by Sweyn, and Tostig, whom Edith's favour had raised to the coronet of Northumbria, convulsed the kingdom. Edward, idling life away in the society of monks or abroad in the fields with hound and hawk, made a feeble movement towards the appointment of a successor by bringing from Hungary the exiled son of Ironside, and his three children, Edgar, Margaret, and Christina. The sudden death of his nephew and namesake, almost immediately after arriving in London, prostrated whatever hopes the king may have been building on this act of late remembrance.

Meantime the star of Harold had been rising fast. Leading an army clad in light suits of boiled leather into the mountains of Wales, and at the same time causing his fleet to skirt the shore, he inflicted a terrible defeat upon the Welsh, whose king Griffith was taken and slain. Tostig drew sword with his brother in this great enterprise. But England could not contain both at once. Tostig was forced to go; and when Edward grew sick with a mortal disease, nothing stood between Harold and the glittering prize which his father had refused to wear.

The story of his oath to the Conqueror would, if true, brand his kingly name with perjury; but there is good reason for believing it a monkish fiction. Shipwrecked in 1065 on the Norman coast, he fell, it is related, into the cruel hands of Guy count of Ponthieu, who delivered him up to the Duke of Normandy. William, resting his claim to the English crown upon an old promise given him by Edward the Confessor when they were young together in Normandy, made Harold swear to help him in securing the prize he sought. The Saxon earl, thinking that he swore upon a common reliquary, turned pale with alarm when the cover of the table was removed, and a box of saintly bones appeared below. In monkish ages to break an oath like this surpassed all other crimes.

On the 5th of January 1066 Edward the Confessor died. One day later, the voice of the southern Witan proclaimed Harold the Dauntless King of England. Edgar the Etheling, grandson of Ironside, still lived, it is true; but a boy was no fitting wearer of the English crown in that hour of blackening storm. So young Edgar was made Earl of Oxford.

The news of Harold's succession reached the Duke of Normandy

as he stood with strung bow in a park near Rouen, ready to shoot at the driven deer. Dropping his bow, he crossed the Seine in a boat, and in the hall of his palace lay with muffled head for hours on a bench, brooding on the loss he had sustained. Then the plan of conquest was matured; and the days of summer shone on crowds of armourers, smiths, and shipwrights, toiling in all the forges and dock-yards of Normandy. With anxious heart the Conqueror (as yet so only in hope) saw the days shorten and the Channel waves grow rough with autumn gales, while he waited for that posture of affairs, in which his keen eye discerned the greatest likelihood of victory. At last the chance arrived. Tostig, Harold's banished brother, who had been for some time cruising as a pirate off the English shore, sailed up the Ouse with Hardrada king of Norway, defeated an English army, and took immediate possession of York. Harold, advancing northward with a considerable force, found the invading foe occupying a strong position at **Stamford Bridge** on the Derwent; and there was fought a battle, whose importance is almost obscured by the great action, which made the ensuing month fruitful in changes that affected every page of English history.

At dawn on the 25th of September the battle began. Harold with his horsemen charged the thin crescent, in which the Norsemen had formed their array. The spears of the Scandinavians kept their curve long unbroken. But at last the English wedge pierced and split the extended line. The invaders, many of whom had left their breast-plates in camp on account of the oppressive heat, fell in heaps. Hardrada found the seven feet of English earth, which Harold had promised to him; for the giant lay dead amid the corpses of nearly all his force. And Tostig too, the traitor son of Godwin, died in the carnage of that bloody day.

Four days later, on the 29th, the same Kentish shore, which had seen the galleys of Cæsar and the keels of Hengist approach, witnessed a crowd of painted sails rise out of the offing and overspread the green waves. They had come from St. Valeri* on the Norman coast, and bore sixty thousand soldiers, summoned from various lands to aid in the enterprise of the Norman duke. No Saxon soldier appeared to oppose the landing. No Saxon sail cruised along the defenceless shore. For the northern war had drawn every fighting man to the banks of the Derwent, and the Saxon fleet had put into harbour for new supplies of food. Running on the sands of Bulverhithe in **Pevensey Bay**† on the Sussex coast, the Norman ships disembarked their warlike freight. Clouds of archers, close shaven and clad in short coats, sprang from the decks with bows ready strung and quivers packed with shafts. In safety and quiet the knights,

* *St. Valeri*, a small seaport in Seine-Inferieure, eighteen miles north of Yvetot. Another port of the same name stands at the mouth of the Somme.

† *Pevensey* in Sussex, five miles south-west of Hailham, is now a little village of 412 inhabitants. It is supposed to represent the old British town of *Anderida*. A castle, whose ruins still exist, and a harbour of some size, made it important about the time of the Conquest. *Pevensey* gives its name to one of the six *Rapes*, into which Sussex has been long divided. The origin of the word *Rape* is unsettled.

clad in complete armour, with laced helmets and shields slung round their necks, descended on the shore, where their squires already stood holding caparisoned chargers by the head. Then the carpenters brought out the timber of three forts, shipped ready-cut from Normandy, with barrels full of pins for joining them together. Before night the Norman stores lay under a wooden roof. Duke William in landing fell forward on the sand. His train, filled with the sensitive superstition of the times, thought the omen bad, until with ready wit he cried, "See, my lords, I have taken possession of England with both my hands."

Marching next day along the shore to **Hastings**,* he established there a strong camp, and erected the two remaining forts of wood. From this centre the Norman ravages spread far and wide. The startled farmers fled from all the country round, driving before them oxen, swine, and sheep.

Harold and his exhausted army were nursing their wounds at York, when the news of the Norman landing came. Without delay the Saxon king hurried to London, calling, as he passed, on all true Englishmen to gather round the banner of their native land. Many of his best friends counselled delay, until the whole strength of the kingdom could be hurled upon the invaders. Brave young Gurth, his brother, offered to lead a forlorn hope, while preparations were made to secure a victory by leading a large and well organized force against the shaken Norman lines. Rejecting the brave offer and the sagacious advice, Harold tried to surprise his wily foe; but, when he found that impossible, turning short in his march, he took up a strong position on the Hill of Senlac, about seven or eight miles from Hastings. His spies sent out thence are said to have brought back word that there were more priests in the Norman camp than fighting men in the English army. They had mistaken the shaven archers for monks. Again Harold was pressed to retreat on London, waste the country as he passed, and thus starve the Norman army into a state of weakness. But, blindly yielding to the promptings of his own fiery heart, he resolved to stake his crown upon the issue of an immediate battle.

This was playing quite into William's hands. Moving with his force from Hastings to a lower hill near **Senlac**,† the Norman leader sent a monk with three insolent proposals to the English king, demanding that he should either give up the crown at once, refer it to the disposal of the Pope, or stake it on the issue of a duel between themselves. Harold, rash indeed but far from simple, rejected all

* *Hastings*, a borough in Sussex (population, 16,966), lies on the shore, sheltered by hills, about sixty-four miles from London. Kemble supposes it to have been the fort of the *Haestingas*. St. Leonards-on-Sea, once a mile off, has now grown into Hastings.

† The year after the Conquest, William I. began to build Battle Abbey on the field of his victory, placing, it is said, the high altar on the spot where Harold fell. The abbey, dedicated to St. Martin and filled with Benedictine monks from France, stood on a gentle slope overlooking a richly wooded undulating country. The ruins of a later building on the same site still exist, scattered over the circuit of a mile. The place is eight miles north-west of Hastings. A town called Battle (anciently *Epton*), with a population of 3849, stands there now.

three. Then came another message, offering to leave Harold all the land north of Humber, and to give Gurth all that Godwin had owned, on condition that the crown was forthwith surrendered. This being also rejected, sentence of excommunication, pronounced in terms of a Papal Bull, struck a transient awe through the rough hearts of the Saxon soldiery. But the terror soon passed, and a firm resolve to fight to the death arose in its place.

On the **night before** the battle the Sussex hills shone with a double line of twinkling fires, separated by a belt of darkness, where the surface dipped between the slopes. Very different were the mid-night occupations of the rival armies—the Saxons revelling over horns of ale and wine, while the Normans fasted, heard Mass, and confessed their sins. A few hours of sleep, and then the sun rose upon a most eventful day—Saturday, the 14th of October 1066.

The **army of Harold**, amounting to scarcely twenty thousand men, crowned the ridges of Senlac Hill with a row of glittering battle-axes, the national weapon of the Saxon soldier. With shields locked together, they stood shoulder to shoulder in a solid mass, protected in front by a barricade of ashwood stakes intertwined with rods of osier. Above them the royal standard, on which the figure of a warrior shone in blazon-work of gold and gems, swung in the October air. The men of London guarded the person of their king. The Kentish men stood in the van, for theirs was the glorious privilege of striking the first blow in an English battle. Scattered among the ranks or marshalled in separate bands, hundreds of stout peasants, armed only with forks, slings, or sharpened stakes, lent their sturdy arms to defend the land. A glorious army, indeed, in valour and patriotism; but in equipment, drill, military science, and the art of manœuvring, far behind their Norman rivals.

Above **the ranks of William** floated a splendid banner, blessed by the Pope himself. His order of battle consisted of three divisions—archers, mailed pikemen, and knights in armour. The last he led in person. After a few words, which told them that their only safety lay in victory, he proceeded to don his hauberk; but in his haste he put it wrong side foremost. Observing the alarmed looks of the soldiers round him, he hastened to interpret the omen in a favourable way, saying that it signified a change of Duke into King.

The **battle** began at nine o'clock in the morning by the advance of the Normans. Mingled with the bugle-calls that rang incessantly from the lines, rose the gay notes of the minstrel Taillefer, who sang lays of Charlemagne and Roland as he rode in front. The Saxons replied with shouts of "Holy Rood!" and "Mighty God!" Up the slope came the Norman charge. Taillefer, having got leave from William to strike the first blow, pierced an Englishman with his lance, but was almost immediately cut down. The shock was terrible. The sweep of the Saxon war-axe, the rapid glinting of swords, the dull crash of the spiked mace, the swift stab of lance and pike, and the whizzing sleet of arrows strewed the trodden earth with bleeding clay, while hoarse battle-cries and screams of pain filled the

dusty air. At last the Normans gave way, broken on the point of the Saxon wedge, and their lines staggered down the ridge. On one side lay a **deep thorny ravine**, which, in the hurry of advance, they had not seen; and into this floundered a headlong heap of men and horses, the crushing weight of whose iron cases stunned them to death, or rendered them an easy prey to the pursuing axe. It was probably then that Gurth's spear killed the horse of the Norman Duke, who fell to the ground as if shot. A cry that their leader had perished spread dismay through the wavering Norman lines; and nothing but the **sight of the Duke** himself, who rode with his helmet off into the thick of the retreating stream, could have turned the tide of battle in that critical moment. His brother, Odo bishop of Bayeux, riding mace in hand upon a white horse, did good service to the Norman banner that day. So the battle raged from nine to three. But about three the tide began to run steadily and with growing force against the Saxons. Aiming up into the air at a great angle, the Norman archers began to shoot so that their arrows fell upon the undefended heads of the enemy. **One struck Harold** above the right eye, and pierced down to the ball. Tearing it out, he leaned his bleeding face in awful agony upon his shield. A pretended flight of the Normans then drew the Saxons from their lines, and scattered them leaderless down the slope. This proved a fatal mistake. Norman swords soon hewed their way through the barricade of Senlac, and the last remnant of the Saxon force clustered round the golden banner of their king. Then twenty Norman knights took an oath to seize the English standard; and with a dash ten, surviving of the twenty, succeeded in piercing the gallant ring of footmen and tearing down the flag-staff. Close by lay the corpse of Harold, slain either by the arrow-wound or by blows on head and thigh received in the struggle round the banner. That knight—one of the twenty—who in passing pricked the dead flesh with his bloody spear, well deserved the disgrace and expulsion with which, we are told, William visited the unknighly act. The October sun had set long before the noise of battle ceased. In the wood behind, the islanders fought from tree to tree, until darkness flung its pall over the dead.

When the sad Sunday morning began to glimmer over the silent field, bands of Norman plunderers went out to strip the slain. Weeping wives and mothers, all fear lost in the frenzy of their grief, sought wildly among heaps of dead for the faces of those whom they loved. No trace of Harold could be found, it is said, until Edith of the Swan Neck recognized beneath a mask of blood and clay the mangled features of the **Dauntless King**. Buried at first on the beach hard by, the body of the last Saxon, who wore a crown in England, was afterwards taken from the sand at the earnest prayer of his mother Githa, and interred beneath the roof of Waltham Abbey,* which he had founded before the opening of his short and bloody reign. For

* *Waltham*, a market town of Essex, lies on the Lea, thirteen miles from London. Population, 2329

many a year the legend circled round winter fires, that he had escaped from the field of Hastings with a wounded eye, and spent his last days as a monk within the ancient walls of Chester.

Thus perished the **Saxon line of Kings**. A great revolution had been accomplished by the sword, and a nationality, half strangled but never slain, sank breathless and bleeding beneath the heel of a foreign conqueror.

TIME OF THE RESTORED SAXON LINE—1041 A.D. to 1066 A.D.

A.D.

1049. Danegeld abolished by the Confessor.

1051. Rupture between the King and Godwin, rising out of the riot at Dover. Godwin sails away to Flanders. Visit of Duke William of Normandy to England.

1052. Godwin returning is received in London with joy. Flight of the Norman primate and other foreigners.

1053. Death of Godwin. Speedy rise of his son Harold, who invades Wales.

1066. Death of the Confessor. Election of Harold. Battle of Stamford Bridge (September 25). *Battle of Hastings or Senlac* (October 14).

EARLY NORMAN KINGS.

(1066 A.D.—1154 A.D.)

	A. D.
WILLIAM I. (The Conqueror),.....	began to reign 1066
WILLIAM II. (Rufus), son,.....	1087
HENRY I. (Beauclerc), brother,.....	1100
STEPHEN (Count of Blois), nephew,.....	1135—1154

CHAPTER I.

WILLIAM I.—THE CONQUEROR.

Who shall reign?	The Feudal System.	The Bridal of Norwich.
A bloody Christmas.	Lanfranc.	Domesday Book.
Siege of Exeter.	The New Forest.	Family troubles.
Durham and York.	Hereward.	A cinder at Mantes.
Desolation of Northumbria.	The Camp of Refuge.	

FROM Hastings the Conqueror, having sent part of his army westward to desolate Sussex and Hampshire, marched to Dover, which he burned. After eight days, spent in waiting there for fresh troops from Normandy, he pushed on towards **London**, in which the fragments of the Anglo-Saxon government vainly strove to restore the fallen throne of Harold. Stigand and Aldred, the leading prelates, supported the claims of Edgar the Etheling to the vacant throne; another party lifted their voices for the Anglian earls, Edwin and Morcar; while not a few maintained that William should be elected king. Meanwhile he passed, almost within sight, lining the Southwark bank with the ashes of Saxon homes. Crossing the Thames at Wallingford,* he fixed his camp at **Berkhamstead**;† and from that centre spread his ravages far into the neighbouring shires. His cavalry speared stragglers and carried off plunder under the very shadow of London walls. Hastings had humbled the Saxon spirit, and the ancient fire of their courage burned low. Out from their

* Wallingford in Berkshire on the Thames is a borough of 2819 inhabitants, forty-six miles from London.

† Berkhamstead St. Peter's is a market town of Hertfordshire, lying twenty-six and a half miles north-west of London, in a deep valley on the right bank of the Bulborn and Grand Junction Canal. Population of the parish, 3395.

strong stone ramparts, on which Danish war had often poured its useless fury, came a crowd of London citizens, with Stigand, Edgar, Aldred, and Wulstan at their head, to offer the crown of England to the base-born Duke of Normandy. He accepted the honour, not as a prize his sword had won, but as a right, dating from the promise and the will of the Confessor. Then preparations for the coronation filled London with bustle for a while.

It took place on **Christmas Day**. Passing with an armed guard along the grassy road which then joined London to Westminster, the Conqueror entered the abbey of the latter town, **1066** to receive the crown from the hands of Aldred, archbishop of **A.D.** York, for Stigand's doubtful title caused him to be passed over. When the officiating prelate asked the crowd if they chose William for their King, a pealing shout was the reply. This noise alarmed the Norman soldiers, who stood without the abbey and who had heard of St. Brice's Day. At once some houses were set on fire, and the work of plundering and blood began. The crowd of spectators left the abbey; and in the presence of but a few terrified monks the great Conqueror received the English crown.

Then having rewarded his officers with large tracts of the crown lands, and having also given to many of his bold knights as wives the blue-eyed daughters of the soil, he carried over to **Normandy** with him in the early spring of 1067 much golden and jewelled spoil. Edwin, Edgar, Morcar, Stigand, and Waltheof accompanied him, both that their presence might grace his triumph on the Continent, and that their absence from England might lessen the chances of revolt. The relentless **Bishop Odo**, half-brother of the King, and the seneschal William Fitzosbern acted as viceroys during this eight months' trip to Normandy. Kent rose, but the chain was too strong to break. Exeter* yielded only to the presence of the Conqueror himself, and then not until eighteen days' siege had shaken its walls to the foundation. Sparing the city from motives of policy, he rested satisfied with erecting on a red hillock close by a massive castle, similar to that with which he had already secured his hold upon Winchester, the capital.

Oxford, Warwick, Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, Shrewsbury then felt the weight of this terrible hand. But it took a sterner lesson to quell the stubborn North, in whose veins flamed the hot Danish blood. Viking to Viking was like Greek to Greek. The tug of war was tremendous. At first, indeed, **York** submitted, receiving a badge of slavery in the shape of a strong stone castle, that frowned terror on its roofs; and the nobles of Northumbria fled to the friendly shelter of the Scottish court. But, when Robert de Comines with seven hundred men seized Durham, the Northumbrians, bursting with the winter's dawn through unguarded gates, massacred the entire troop except a solitary soldier. A great Danish fleet, aided by a few ships from Scotland that bore Edgar and the English exiles,

* *Exeter*, the capital of Devon, is on the left bank of the Exe. It was the *Caer-Isc* and *Caer-Rydh* of the Britons—the *Isca Dumnoniorum* of the Romans.

appearing in the mouth of the Humber, York was besieged with the aid of a Northumbrian army, and after eight days was taken by storm. William heard of this as he was hunting in the Forest of Dean,* and swore that he would pierce all Northumbria with a single spear. Fearfully he kept the oath. Advancing slowly under inclement skies through forest and marsh and over streams red with autumn floods, he forced open the gates of York, and proceeded to clear the way for a vengeance on Northumbria, which should strike terror into the remotest corner of the island. Money freely spent, and the privilege of plundering the east coast of England for a few months sufficed to buy off the greedy Danes. The Northumbrian army fell back beyond the Scottish border.

Then Northumbria lay open to her fate. Camps full of reckless plunderers, stretching in a ring round the doomed district between the Humber and the Tyne, narrowed their fatal circle, slaying men, women, and cattle; burning houses, carts, and implements of husbandry; reducing the smiling river-basins into scenes of desolation that resembled the charred and blasted surface, over which some volcano has lately poured its lava streams. Famine stalked with hungry eyes through the wasted corn-fields; and, where rude but happy homes had once clustered into hamlets, dead bodies lay by thousands, their mouldering limbs scarcely sufficient to appease the fierce voracity of the wolves and ravens that now reigned

1069 supreme upon the wolds. For more than one hundred years
 A.D. this portion of the island remained a silent wilderness. To complete the picture of misery, we have only to behold Malcolm of Scotland sweeping with sword and flame over fair Teesdale as far south as Cleveland.† In the very middle of such awful carnage William, sending to Winchester for his crown, had kept a festal Christmas within the castle of York. We can almost imagine him quaffing human blood, as his ancestors had been used to do from the skulls of their fallen foes. Generous wine seems hardly a fitting liquor for this remorseless slayer of men. From York he passed to Chester to quell the restless Cymri.

We may now note the principal changes, which the Conquest produced upon the condition of the kingdom. That arrangement of landed property known as the **Feudal System** was firmly established in England as an immediate result of the change of dynasty. It is true that there were traces of such a thing among both Saxons and Danes long before the Battle of Hastings; but it was reserved for the Conqueror to lay it down as a new basis or frame-work, on which English society was to rest for centuries. The death of Harold left him in possession of vast crown lands, with which, as we have seen, he rewarded his principal officers. What the King did for his great

* The *Forest of Dean* lies in Gloucestershire, west of the Severn. Once thick with chestnut, oak, and beech, it now abounds in apple orchards. The Crown still holds more than twenty thousand acres of the Forest.

† *Cleveland* is a valley in northern Yorkshire, watered by the Tame, a secondary feeder of the Tees.

lords, they did for their captains, and these again for their vassals. Counties were divided into manors, and manors into farms: and in the most commanding part of every manor a strong castle rose, often built of the very stones, which had formed streets in the Saxon towns. The trembling Saxons called the fierce dwellers in these strong keeps Castlemen; never speaking the name without a thrill of terror and of hate. Under the Feudal System both spear and plough helped to pay the rent. *Knight-service* and *Soccage* were required from every tenant;—the former obliging him to serve, at the call of his landlord, for so many days in the field of war; the latter, to give occasional days of labour on the castle grounds, or to send fixed supplies of such things as beef or poultry, meal or honey, up to the castle larder. Numbers of serfs, called *Villeins* by their Norman masters, tilled little patches of ground under certain conditions.

The groaning people saw the pall of Canterbury stripped from the shoulders of their countryman Stigand, and given to a monk of Lombardy, who came to sneer at their national saints and to teach doctrines from beyond the Alps, at which their strong Saxon common sense utterly revolted.* The elevation of the polished **Lanfranc** to the Primate's chair undoubtedly proved the source of much good in the long run. His scholarship, which had attracted illustrious pupils to the poor school at Bec over which he presided, cast light into many an English abbey, where darkness had reigned supreme for ages. And we must not forget that Lanfranc, whom William's favour had changed from Prior of Caen into Archbishop of Canterbury, often braved the anger of his royal patron and spoke out his mind with a blunt honesty worthy of all praise. Yet the English clergy suffered under his rule; and crowds of worthless Normans swarmed over the sea to enjoy all the best livings of the English Church. Then the **Forest Laws**, which Canute had fenced round with a number of ferocious edicts, received from the enactments of the Norman Conqueror an importance, which placed the soulless deer and swine far above the Saxon serfs and peasantry who tilled the land. One of his worst acts, showing how cheaply a Norman Duke held the happiness of his subjects, was the wasting of a district in the south of Hampshire, ninety miles in circumference, in order that he might have, in the **New Forest** thus formed, a vast hunting-ground not far from his royal palace at Winchester. More than twenty churches were levelled to the ground, and crowds of villagers were turned adrift to wander in search of new homes. Children cried for bread their parents could not give; but what of that? The bugles of the royal hunt rang gaily through forest glades, and whistling arrows pierced the dappled sides of bucks, fatter than any peasant in the land. It is little wonder that some writers have ascribed to Heaven's judgment the violent death of two of the Con-

* Transubstantiation was one of these doctrines. Elfric, a leading churchman in Dunstan's time, who distinctly states in a letter and a homily that the bread and wine cannot be considered Christ's body in any but a ghostly (or spiritual) sense, may be taken as an exponent of the creed of the Saxon Church upon this point.

queror's sons within the bounds of this Forest. The stag's horn that gored Richard, and the arrow which cleft the breast of Rufus well avenged the desecration of village altars and the wholesale ruin of cottage homes.

Into hosts of English hearts these wrongs burned deep. Many warriors found their way to Constantinople, where they assumed the battle-axe and bear-skin of the Varangian Guards. Some carried their sharp swords to Italy; but even in England there was still a spot which defied the power of the tyrant. Amid those vast beds of reeds and water-flags, which shot up their green spears and blades along the banks of Ouse and Nen, lay the spongy island of Ely, thick with fringing willows and enclosed on every side with treacherous lagoons. Hither flocked all the dauntless spirits of the fallen nation, and hither in the darkest hour of England's sorrow came **Hereward**, noblest Englishman of his day, worthy, if Heaven had so willed it, to wear the crown that dying Harold had let fall. This brave East Anglian, son of Leofric, lord of Brun,* had been driven by a sentence of the Confessor into exile. On the Continent his prowess had excited such admiration, that minstrels struck their harps in honour of the English sword. Returning to his native land after the Conquest, he found a Norman in his dead father's hall. The marsh became his home. His uncle Brand, abbot of rich Medehamstede,† conferred on him the golden spurs of knighthood, by which he became entitled to lead his countrymen to battle. Dashing out from his naturally moated stronghold, he let slip no chance of striking a swift blow at the Norman invaders. When upon his uncle's death a Norman priest came to preside over Medehamstede, with patriotic zeal he plundered the coffers of the abbey, that the treasures heaped up by Saxons might not pass into Norman keeping. Some of the leading Saxons found their way to the **Camp of Refuge**, as the island fort was called. Stigand, Morcar, and Waltheof waded across at different times. But Hereward was the soul of this stand against the Norman tyranny. Success crowned his arms for a time in the guerilla warfare which he waged. The Norman abbot, Thorold, was captured, and set free only at a very great price. Then came William with soldiers and engineers to bridge over the sluggish streams and push a road across the trembling bog, which encircled Ely. But even the incantations of a witch, borne out in a wooden tower to face the spirits supposed to be in league with Hereward, could not save the causeway from destruction. The dry reeds, through which the embankment was slowly growing, being set on fire, became a sea of flame, in which tower, witch, and workmen all sank to ashes. For a time it seemed as if Ely was to be another Athelney, and the newly founded Norman throne was about to fall in the shock of a second Ethandune. But treachery ruined the Saxon

* *Brun* or *Bourne*, a parish and market town of Lincolnshire, thirty-five miles south-east of Lincoln, was also notable as the residence or birth-place of Robert Manning, one of the first rhyming chroniclers who wrote in English.

† *Medehamstede* lay near the Nen in Northamptonshire, surrounded by the Fens.

cause. Some monks of Ely sent secret messages to William, offering to point out a safe path over the swamp if he would spare their monastery. Accepting the offer, he crossed the barrier of mud and moss, stormed the camp, and left a thousand of its 1071 defenders dead among the sighing reeds and willows. Hence- A.D. forth Hereward is a shadow in history, yet always the shadow of a gallant soldier and great man. One story marries him to a rich and noble Saxon lady, in whose mansion he lived and died in peace; another paints him springing pike in hand upon twenty Norman knights, who beset him as he slept under a tree, and slaying sixteen of them before the fatal lances cleft his heart.

After a campaign in Scotland, during which he advanced to Abernethy on the Tay,* and received the homage of Malcolm, whose Saxon marriage† had rendered him the friend and supporter of Edgar and the English exiles, William crossed in 1073 to subdue rebellious Maine. He had previously gone through the ceremony of coronation a second time, in sign of having reduced the kingdom of England to all but complete submission. During his two years of absence, which were chiefly occupied by a Breton war, a great conspiracy called the Bridal of Norwich grew up. It was formed first at a marriage feast in Norwich, when the Earl of Hereford, in direct opposition to the Conqueror's commands, gave his sister Emma to Raoul de Gael, Earl of Norfolk. The timid Waltheof, last of the great Saxon Earls, was involved in the plot; but it is said that he betrayed its existence. The rebels sought aid from Denmark; it came, but too late. Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, acting as Regent for the absent King, proved equal to the crisis. Hurling the thunders of the Church against Hereford, he then launched the more practical thunders of war, defeated the rebels at Swaffham,‡ cut off their right feet by scores, flung Hereford into prison, and drove Raoul to find a refuge in Bretagne. William came to England in 1075, burning with a desire for revenge. It fell on none more heavily than on Waltheof of Northumbria, who had hoped to save his head by turning king's evidence against his Norman associates. After a year in prison, he laid down the life which a faithless wife had sworn away. Sunrise glittered on the dewy grass near Winchester, as he knelt to pray his last earthly prayer in the sublime words of the 1075 Paternoster. "Lead us not into temptation," said the doomed A.D. Earl;—"But deliver us from evil," murmured the lips of the severed head as it rolled on the green. It was the last head worth shearing from Saxon shoulders. Edwin's young beauty had already been mangled by assassin hands. Morcar lay in prison, where he lingered until the reign of Rufus.

* *Abernethy*, the ancient capital of the Picts, lies in Perthshire at the junction of the Earn and the Tay, seven miles south-east of Perth. Population, 972.

† Malcolm III. of Scotland, surnamed Canmore, married Margaret, the sister of Edgar the Etheling.

‡ *Swaffham*, a market town of Norfolk, lies on a hill, twenty-seven miles from Norwich. Population, 3858.

The celebrated Latin register of land known as **Domesday Book*** was an outgrowth of the Feudal System; for, since the army of the King depended upon the distribution of the various manors and farms into which the land was divided, to know who held a certain piece of land became a matter of essential importance to the crown. Serving both as a basis for national taxation and a muster-roll for the national army far into the Plantagenet centuries, it has come down to us in two volumes, a larger and a smaller. A great council, held at Gloucester in 1085, resolved upon the survey which resulted in these volumes. A royal commission, passing through the various districts, called before them the sheriffs, the lords of manors, the parish priests, the hundred reeves, the bailiffs, and six villeins out of every hamlet; who, being sworn to tell the truth, gave evidence as to the amount of land in the district, its distribution into wood, meadow, and pasture, its value, and the service due by its owners, and the number of its inhabitants, both freemen and serfs. The survey was not complete. Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland stretched in a vast wild across from the mountains to the sea, and were therefore passed over. Parts of Lancashire and Westmoreland suffered similar neglect for a similar reason. Monmouthshire had been reduced to a desert by the Welsh. London and Winchester do not appear at all, and Bristol is little more than named. The survey of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk fills the smaller volume of the Domesday Book, which was finished in the course of the year 1086.

How the **sons of the Conqueror** quarrelled continually, and how the eldest, Robert Curthose, rebelled against his father, holding out in the castle of Gerberoi in France,† belong not to the history of England.

A coarse jest of the French King, reflecting on William's monstrous corpulence, led the old Conqueror into his last war. As he rode round the blazing roofs of **Mantes**,‡ a hot cinder burned his horse's foot, and the sudden plunge of the pained animal bruised him on the high fore-peak of his saddle. Inflammation and fever follow-

1087 ing, he died in a short time at Rouen, whence his body, A.D. stripped naked by the robber-servants who had watched his dying hours, was borne to Caen, to be there buried in a grave

on which no tears fell. Meanwhile Robert was securing the coronet of Normandy; William, with prow turned to the English shore, was cutting the waves of the Channel; and Henry was counting the five thousand pounds of silver, which had descended to him from his mother's inheritance.§

* Some have thought that the title Domesday refers to the Day of Judgment. A Celtic derivation forms it from *dom*, a lord, and *deya*, a proclamation; i.e., the king's proclamation to his tenants. Stow says that it is a corruption of *domus dei*, the name of that room in the royal treasury where the volumes were kept.

† Gerberoi, a strong castle on the inner border of Normandy.

‡ Mantes, a town on the Seine, in the department of Seine-et-Oise, thirty-four miles from Paris.

§ The Channel Islands, only existing relic of the English dominions beyond the Channel, became appendages of the English crown at the Norman Conquest. They thus form our first acquisition of territory beyond the circle of our island shore.

WILLIAM I., OR THE CONQUEROR (1066-1087).

Married MATILDA OF FLANDERS.

A.D.

1066. Dec. 25.—Coronation. Massacre of the London citizens.
 1067. William crosses to Normandy. Revolt in Kent and the south-west. Siege of Exeter (1068).
 1069. A Danish force, aided by Saxon exiles, takes the city of York. Desolation of the northern shires by William in revenge.
 1071. *Hereward's camp in Ely stormed.* Wading through the fens, he escapes. Coronation of William by the Papal Legate, in token of his completed conquest.
 1072. William makes an expedition into Scotland and receives homage from Malcolm.
 1075. Execution of Waltheof, Earl of Northumbria, last of the great Anglo-Saxons, for engaging in a plot with discontented Normans.
 1086. *Completion of Domesday Book*, decreed by the Council of Gloucester (1085).
 1087. Death of the Conqueror at Rouen from an inflamed bruise. He is buried at Caen.

CHAPTER II.

RUFUS—BEAUCLERC—STEPHEN.

Wholesale robbery.
 Mortgage of Normandy.
 Death of Rufus.
 Beaucherc's marriage.
 Tenchebral.

Anselm.
 Investitures.
 Policy of Beaucherc.
 Blanche Nef.
 Death of Henry.

A wretched nation.
 Battle of the Standard.
 Civil war.
 Death of Stephen.

THE reigns of William Rufus, Henry Beaucherc, and Stephen of Blois, the sons and grandson of the Conqueror, filling together sixty-seven years, demand no lengthened narrative. The first, especially, may be disposed of in a few sentences.

William II.—Rufus—tortured the English people whom he misgoverned, as they had never before been tortured. To supply money for the revels that polluted his darkened palace, he slew and robbed on every side, setting his fierce minister, old Ranulf **Flambard**, to scent out fresh prey as often as the coffers ran low. After crushing the plot of Odo and driving that restless priest across the Channel, he passed into Normandy, where his indolent brother Robert wore a ducal coronet. A tedious war between them ended in a compromise, by which it was agreed that whichever of the two survived should wear both crown and coronet, unless the dead ruler left a child. A war of no great importance with Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland—a war with the Mowbrays of Northumbria, who had uplifted the banner of revolt against their feudal lord—an unsuccessful raid into Wales—spent much English blood to very little purpose.

During the reign of Rufus the **First Crusade** began. Robert, whose bravery somewhat atones to the reader of history for his indolence, kindled at once. Go he would. Would Rufus lend the

necessary money? Grasping at the chance with avidity, William agreed to advance 10,000 marks for five years, Normandy being handed over as a pledge of payment. This happened in 1096. Four

1100 years later, some charcoal-burners, wending through a silent glade of the **New Forest** in the red light of an autumn evening, found a corpse clad in a rich hunting suit lying upon the grass in a bloody pool, which had trickled from an arrow wound. It was Rufus, shot dead by some unknown hand.

Henry I.—Having seized the treasures hoarded at Winchester, **Henry** could scoff at any claims upon the English crown, which his eldest brother, now returning from the Holy Land, might advance. By scattering gold and lightening taxes, filling vacant livings, and repealing obnoxious laws, he attached a strong party of both nobles and clergy to his throne; and by marrying the lady Edith, niece of Edgar the Etheling and a representative of the Saxon royal line, he took the first step towards that blending of the conquering and the conquered races, which resulted in the birth of the great English nation. This nun-like Queen, known to history as the good Maud (she assumed the name of **Matilda** on her marriage), retired, after she had born a son and a daughter, from the uncongenial court to quiet convent walls, within which she gave herself up to music, study, and the delights of charity.

The annexation of Normandy to England is a principal feature of Henry's reign. Flambard, escaping from prison, induced Robert to invade England. Henry bought off the invader, but soon snapped

all ties of blood and treaty by pouring his soldiers across the sea and defeating the Norman forces in the Battle of **Ten-**

1106 **chebrai**,* which consigned Robert to life-long imprisonment in the cells of Cardiff, and placed on Henry's head the coronet of a troublesome province. While Normans were slaying each

other across the sea, there came from the mouth of the Rhine a colony of cloth-weavers, who joined some kinamen already on English soil, and travelled under protection of the King westward to Pembrokeshire. The looms, thus planted in the neighbourhood of hills thickly dotted with sheep, may be said to have established that branch of our national manufactures, for which the West of England is yet famous—the weaving of woollen cloth.

The name of **Anselm** mixes largely with the history of England under Rufus and Beauclerc. Born near Aosta† in Piedmont (1033 A.D.), and frocked in the monastery of Bec, where he studied at the feet of Lanfranc, this man of gentle presence and retiring nature was forced into the see of Canterbury by Rufus, whom sickness had smitten with a sudden penitence. The pall had lain vacant ever

* *Tenchebrai* or *Tynchebrai* is in the north-west of the department of Orne, near the source of the Noireau, and not far from Mortain.

† *Aosta*, a town in northern Piedmont, lying fifty miles north-west of Turin, at the junction of the Dora Baltea and the Isutier. The long valley of the former stream, overlooked by the snowy peaks of Bianco, St. Bernard, Cervin, and Rosa, bears the name of Aosta also.

since the death of Lanfranc in 1089, and the income of the see had gone for four years to the profligates, who swarmed in the court of the Red King. But the hand of the licentious monarch could not let go the fiefs and manors he had been plundering for years. Anselm resisted this continued robbery of the Church. The breach between him and William widened. Anselm demanded leave to visit Rome, that he might receive the pall from Pope Urban. William refused to let him go. The Council of Rockingham* made matters nothing better. William, assuming feudal rights of superiority, summoned the Archbishop to appear before him. Again leave for the Roman journey was sought and denied. Finally Anselm, having had his boxes searched at Dover, escaped to a peaceful exile in Italy and France, which lasted more than three years (1097-1100). Beaulerc on his accession recalled the good old prelate; but the battle between Church and State soon revived. The question of **Investitures** arose. Anselm, whose strength lay in a calm temper and a solid will, opposed a practice of the Norman Kings, by which they invested new bishops with ring and crozier, just as they were used to hand lance and sword to a military tenant. Upon this virtual setting aside of the Pope, in what was then considered his own special domain, the question hinged. After some intriguing Anselm went at the bidding of the King to Rome, and found himself condemned to a second exile. For three years the Primate of England lived abroad, chiefly at Lyons, reading calmly the numerous letters that came to tell him how his estates had been all confiscated, and the English Church was rapidly sinking into disorder. His patience was crowned with victory. Henry, holding out the hand of peace, restored the revenues of his see, and consented to waive the right of investiture. A compromise, made at the Council of London in 1107, settled the question by deciding that the Pope alone should give ring and crozier, while the King was to receive 1107
A.D. homage from the bishops for those lay fiefs, from which they drew their chief revenues.

Let us not do injustice to the **character of Beaulerc**. His name denotes a taste for learning, which led him to draw round his throne clever men and scholars, that the interests of education and literature might be advanced. Knowing how important to the merchant was a fixed standard of measure, he caused the length of his own arm to be considered henceforth an English yard or ell. The coinage of base money, which misgovernment had rendered common, was put down with a strong hand, blindness and mutilation—punishments of a dark age—being inflicted on some of the coiners. New coins were issued; thieves were hanged in great numbers; and the full machinery of the law was brought to bear on crime, until the "**Lion of Justice**," as the King came to be called, saw that he might venture to treat a reformed people with less sternness.

The drowning of Prince William in the wreck of the **Blanche**

* *Rockingham* is a village in Northamptonshire, ten miles south-west of Stamford. Population, 261.

Nef, off the Raz de Catteville, almost broke his father's heart. The latest political efforts of the King were given to the cause of his daughter Matilda, whose succession he was anxious to secure. The childless widow of Henry V., Emperor of Germany, she married **Geoffrey of Anjou**, much to the disgust of the barons round her father's throne. This disgust deepened later into a civil war.

1135 Henry's death in 1135, caused by a surfeit of lampreys, prepared the way for a scene of strife.

A.D. **Stephen.**—Stephen, Earl of Boulogne, son of Adela the Conqueror's daughter, supported by the influence of the Church, which his brother the Bishop of Winchester wielded in his cause, crossed to England to receive the crown. He had in his favour the feudal preference for a man-monarch, and the general dislike of Geoffrey, Matilda's husband. The sword never rested in its sheath until the last year of his reign. To the misery of civil war between his imperial rival and himself, the weakness of his rule added another misery even less tolerable; for more than one hundred new nests of plunder, in the shape of stone castles filled with barons and their lawless trains, sprang up over the face of the land. Upon the peasant and the merchant the heaviest troubles fell. The sight of two or three men on horseback sent the population of a whole town to hide in their cellars. Flaming churches reddened the sky every night. Husbandmen sat idle amid their starving children, for they said that to plough the land was as useless as to plough the sea.

The civil war lasted for eighteen years. David, King of Scotland, was the first champion of his kinswoman's cause. Upon the field of **Northallerton*** he suffered a great defeat, in what is known in history as "The Battle of the Standard." It was fought on August the 22nd, 1138, and took its name from a remarkable ensign, consisting of a silver crucifix fastened to the top of a ship's mast, from which drooped the banners of three Saxon saints. The huge flag-staff was borne to its place in a four-wheeled car. Round this sacred centre the little band of Normans locked themselves in an iron ring, bristling with lance-heads. Foolishly yielding to a savage clamour,

1138 the Scottish King overlooked his well-drilled English allies, **A.D.** and gave the honour of the onset to the half naked Picts of the Galloway moorland. Terrific indeed was the first rush of these wild warriors; but their pikes snapped like reeds on the Norman hauberks. Vainly the huge claymores hacked and hewed. A fatal rain of arrows pierced the thin tartans, and laid the Picts in heaps around the unbroken lines of the Norman array. It was with difficulty that the Scottish King could save the relics of his broken host from annihilation. This battle decided little except the superiority of lance and breastplate over plaid and claymore. The three counties on the English side of the Cheviots remained, as they did for many a year later, a Debatable Land, fought for to the full as bitterly as if it had been then of any value to either country.

* *Northallerton* (once *Elfer-tun*) is the capital of the North Riding of Yorkshire. It lies near the river Wiske, thirty-three miles from York. Population, 4995.

Robert, Earl of Gloucester, an illegitimate son of the late King, conducted the English war on behalf of his sister Matilda. There were many vicissitudes in the strife. Robert and Matilda landed at Arundel* in 1139. The Battle of Lincoln reduced Stephen from his throne to a dungeon. Matilda disgusted the nobles, who had made her a queen, by her rudeness and disdain. The siege of Winchester set Stephen free; for Earl Robert, being taken prisoner, was exchanged for the captive King. So the years went by in unprofitable war. Robert died. Young Henry, Matilda's son by Geoffrey of Anjou, grew up; and it seemed as if the endless strife was about to be renewed with greater violence between him and Eustace the son of Stephen. The death of the latter completely changed the current of events. By the Council of Winchester, held in 1153, Stephen adopted Henry as his successor; in the following year he died, and the first of the Plantagenet race received the throne.

WILLIAM II., OR RUFUS (1087-1100).

Unmarried.

A.D.

1093. Anselm made Archbishop of Canterbury.

1096. *The First Crusade*, in which Robert of Normandy and Edgar the Etheling join.

1097. Anselm driven into exile.

1100. Rufus shot in the New Forest.

HENRY I., OR BEAUCLERC (1100-1135).

Married, 1. MATILDA OF SCOTLAND; 2. ADELICIA OF LOUVAIN.

1106. *Battle of Tenchebrai*, in which Robert lost his coronet and freedom. Normandy annexed to the English crown.

1107. The great question of Investitures, on which Anselm battled with the King, compromised at the Council of London.

1118. Birth of Becket in Cheapside.

1119. Battle of Brenville.

1120. *Wreck of the White Ship*, and drowning of Prince William in the Raz de Catteville.

1135. Death of Henry at St. Denis from a surfeit of lampreys.

STEPHEN, EARL OF BOULOGNE (1135-1154).

Married MATILDA OF BOULOGNE.

1138. *Battle of the Standard* at Northallerton.

1139. Landing of Matilda and her half-brother at Arundel. Civil War begins.

1141. *Battle of Lincoln*. Stephen made prisoner; afterwards exchanged for Robert, Earl of Gloucester, who was taken prisoner at the siege of Winchester.

1142. Siege of Oxford. Escape of Matilda over the snow to Wallingford.

Becket enters the household of Theobald.

1146. Death of the Earl of Gloucester.

1152. Arrival in England of Henry, Matilda's son.

1153. *Treaty of Winchester*, by which Henry is acknowledged heir to the throne.

1154. Death of Stephen. Accession of Henry II., first King of the Plantagenet line.

* *Arundel*, a borough in Sussex on the Arun, ten miles east of Chichester. Vessels of one hundred and fifty tons can come up to the town. The castle of Arundel is remarkable for its fine circular keep. Population, 2748.

PLANTAGENET LINE.

(1154 A.D.—1485 A.D.)

PLANTAGENETS PROPER.

	A.D.		A.D.
HENRY II.began to reign	1154	EDWARD I. (son) began to reign	1272
RICHARD I. (son)	1189	EDWARD II. (son)	1307
JOHN (brother)	1199	EDWARD III. (son)	1327
HENRY III. (son)	1216	RICHARD II. (grandson).....	1377-99

CHAPTER I.

HENRY II.

Becket's early life.
Household of Theobald.
Diplomacy.
Made Chancellor.
Curia Regis.
A royal portrait.

Case of Battle Abbey.
Scutage.
Ambassador to France.
The pall of Canterbury.
Skirmishing.
Constitutions of Clarendon.

Council of Northampton.
Six years of exile.
Freteval.
Blood on the altar steps.
A martyr's tomb.

WHEN Henry II. began to reign, **Thomas à Becket** was a monk thirty-four years old. His story fills more than one half of the reign.

In 1118, when their eldest son Thomas was born, Gilbert Becket, a native of Rouen, and his wife Matilda, whom an old story describes as a Saracen girl, were living in Cheapside. Whatever kind of stall the Norman merchant kept, he was chosen Port-reeve, or Mayor of London. The monastery of Merton in Surrey was the first school at which Thomas studied. He then went to Paris, spent some time in

a knightly household, and became proficient in all the accomplishments of the day. Two learned priests of Normandy, who had formerly feasted at his father's hospitable table, introduced the young man about 1142 to the notice of Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury. This proved the first stepping-stone to honour.

A trip to Italy, whither he went to study law at Bologna, decided the direction of his life. For, intrusted with a piece of diplomatic work, he skilfully obtained from the Pope a Bull, which forbade the

coronation of Eustace, Stephen's son, and Henry's rival. Thus he won the favour of the first Plantagenet. Returning home, he took orders, and became prebendary of St. Paul's and of Lincoln.

Then by rapid steps he rose, until in 1155 the favour of the new King, the good word of old Theobald, and, it was said, a sum out of his own purse, elevated him to the **Chancellorship** of 1155 the kingdom. As keeper of the Royal Seal, it was the duty A.D. of the Chancellor to prepare charters and royal letters, and to issue certain writs. He had the care of vacant bishoprics, abbeys, and baronies, distributed the King's alms, and heard the King's confession. He also sat as assessor to the King in the **Curia Regis**, that great court of the King's tenants-in-chief, which after the Conquest took the place of the Witenagemót. Moreover Becket, whose tastes leaned strongly towards the magnificent, had to do the honours for his careless master, keeping open house, especially at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, when the councils of the nation used to meet. The royal purse lay open, and, by permission likely of the careless King, Becket helped himself as often and as freely as he chose. The Chancellor, as we may suppose, went with the King in every movement which that royal statesman made. One case deserves especial mention, for it illustrates the difference between the tactics of Thomas the Chancellor and Thomas the Archbishop, the rights of the Church being at stake. A question arose between Hilary, Bishop of Chichester, and the monks of Battle Abbey, who claimed entire freedom from episcopal control. It came before the King, whose Norman heart leaned to the monks, when they reminded the court that their abbey was a monument in stone of that bloody field, which gave the Conqueror his crown. Hilary produced letters from Rome in favour of his demand. But they were ignored; and the King, supported by his leading courtiers, among whom Becket stood prominent, beat down the weak pleas of the Bishop of Chichester.

We now find Becket in a new character, shining in knightly armour on the battle-field. An insolent claim, which Henry made upon the earldom of Toulouse,* kindled war in the south of France. Becket gave the King advice, which resulted in the levying of a tax called *Scutage*, or shield-money, a certain sum paid out of every knight's fee in lieu of personal service in the field. 1159 Applying the money thus raised to the payment of a body A.D. of Dutch pikemen, Henry, whose French possessions by marriage and inheritance already exceeded those of the French King, marched upon Toulouse to add that fair land of vineyards to his overgrown dominions. The priestly Chancellor, in helm and cuirass, rode at the head of seven hundred lances equipped at his own expense; and when the work of death began, his tall figure loomed conspicuous in the dusty charge and amid the crumbling gaps of the shattered wall.

Becket's embassy to Paris displays him in the noonday of his

* Toulouse (anciently *Tolosa*) is on the Garonne in the department of Haute-Garonne. It was the capital of the province Languedoc. Population, 85,564.

magnificence. Sent over to the court of Louis to arrange a marriage between little Prince Henry, aged seven, and the little French Lady Margaret, who had seen three summers, the splendid Chancellor passed through the dazzled country towns of France to the admiring capital. Two hundred and fifty pages rode in front, singing in full chorus the songs of their island home. Then came a pack of deep-chested hounds in couples, and long-winged hawks shaking their silver bells as the falconers, who bore them on their wrists, paced steadily along. Eight huge vans creaked on, loaded with rich dresses, golden plate, casks of ale, cooking utensils, cups for the altar, and jewelled books for the mass. There was a groom for every horse; a fierce dog growled below every carriage; and on each of the twelve sumpter-mules chattered a long-tailed ape. Esquires carrying shields, and leading chargers by the head; knights and priests, mingled in a brilliant mass, then followed; and when the many-coloured pageant had excited the curiosity of the wondering Frenchmen to the highest pitch, the English ambassador—Thomas the Chancellor—appeared in robes of state amid a little knot of his most intimate friends. "What sort of man must the King of England be," said the gazing crowd, "when his Chancellor travels in such state?"

Suddenly all was changed. Sacking for clothing of gold; bitter water instead of wine; the washing of beggars' feet for the gay music of the greenwood. For upon the death of old Theobald the voice of the whole nation rose in favour of the popular Chancellor, as fittest to be the new **Archbishop of Canterbury**. There was some reluctance, it seems, on the part of Becket himself to undertake the duties of so high and sacred an office, for he knew that his life had been anything but saintly. "A pretty saint indeed," said he to the King, when first he heard that the *pallium* awaited his acceptance. But ambition proved stronger than conscience, and the King's word prevailed. Becket became Primate; and after the see had lain

June 3, vacant for thirteen months he received the honours of consecration. The gulf, opened that day between Becket and his

1162 **A.D.** King, never closed again. For, in the great battle between Church and State then going on, it was impossible for Becket to be neutral; and taking any part, he must perforce take part against the King. The resignation of his Chancellorship immediately after consecration foreboded yet more decided steps to come.

Some skirmishing preceded the open war. Becket demanded from the King the castle of Rochester, and from the Earl of Clare the castle of Tonbridge, which had both belonged to the former Archbishops of Canterbury. He got neither. Then he hurled the thunders of the Church against a knight, who claimed the right of choosing his own parish priest. This sentence Henry forced him to retract. But these were trifles in comparison with the greater question which arose towards the end of 1163. Henry—no mean statesman, be it marked, when he chose—resolved to strike a heavy blow at the roots of monkish wickedness within his realm. Priests charged with crimes could be tried only, as the law then stood, by **priestly**

tribunals: and as the sacred robe of clergymen could not, in theory, be stained with blood, neither death nor mutilation awaited the convict, who had the shield of holy orders to retreat behind. Unfrocking formed a punishment worse than death, these holy judges said; so the guilty were unfrocked. Or there lay an appeal to higher courts at Rome; which opened a way for endless delays and technical quibblings. The result of all this was that many English priests in Becket's time ran riot in the depths of wickedness. Henry, seeing this, proposed at Westminster that men in orders taken red-hand in a felony should be first degraded and then delivered for punishment to lay tribunals. Only a few days before at Worcester a monk had killed an old man, who presumed to speak angrily to the seducer of his daughter. Even in the face of this red crime Becket said "No" to the King's demand. Soon, however, the desertion of the bishops and the advice of the Pope induced him to yield so far as to attend a great council held at Clarendon in Wiltshire,* where eighteen articles, drawn up by the crown lawyers, stated the rights of crown and crozier from the King's point of view.

Among the various enactments of the **Constitutions of Clarendon** I may name a few. Prelates and abbots were to pay homage to the King as their liege lord, *saving the rights of their order*. Such were not to leave the kingdom without permission of the King. Priestly criminals were to be tried by a church court, but to be sentenced by the justiciary of the King. No royal officer or tenant-in-chief was to be excommunicated or have an interdict laid on his lands without the consent of the King. *There was to be no appeal to Rome*. Livings in the royal gift could not be filled without the King's consent. Vacant sees and benefices were to remain in custody of the King, who should receive their revenues. The sons of serfs were not to be admitted to orders without the consent of the lord of the soil.

Startled by the wide scope of these articles, Becket, though he had already consented to sign them, saw that it would be giving up all he fought for, to sanction their enactment. He therefore refused to affix his seal to the Constitutions. A stormy scene ensued. The gleam of arms shining from an inner room awed the weaker spirits among the clergy. Three days of tumult ended in a verbal promise wrung from the unwilling lips of the Primate, who rode away with a copy of the charter to repent in solitude his passing weakness, and to shut himself out from his sacred duties as one unworthy to approach the altar. The Pope, whose battle he was fighting, sent him absolution and advice.

But **Northampton**† witnessed the final fury of the storm. Henry, resolved to crush the rebel, whom his royal hand had uplifted to the Primate's chair, demanded an account of the various sums received by Becket in his public capacity as Chancellor. For the sum of

* *Clarendon*, a place in Wiltshire, where the Norman Kings had a hunting lodge and forest, is two miles south-east of Salisbury.

† *Northampton*, a borough on the Nen, sixty-six miles from London. Population, 26,667.

30,000 marks thus required at his hand, Becket pleaded a quittance which he had received from the justiciary upon his resignation of the Great Seal. Sending for the bishops, he found them all deserted to the King; and most of them said that the only hope of peace lay in his ceasing to be Primate. Neither the feeling that he stood alone, nor the solitary thoughts of two days' sickness, could shake the will of this remarkable man. Rising from a bed of pain on the morning of the last day, he arrayed himself in the splendid robes of his office, and rode, cross in hand, to the palace gate. Dismounting, he refused to let go the cross which an attendant generally carried before him, but swept with that signal of defiance in his hand right on to the foot of the throne. The King, followed by barons and bishops, went into another room, leaving the Archbishop to bear his cross in the midst of a few humble priests, who clung to the darling of the poor.

Becket sat down on a bench, waiting for the result of a conference, whose echoes reached him from the inner chamber.

Oct. 18, 1164 By-and-by the bishops came out in a body, to fling their obedience in his face. With curled lip he heard them to the end, and stung them with the "splendid scorn" of his silence.

A.D. To the barons, who then came out to pronounce in the Norman fashion a sentence of imprisonment, he vouchsafed a reply, in which he haughtily refused to acknowledge their right to judge him, and appealed to the Pope for the only decision of the case, to which he would deign to bow. Shouts and curses thundered in his ears as he rose to go, still clutching firmly in his grasp the crozier, which was at once his banner of rebellion, his weapon, and his shield. Handfuls of trodden rushes, gathered from the floor, were flung upon the splendour of his dress. Names like "traitor," and "perjured one" followed him to the door. His calmness, maintained with a tremendous effort, now gave way, and he turned on the threshold, like a lion at bay. Hurling back names fiercer than any uttered by the angry crowd within, he cried to the foremost knight, "If I might bear arms, De Broc, I would soon prove you a liar in single combat." The breach was now complete. That very night he stole with one of his attendants from the sleeping town, and in the disguise of a common monk, under the name of Brother Dearman, made his way towards the shore, hiding by day and hurrying on through the long autumnal nights. Reaching Sandwich* at last, he put off in a little boat and struggled over through November storms to the port of Gravelines on the Flemish coast.†

Becket spent the **six years** of his exile in France. Louis, jealous of a vassal, whose huge French dominions‡ caused his own to dwindle into insignificance, gladly welcomed one who had dared to beard this

* *Sandwich*, a cinque-port and borough in Kent, on the Stour, twelve miles east of Canterbury. Under the Norman kings it was the chief Continental port of England, but the harbour afterwards became choked with sand.

† *Gravelines*, a sea-port of France in the department of Nord, twelve miles west of Dunkerque, at the mouth of the Aa. Population, 5582.

‡ Henry II. ruled all the northern and western coasts of France except Bretagne. He inherited Normandy from his mother; Anjou, Touraine, and Maine, from his

mighty Henry on the very steps of his English throne. Pope Alexander III., then living at Sens,* rejoiced to afford a shelter to so faithful a son of Rome. Pontigny Abbey being allotted as his residence, Becket, reinvested with the archbishop's pall, which he had delivered into the hands of Alexander, devoted his days and nights to exercises of religion. Though Alexander rebuked the gorgeous bishops who came over to plead the cause of Henry at his footstool, yet he did not finally break with the English King. Indeed, through the entire transaction it was the policy of the Pope not to uplift Becket too much, lest the mitre of Canterbury should grow into a dangerous rival of the Roman tiara. After two years of prayer and fasting at Pontigny, Becket mounted the pulpit at Vezelai,† and there uttered the most terrible curses of the Church against those, who upheld the Constitutions of Clarendon and usurped the estates of Canterbury. Henry, not far off at Chinon‡ in Anjou, rolled in a fury on the floor, tearing the straw of his bed with gnashing teeth, when he heard of this daring step. With difficulty, for Becket's pride was offensive even to the French King, a **reconciliation** was **1170** effected in a pleasant meadow near Freteval on the borders of A.D. Touraine. Henry promised to give Becket the kiss of peace when they met in England, and showed his new-born respect for the Church by holding the Archbishop's stirrup as he climbed into the saddle. Becket knew that the peace was hollow; he knew that there were men in England who had sworn to slay him. Yet in less than six months after the interview at Freteval he landed on the English shore at **Sandwich** (December 1, 1170), having heralded his approach by sending forward to the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of London and Salisbury letters of excommunication, which he had obtained from the Pope.

Before the new year he was dead. Surrounded by the rusty lances of an affectionate rabble, he made his way to **Canterbury**, resolved upon an act of defiance, which proved to be his last. From the cathedral pulpit on Christmas Day he preached on the text, "I am come to die among you;" and then he uttered sentence of excommunication against the De Brocs and the Rector of Harrow. When the three prelates, who had received letters of excommunication from Becket, crossed the sea to Henry, who was living at Bur,§ the King's rage burst all bounds. "How!" he cried, "a fellow that hath eaten of my bread, a beggar that first came to my court on a lame horse, dares insult his King and the royal family, and tread upon the whole

father; while Poitou and Aquitaine came to him through his marriage with Eleanor, the divorced wife of Louis VII.

* *Sens*, a city in the department of Yonne, on the river of that name, seventy miles south-east of Paris, on the site of the old *Senonia*.

† *Vezelai*, a town and hill of Nievre, one hundred and seventeen miles south-east of Paris.

‡ *Chinon*, on the Vienne, twenty-eight miles south-west of Tours. The ruins of the castle, in which Henry II. died, and Joan of Arc had her first meeting with Charles VII., stand on a hill above the town.

§ *Bur*, a castle near Bayeux in Normandy.

kingdom, and not one of the cowards I nourish at my table will deliver me from this turbulent priest !”

Some time after the utterance of this speech — on the 29th of December — **four knights** entered the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury about two o'clock in the afternoon, and without word or sign sat down on the floor before the prelate. They were Reginald Fitzurse, William Tracy, Hugh de Morville, and Richard Brito. After a long silence Fitzurse demanded the absolution and replacement of the bishops under ban, and an acknowledgment of the King's supremacy. When furious words had flashed from either side, the knights rushed out to get their swords, resolved that Becket should yield to the logic of cold steel, since he was proof against all other arguments. Shut doors opposed their return ; but they climbed through a window of the hall. Becket had then gone into the northern transept of the church, attracted thither by the vesper song of the monks, and refusing to allow the house of God to be barricaded like a fort. The knights, now mailed and bent on slaughter, burst into the twilight-darkened church. Closing round the doomed Archbishop, as he stood erect against a pillar, they again demanded that the bishops should be freed from curse ; and the “Never,” coupled with a foul name, had scarcely passed the Primate's lips, when a sword made lightning in the gloomy air, and would have cleft his head, but that it met and nearly lopped in two the interposing arm of Grim, the faithful bearer of his cross. The Primate fell beneath the second blow ; the third sliced off a portion of his skull ; and one of the murderers, thrusting his sword-point in among the protruding brain, drew it out and smeared the pulp upon the altar steps. When the body was stripped, an inner shirt alive with vermin met the gaze of those who idolized the man.

The tomb of this murdered man soon became a great centre of **pilgrimage** ; for the English people esteemed him a martyr, and worshipped him as a saint.* The secret of his hold upon their hearts lay in his opposition to a Norman King. Though not a Saxon, he had suffered and died in resistance of the same iron hand, that was grinding Saxons in abject slavery. This linked him to the Saxon cause, and led a people, who had almost forgotten how to hope, to behold in him the morning-star of a new and brighter day. Vainly Henry tried, three years and a half after the murder, to cleanse the stain from his conscience and his reputation by submitting his naked shoulders to the scourge at Becket's tomb. The capture of a Scottish King at Alnwick, by the greatest of his generals, Ranulf de Glanville, happening to coincide in time nearly with this late act of humiliation, was eagerly grasped at as a proof that Heaven's mercy had not entirely withdrawn itself from the English throne. But the English people never forgave Henry ; and in the fact that there were

* Not a trace remains of this celebrated shrine, whose name is woven inseparably with the literary glory of Chaucer. Canterbury (population 18,398) on the Stour, fifty-five miles from London, was the *Durovernum* of the Romans and the *Cær-Cant* of the early Saxons.

many Norman merchants, who nourished the same reverence for Saint Thomas as filled the Saxon serfs and peasants, we may trace one of the earliest signs that the old hatred of the rival races was beginning to decay.

CHAPTER II.

HENRY II.—*continued.*

Early glories of Ireland.
Ostmen.
Pope Adrian's bull.
Dermot MacMorrough

Richard Strongbow.
First landing of lances.
Arrival of Strongbow.
Siege of Dublin.

Henry II. in Ireland.
The wicker palace.
Synod of Cashel.
Return of Henry.

WHILE England was passing through the fiery ordeals of the Roman occupation and the Saxon conquest, Ireland was enjoying a degree of peace and consequent prosperity, to which all Europe except this favoured spot was then a stranger. There came into the island, about the opening of the Christian era, some Teutonic settlers, from whom the country derived a name, Scotia, by which it was known from the fourth to the eleventh century. These were the Scots.* How much or how little they mingled with the original Celtic population of the land, we cannot tell. When the altars of Anglesey were overturned by Paulinus, Ireland, with its great central temple at Tara,† became the last stronghold of Druidism. There this creed existed till 432 A.D., when St. Patrick, in whose veins flowed a mixture of British and Roman blood, crossed from his birth-place at the mouth of the Clyde. Leogaire MacNeil was the first of the Christian Kings. Ireland at this time, and for long afterwards, well deserved the apt description of a recent writer, being indeed only a "cluster of clans," and suffering all the woes which naturally result from such an organism. Yet, in spite of petty feuds—in spite of the island being divided into five provinces—in spite of the evils of *tanistry*‡—this land, on which the moist west wind has always flung a carpet of the richest green, flourished up into unexampled prosperity and glory. Her round towers of stone and lime, many of which still stand, summoned the people to prayer with pealing bells, or cast the glare of beacon-fires far across the darkened landscape. Her rivers yielded gold, which skilful hands moulded into delicate collars and armlets. The hammer of her smiths rang loud. She gave Christianity to Scotland, when Columba crossed from Donegal to the grey shielings of Iona. She gave learning to England, when her monks settled at Glastonbury; and to France, when Erigena passed to the

* *Scythæ, Gothi, Scoti, Gætæ*, are thought to be varieties of the same word.

† *Tara*, a village and hill in Meath, twenty-three miles north-west of Dublin, where every three years the great Irish Council met to elect a federal King.

‡ The *Tanist* was the heir-apparent to any chief, elected by the tribe from among the reigning family, during the lifetime of the chief. A strange and mischievous feature of the system was that the deeds of any chief were not binding on his successor.

court of the Carolingians. She founded the literature of mediæval Europe. Students from many lands thronged her schools; and the harps of her bards filled her valleys with music. Yet there were remnants of savagery mingled with this advance in art and learning. Her merchants had no native coinage, and her soldiers wore no mail.

The **Danish keels** came, but left little trace behind. Wherever the Danes settled, they melted into the native population, except in some sea-port towns, like Dublin, Waterford, and Limerick, where they dwelt under the name of Ostmen. King Brian Boru smote their armies at Clontarf* in 1014 with an arm, whose sinews eighty-five years of struggle had not relaxed; and then, kneeling to pray in his tent after the battle, fell beneath the blows of an assassin. For a time the reign of Malachi, who "wore the collar of gold," and who in truth had been driven from his rightful throne by Brian, preserved the peace of the land. But his death was the signal for a protracted civil war, which ceased not to desolate the island until **Turlogh**, contemporary with the Conqueror in England, won the blood-stained crown. The tumult raised by this fierce tempest had not subsided, when the first of the Plantagenets ascended the English throne. A sensual clergy did little to abate the evils that swarmed in the land. Every man carried an axe slung over the shoulder of his ragged sheepskin dress; and the provocation of a word, or even a look, kindled in eyes, that were almost hidden beneath a tangled thatch of yellow hair, an angry fire that could only be quenched in blood. The beauty of the Irish women gave these axes sufficient work to keep them sharp and bright. Indeed, a woman caused the first Norman invasion of Ireland.

Very slight links bound Ireland to Britain previous to the year 1169. Some commerce between Wales and the harbours of the opposite shore—an occasional letter from Canterbury to the Irish prelates and kings—the flight of a rebellious nobleman now and then from England,—these formed almost the only points of intercourse between the islands. There were intentions, indeed, of conquest on the English side of the water, but they came to nothing. The Conqueror died too soon, and Rufus was too vicious. It was not until Henry II.

ascended the throne that the project of an Irish expedition took definite shape. One of the first acts of that solitary Englishman in the long list of Popes—**Nicholas Breakspear**, or **Adrian IV.**—granted to young Henry a Bull, which made him master of Ireland; for Popes, according to the forged donation of Constantine, owned all Christianized islands.

When thirteen years had passed, a visitor entered Henry's palace at Aquitaine, who started the sleeping scheme to life again. This was an Irish chieftain named **Dermot MacMorrogh**, who had been driven an exile from the throne of Leinster,† because he had carried

* *Clontarf*, a village on the north shore of Dublin Bay, about three miles from the city, where the receding tide leaves a great stretch of sand.

† Ireland at the time of the Norman invasion consisted of five kingdoms—Lagenia or Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, Desmond or South Munster, and Thomond or North

off the beautiful Devorgilla, wife of O'Rourke, lord of Breffny, from an island in Meath. Chroniclers say that Dermot, who was not a young man then, yielded to the entreaties of this lady rather than to any passion of his own. He obtained from Henry, in return for an acknowledgment of vassalage, a letter permitting any subjects of the English realm to assist in the recovery of his kingdom. Great and weighty affairs—perhaps the unsettled state of the Becket business—prevented Henry from using this favourable opportunity himself. Arrived at Bristol, then the port for Ireland, Dermot made the tenor of the King's letter known: for a time in vain. At length Richard le Clare, Earl of Pembroke, whose surname of **Strongbow** does not harmonize with the chronicler's portrait of him, agreed to cross the Channel in the next spring, if Dermot would give him young Eva in marriage and the reversion of the Leinster crown. The Irishman gladly agreed to the bargain. But Fitzstephen and Fitzgerald, sons of a Welsh princess, anticipated Strongbow. Bribed by the gift of Wexford, with some adjoining land, Fitzstephen followed Dermot across the sea, landing at a creek called the **Bann**, twelve miles south of the city which was to form his reward. For **May**, the conquest of a kingdom, only five small ships carried forty **1169** knights, sixty men-at-arms in mail, and three hundred and **A.D.** sixty archers. When Dermot's five hundred joined the invading force, it mustered in all less than a thousand men. The men of Wexford, frightened at the shining armour of the Normans, surrendered in two days. A raid into Ossory laid two hundred bloody heads at the feet of Dermot, who in savage ecstasy seized the stiffened hair and bit off the nose and lips of one who had been his special foe—a glimpse of the inner man which certainly does not brighten Dermot's more than doubtful reputation in history. Meantime **Roderic O'Connor**, King of Connaught and federal King of Ireland, was advancing with an army. The bogs surrounding Ferns* became the stronghold of the invaders. Roderic gladly made peace; for he, too, felt the terrors of lance and mail. It was agreed that Dermot should be restored to his kingdom, and that no more Normans should be brought from Britain. The arrival of Fitzgerald with one hundred and forty men altered the aspect of affairs. Dermot and his English lances marched on Dublin, which yielded without delay. Such was the state of things, when Strongbow began to think of fulfilling his promise.

Henry's leave being necessary or at least important in the advanced position of the strife, Strongbow sought it in Normandy. Receiving an evasive answer, the Earl, according to the wont of feudal barons, construed it to his own liking, and went back to Wales to prepare for action. He sent over, as a herald of his approach, Raymond the Fat, who landed at the rock of Dundonolf near Waterford, beat three

Munster. Whichever King was federal monarch of the whole island held during his time of office the central district of Meath.

* *Ferns* lies a little east of the Slaney in northern Wexford; population only 637. With Ossory and Leighlin, Ferns forms a bishopric.

thousand Irish with the mailed handful he commanded, and further distinguished himself among barbarians by carrying his seventy prisoners to the edge of the rocks, breaking their bones, and flinging them into the sea. The Earl of Pembroke, in spite of a decided message from the King, weighed anchor from **Milford Haven*** in the middle of September, and landed near Waterford with two hundred knights and a thousand other troops. Moving at once on

Waterford, he made a breach in the wall by hewing down
 Sept. the wooden foundations of a house that formed part of it,
 1170 and filled the streets with slaughter. The blood was scarcely
 A.D. washed from his hand, when he gave it in wedlock to Eva,

Dermot's daughter, who brought him the **crown of Leinster** as her dowry. Then Dublin, filled with Danes, became the centre of attack, for it had revolted under Hasculf from the allegiance lately sworn to Dermot. Avoiding the Irish forces by a march over the mountains, Strongbow reached the bank of the Liffey unexpectedly; and while the terrified Dubliners were trying to make terms, the impatient Miles de Cogan with some kindred spirits broke in at a weak point of the city wall and inflicted on the wretched inhabitants all that brutalized humanity could devise. The wasting of Meath followed at once. The weak Irish clergy, holding a Synod at Armagh, strove to appease the wrath of Heaven by setting free the slaves.

About this time an angry message from Henry, requiring all loyal men to return at once on pain of banishment and the loss of their estates, reached the camp of the Norman adventurers. Its weakening effect was immediate. Upon **Dublin** with its thinned garrison dashed a host of red-shielded Danes, whom Hasculf, the expelled governor of that city, had brought from Norway and the Orkneys in sixty ships. A successful sally of the beleaguered knights scattered them like chaff. More formidable and menacing seemed the investment of the Irish capital by a second Norse fleet from the Isle of Man and a great confederate army under Roderic O'Connor. Thirty thousand men, mustered by Laurence the Archbishop of Dublin, hemmed in the little band of soldiers, who lay within the city walls under the command of Strongbow. Two months of the blockade went by, and hunger had bowed the haughty Norman spirit so far that Strongbow sent a message out to Roderic, offering to become his vassal, when the news of Fitzstephen's danger at Carraig near Wexford, where a host of Irish had beset his castle, kindled the sinking hearts of the besieged. Dashing out in three troops upon the vast Irish lines one morning at nine o'clock, they broke up the besieging camp, and swept thirty thousand foes before them. In all the struggles of this remarkable conquest, achieved altogether by a few hundred lances, there was no more memorable instance of the terror, which the very glitter of Norman armour struck into the half-

* *Milford Haven*, a fine natural harbour, cuts deep into Pembrokeshire. The town of Milford stands on the northern shore, twelve miles from Pembroke; population, 2837.

naked Irish hordes, whom despair had called out of bog and forest to the siege of towns and the shock of regular battle. Carrig had fallen before Strongbow could reach it; and Fitzstephen, loaded with Irish fetters, was confined in a little island off the Wexford coast.

The Earl of Pembroke, who by Dermot's death had become King of Leinster, now received a sharp summons to appear before his King, who lay at Newnham in Gloucestershire.* Crossing the Channel, he made ample submission, yielded up his conquests to Henry, and gladly saw the threatening storm blow past. Together King and Earl sailed from Milford with a force of five hundred knights and four thousand common troops, and landed at Croch near the city of **Waterford**. The hard work of the war was done, and the mere presence of so many coats of mail brought the Irish people to see the folly of the least resistance. **1171**
 Anxious to obtain the favour of the foreign monarch, the captors of Fitzstephen gave him up as a rebel, who had engaged in war against his King's express command. A few words tell the rest of the tale. Henry never drew the sword at all. Princes came from near and far—the King of Cork, the King of Limerick, the Prince of Ossory, and others—to bow humbly before his throne. Roderic's army, mustered on the great line of the Shannon, kept their loose array for a while; but his submission and promise to pay tribute melted it like snow. **Keeping Christmas** within a hall of wicker-work, woven at Dublin by native hands, Henry saw chiefs from every corner of the land, except unconquered Ulster, sitting at his board, and in their own uncouth fashion drinking goblets of French wine. We can fancy the shouts of coarse loud laughter that shook the osier walls of the banquet-hall at every breach of Norman etiquette committed by these simple untaught sons of a once polished land, and the looks of comical surprise, with which they saw their courtly hosts tear a roasted crane wing from wing and pick it to the bones.

The winter, which a stormy sea compelled Henry to spend in Ireland, he gave partly to the improvement of the Irish Church. At the **Synod of Cashel**,† held early in 1172, many laws were passed which struck at the root of the clan-system. But, when the spring winds blew, Henry, appointing Hugh de Lacy governor of Dublin, justiciary of the island, and viceroy of Meath, left Wexford one April morning and recrossed the sea, to plunge once more into those "fierce domestic broils" with wife and sons, which sowed early grey among his locks and laid him broken-hearted in the grave. He died of fever at Chinon in 1189.

* *Newnham* is above the Severn, twelve miles south-west of Gloucester; population, 1288.

† *Cashel*, about two miles east of the Suir in Tipperary, is built on the eastern and southern slopes of a remarkable rock.

HENRY II., OR CURTMANTLE (1154-1189).

Married ELEANOR OF GUIENNE, THE DIVORCED WIFE OF LOUIS VII. OF FRANCE.
A.D.

1155. Becket raised to the dignity of Chancellor.
 1159. *Scutage* levied, by advice of Becket, for the war in Toulouse. Becket in helm and cuirass leads seven hundred lances in the war.
 1162. June 8.—*Enthronement of Becket as Archbishop of Canterbury* in the room of old Theobald, his early patron. Beginning of difficulties between the Primate and the King.
 1164. A great Council held at Clarendon in Wiltshire, at which eighteen articles of clerical reform, called the *Constitutions of Clarendon*, are submitted by the crown lawyers. Becket refuses to sign them. At the Council of Northampton, held in the following October, the breach becomes complete. Becket, fleeing to France, receives the abbey of Pontigny as a residence.
 1169. *Landing of Fitzstephen at the Bann near Wexford in Ireland* to recover Leinster for the exiled Dermot.
 1170. After six years of exile Becket is apparently reconciled to Henry at Freteval in Touraine.
 Dec. 1.—Becket lands at Sandwich.
 Dec. 25.—Preaching at Canterbury, he excommunicates the rector of Harrow.
 Dec. 29.—*Is murdered* at the altar of Canterbury by four knights of Henry's court.
 Sept.—Richard le Clare, Earl of Pembroke, surnamed Strongbow, takes Waterford, and expels the Danes from Dublin.
 1171. King Henry and Strongbow sail to Ireland. Henry winters there, living chiefly in Dublin.
 1172. *Synod of Cashel*. April.—Return of Henry to England.
 1173. Henry's sons, urged by their jealous mother, rise in revolt.
 1174. The King does penance at Becket's tomb.
 Capture at Alnwick by Glanville of William the Lion, King of Scotland, who by the Treaty of Falaise agreed to swear fealty to Henry as his liege lord, and do homage for Scotland as a fief of the crown.
 1176. The Council of Northampton, which establishes the principle of the Assize.
 1189. Death of Henry at Chinon, aged fifty-seven.

CHAPTER III.

RICHARD I., OR THE LION HEART.

A feudal knight.
 Unfilial.
 Jewish blood.
 Raising funds.

The Third Crusade.
 The chained Lion.
 Longchamp.
 Prince John.

French wars.
 The fatal knife.
 Robin Hood.
 Longbeard.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, third son of Henry Plantagenet, deserves a brief notice at our hands, for he was the model of a **feudal knight**, the type, embodiment, and full-blown flower of Norman chivalry. It is true, that the chief influence of his reign upon the English people was to extract almost every coin from their coffers and to drain the national heart of its bravest blood. But he stamped his likeness so deeply on the age, that for centuries soldiers, shaped after the same

pattern, fought on every English battle-field. Romance has flung her coloured splendours round his character. He was a great soldier, but a bad King. His lance flashed bright and smote strong in the tournament; his harp and song rang sweetly in the hall. Saracen mothers awed their crying children with his dreaded name, and the cities of Sicily and Cyprus felt the weight of his mailed right hand. But English ploughmen, smiths, and weavers starved under his sceptre, working their fingers to the bone that they might make money to maintain his French and Eastern wars. No law of any consequence grew out of his ten years' reign. Reading his story, we find only—a rebellion which broke his father's heart—a cruel massacre of unoffending Jews—an unsuccessful Crusade—a troubled Regency—a romantic captivity—some petty feuds with France—and a fatal arrow-wound. Daring, eloquent, musical, and poetic—arrogant, greedy, cruel, and utterly heartless, this handsome warrior must be viewed as an extremely fine animal of the human species—and very little more.

The death of his elder brother Henry opened to Richard a prospect of the English throne. Before that event his future had been narrowed within the bounds of Aquitaine and Poitou, duchies which had formed his mother's dower and had been assigned to him by a settlement of his father. Urged by his jealous and vindictive mother, Queen Eleanor, he had joined his brothers in those movements, which had imbittered the last moments of the too indulgent Henry. A chronicle tells us how blood came streaming from the mouth and nose of the royal corpse, when Richard met it on the way to **Fontevraud**. Remorse and horror, all too late, racked the bosom of the unfilial son.

Becoming King in 1189, he threw all his energies into the preparations for a **third Crusade**. He fell at once upon the Jews. Their money-boxes, loaded with the spoils of usury, sorely tempted a needy monarch intent upon a distant and expensive war. So at Dunstable, Stamford, and Lincoln they bled and died. The tragedy of York Castle transcended all the rest in horror. Five hundred hunted **Jews** took refuge there within stone walls, round which a crowd of human tigers roared in thirst for blood. When all offers of gold had been refused as ransom for the lives of the besieged, the Rabbi, on whose teachings they had been used to dwell with reverent attention, proposed death as an escape from the worse evil of falling into the hands of such a rabble. Slaying their wives and their children, and shutting themselves with their hoards in the royal chamber, they turned the castle into the funeral pile of a fiery suicide.

The gathering of money by all means, fair and foul, went briskly on. Many towns bought their charters from the needy King. Sheriffships, rendered vacant by the simple plan of turning out the holders, went to the highest bidder. **William Longchamp**, Bishop of Ely, a low-born Frenchman, paid 3000 marks for the Chanceryship, which was tantamount to the Regency, for the Chancellor presided over the Council, in which the government was vested during Richard's absence. And that homage, won from Scotland by Glan-

ville in the last reign, was resigned for a sum of silver marks. Old Glanville himself, one of the ablest statesmen and legists of the Anglo-Norman reigns, was imprisoned, it is said, in a kind of serious jest, and obliged to pay 3000 pounds before he left his cell.

In the summer of 1190 Richard joined Philip Augustus of France, his associate in the Holy War, on the plains of **Vezelai**. One hundred thousand swords and lances glittered on the muster-field. At Lyons they parted; Philip, bound for Genoa to hire transports; Richard, for Marseilles where his English fleet was to meet him. A brawl with a peasant, who had manhood enough to resent the seizure of a hawk, brought a storm of Calabrian sticks and stones round the ears of the King of England. The sack of Messina amused his winter leisure and added to his purse 20,000 golden coins wrung from King Tancred. His marriage with Berengaria of Navarre, and his defeat of Isaac prince of Cyprus, whose silver fetters galled

June 8, as sorely as those of plebeian iron, took place before he
1191 reached the scene of action in the Holy Land. **Acre,*** invincible till then, fell four days after the trumpets and drums of the crusading camp had noisily welcomed his arrival.

A.D. Philip, in disgust at the success of his rival, with whom he had had much quarrelling by the way, returned to France. Richard and his battle-axe of English steel, whose gleaming head weighed twenty pounds, did wondrous deeds of valour, which made the English King the idol of his soldiery. He did not please the princes of the Crusade. One especially he turned into a deadly foe. Duke Leopold planted the banner of Austria on the gate of Acre; Richard tore it down. The same prince refused to work at the ramparts of Ascalon;† Richard cursed, and struck him. The dungeon of Tiernsteign soon avenged both the curses and the blows. With all his valour Richard did not succeed in the object of the Crusade. His soldiers never saw **Jerusalem**. Fighting his way southward along the shore, he taught the Sultan Saladin to respect him as a daring and chivalrous soldier, but not as a far-sighted tactician, who could grasp the details of a campaign, and mould them into success. A slander, originating probably in the jealousies of France and Austria, fell upon Richard's name before his valour gave a last flash in the victory of Jaffa.‡

Oct. It charged him with the murder of
1192 Conrad of Montferrat, titular King of Jerusalem. Gladly seizing the chance of leaving this land of failure and reproach, he concluded a truce with Saladin for three years and three months, and then embarked at Acre for Marseilles.

* *St. Jean d'Acre* or *Accho* (called *Ptolemais* by the Greeks) lies on the northern horn of a curving bay on the Syrian coast. Mount Carmel towers to the south-west across the bay. The fortress of Acre commands the plain called *Esdraëlön*.

† *Ascalon* lay on the shore, fourteen miles from Gaza. It was one of the five Philistine cities. A little village, *Scalona*, lying somewhat north, represents the fallen greatness of Ascalon, bearing its corrupted name.

‡ *Jaffa* (the ancient *Joppa*,—in Arabic *Yāfa*,) is a Syrian sea-port of about 4000 inhabitants, some thirty-three miles north-west of Jerusalem. In the Middle Ages it was the great landing-place for pilgrims.

Shifting his course, he sailed up the Adriatic, suffered shipwreck between Venice and Trieste, assumed a merchant's dress and name during his journey to Erperg near **Vienna**, but was there betrayed by the foreign gold and costly garb of his page whom he sent to buy food in the market. As the prisoner of Duke Leopold of Austria, he got better treatment than one would have expected from the insults offered to that prince in Palestine. The Emperor, Henry VI., buying the Lion-hearted King from Leopold, who had no objection to sell his prize for 50,000 marks, flung the royal captive into a castle in the Tyrol, where he lay for a long time, completely lost to the sight of the English people, but managing to wile the hours of bondage away pleasantly enough with songs, jokes, and wine. At last the copy of a letter from the Emperor to Philip disclosed the secret of Richard's prison. The story of Blondel wandering with his harp in search of his King, until the welcome echo of his strain from within a castle grating told that his search was at an end, must be consigned to the pages of poetic romance. At the **Diet of Worms**,* held in 1193, Richard made an eloquent defence, and did homage to the Emperor for all his possessions; but it was not till public opinion forced Henry to resign his prey, that the Lion-heart was freed;—and then, not till the wool was shorn from almost every sheep in England, and the plate torn from every chest, to make up the enormous ransom exacted by the German. Richard landed at Sandwich on the 13th March 1194, after an absence of more than four years, and an imprisonment of fourteen months.

Meantime how was England governed? What with the money raised for the Crusade, and the money raised for the ransom of the King, the very marrow had been sucked from her bones. Longchamp—Chancellor, Justiciary, and Regent,—a man of craft, avarice, and intense ambition, bent energies of no mean order to the control of the realm, extorting mercilessly on every side.

The imprisonment of Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, his colleague on the bench, left Longchamp without a rival for a time. Had his power met no check, we are told, he would have robbed men of their girdles, knights of their rings, women of their bracelets, Jews of their gems. But the ambition of **Prince John**, youngest brother of the absent King, arose to confront and overturn the tyranny of Longchamp. One evil killed the other. Borne down by the craft and violence of John, the Chancellor, though bribed by the offer of a bishopric and three royal castles, spurned the advances of the treacherous prince, and yielded the Tower keys only to compulsion. Some fishwomen at Dover spying a tall lady in green silk with close-veiled face, sitting silent on the sand, gathered curiously round, and growing bolder at her continued dumbness, lifted a corner of the hood. A black beard appeared below. It was Longchamp in disguise waiting for a ship. This discovery resulted in a short imprisonment; but he soon escaped to the Continent. All his intrigues could

* *Worms*, a German city on the Rhine, twenty-eight miles south of Mayence. It is famous for Luther's defence before Charles V. in 1521.

not replace him in power until the return of Richard, whose Chancellor he continued to be during all but the last year of the reign. John's rebellion bore no fruit but trouble to the kingdom and infamy to himself. When "the devil had broken loose," as a letter from Philip to John pithily described the liberation of Richard, Nottingham Castle alone held out in favour of the prince. It was stormed, and many of its garrison were hanged. John was then residing at a safe distance in Normandy, and when the making of a new seal, that all old grants might be rendered null and void, with two or three similar expedients, had filled Richard's purse again, and enabled him to sail with an army to Barfleur,* John came fawning before his manlier brother, and craving a forgiveness he little deserved. Chivalrous Richard bore no malice, and restored the rebel to a pension and to his estates.

The rest of Richard's reign belongs to France. England was but an impoverished plantation, where Saxon slaves under the whips of Norman overseers cultivated crops of gold. Philip Augustus and he had not forgotten their old feud. But the will for war survived the power. Having quite exhausted the treasures of their kingdoms, they kept rushing at each other like two fangless hounds, until an interview upon the Seine, Richard sitting in a barge, Philip on horseback upon the bank, terminated their useless struggle
1199 A.D. in 1199. In the same year Richard died of an arrow wound, received at the siege of a castle in **Limousin**.† Piercing his shoulder, the head broke off: and the knife of a clumsy surgeon irritated the wound to a fatal inflammation. Already in the valleys of Normandy a song had been sung, which told that an arrow was shaping in Limousin to kill the tyrant. It seems to have been no chance shot that struck Richard; but whose hand winged the shaft, or whose gold paid the hand that drew the string, we know as little as we know who shot Rufus in the New Forest.

Romance connects the name of **Robin Hood**, the celebrated outlaw, with the reign of Richard I. Some authorities place him later, one assigning him to the times of Simon Montfort, another to the reign of Edward II. His skill in archery, his jovial life with Little John, Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian in the green glades of Sherwood, the great Nottinghamshire forest,‡ his chivalrous behaviour to women, his kindness to the poor, his robbery of fat abbots and rich land-owners, on whom he played rough practical jokes in addition to relieving them of their purses, form the favourite subjects of the early English minstrels, who sang oftener of bold Robin than of any other hero. German sceptics, followed by the antiquary Wright,

* *Barfleur*, which in the time of the Norman Kings of England was the great English port of Normandy, is now only a fishing village of 1185 inhabitants. It lies in La Manche on the east side of Cotentin.

† *Limousin*, now represented by the departments of Corrèze and Haute-Vienne, was a great source of contention between the French Kings of France and the French Kings of England.

‡ The high lands of Sherwood Forest lie on the upper course of the Maun, one of the tributaries of the Idle.

have tried to dissolve him into a myth. But there are good reasons for believing in his personality, and for ranking him much higher than a mere forest robber. Like his predecessors of less note, Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William Cloudesley, who robbed in Inglewood Forest* near Carlisle, he was the representative of the trodden Saxon race, his lawless life the result of an unhappy time, when foreign tyranny blasted the peaceful industry of the people, and bloody laws and grinding taxes drove them to the shelter of the woods. With a hundred tall bowmen fed on venison, bold Robin kept the fastness of the greenwood against all comers; he could split a wand at a hundred yards, shot deer when and where he liked, robbed Norman spoilers of the money which their oppression had already wrung from a groaning land, and by daring, skill, and kindness, so grew into the people's love, that they never tired singing of his deeds and the wild free life he led. There must have been a reason for all this love and admiration; and that reason must have been that Robin Hood embodied the feeling of sturdy Saxon independence, which, bowing for a time but never breaking beneath the Norman yoke, was content to linger in marsh and forest until a time of revival came.

The career of **William Fitzosbert** or Longbeard, also belonging to this reign, indicates the same leaven of nationality working in the masses. Fitzosbert, one of those debauched Crusaders who came home unfit for anything but fighting and vice, quarrelled with a brother, who had brought him up, and who now refused to supply him with unlimited supplies of money. When he denounced this brother as a traitor to the King, his charge was repelled by the court at Westminster. Fitzosbert then allowed his beard to grow in token of his sympathy with the common people, and set up as a public agitator or demagogue. His fiery eloquence inflamed the minds of the Londoners to a high degree; more than fifty thousand names were on his muster roll, and a rising against the Norman rule seemed imminent, when a sudden dash of soldiers upon him, as he walked unguarded in the streets, drove him for refuge into the steeple of St. Mary-le-Bow, where he held out for four days. Then, smoked out by the burning of the doors, he got a knife-wound in the belly, while trying to rush into the street. Dragged naked and bleeding at a horse's heels to Tyburn tree, he was there hanged with nine of his followers. This "king of the poor," as he was called, had won the popular affection simply because from selfish and base motives he had opposed the laws which they hated. Chips of his gibbet, earth on which his feet had rested, became sacred relics, and pilgrimage to the scene of his quasi-martyrdom grew into fashion among the poor. We see in the stories of both Hood and Longbeard the yearning of a wretched and trodden people after the relief that seemed so long in coming. The darkest hour was yet to come; and then—**THE DAWN.**

* *Inglewood Forest* used to clothe a large part of the basin of the Eden, between Carlisle and Penrith.

RICHARD I., OR CŒUR DE LION.

Married BERENGARIA OF NAVARRE.

A.D.

1189. Accession of Richard, Henry's third son.
 1190. *Armies of the Third Crusade muster at Vezelai.*
 1192. Seizure of Richard near Vienna.
 1193. His defence before the Diet of Worms.
 1194. His return to England, being ransomed at a great price.
 1196. A demagogue, called Fitzosbert or popularly Longbeard, hanged for sedition at Tyburn.
 1199. Death of Richard in France, caused by the rankling of an arrow-wound.

CHAPTER IV.

JOHN—SANSTEREE OR LACKLAND.

Murder of Arthur.
 Losses in France.
 The Langton quarrel.
 An Interdict.
 A crown in the dust.

Sea-fight in Damme.
 Bouvines.
 Roots of the national spirit.
 Stephen Langton.
 Easter week.

Runnymede.
 Magna Charta.
 Fire and sword.
 A blunder.
 Death of John.

THE murder of a boy of fifteen, **Arthur**, the son of his dead brother Geoffrey, secured to Earl John the possession of the English throne, but cost him all his French coronets but one. Betrayed by the King of France, the hapless boy fell at Mirebeau into his cruel uncle's hands, was carried from Mirebeau to Falaise,* from Falaise to Rouen, and there disappeared with a suddenness, which can bear but one interpretation. Shakspeare, using dramatic license, makes him die in leaping from the wall of an English castle; but the old chronicler, who tells the dark tale with most minuteness, speaks of a boat, a sudden stab, and a fair-haired corpse cleaving the dark current of the Seine. Some say that John himself struck the blow.

This foul deed, and the theft of a wife from the Count de la Marche, roused against the King of England a storm of war, which deprived him in one disastrous year (1204) of Normandy, Bretagne, Maine, Anjou, Touraine, and Poitou; Aquitaine or Guienne alone remained under English rule. The effect upon the destinies of England of this loss, or rather change, for it was a blessing in disguise, shall be noted soon. Her greatness grew out of the folly of a poltroon. Strange that a growth so noble should have a root so base!

The **Langton quarrel** and its disgraceful end plunged John into the depths of degradation. When the see of Canterbury fell vacant, the English King demanded the elevation of a friend and favourite, John de Gray, Bishop of Norwich, to the chair. Pope Innocent III. appointed Stephen Langton, and the monks would accept no other

* *Falaise*, in the department of Calvados, lies twenty miles south-east of Caen, on the Ante, a tributary of the Dive.

archbishop than the Papal nominee. John in a fury scattered the monks at the point of the sword, seizing all their wealth; and when, a little later, three bishops sought his presence at the Pope's command, and threatened extreme measures if he refused to undo his evil deed, with white and foaming lips he swore that he would mutilate most horribly any Roman shavelings he found within his realm. Innocent's answer was an Interdict. The cup drained by unhappy England then reached its bitterest dregs. The church doors remained always shut; the church bells never rang; priests, forbidden to administer any religious rites except baptism to infants and the sacrament to the dying, found their occupation almost gone; holes dug anywhere received the dead without a prayer. The statues and pictures of the saints were veiled with black, and their relics were laid in ashes upon dusty altars. At the time of which I write no heavier curse could fall upon a land. Famine might be borne; war had its fierce excitements; pestilence dealt only with the body that must die at some time; but an **Interdict** seemed to a superstitious people to fling its merciless eclipse across the grave into the life that never ends, blotting out from human souls all chance and hope of Heaven. John seems to have been stung by this terrible lesson into a little spasm of something like courage. Extorting money from all the Jews in the kingdom—drawing the merks from a Hebrew of Bristol by using the dentist's forceps on his double teeth—he crossed with an army to Dublin, where, as a boy governor, he had amused himself by plucking Irish beards. Then, marching to Connaught, he expelled the revolted De Lacys from the island. On his return he penetrated Wales to the foot of Snowdon, wresting tribute and hostages from the mountaineers. But the Pope, who had meanwhile added a Bull of excommunication to the Interdict, had yet another and a deadlier shaft in his spiritual quiver. Declaring the English throne vacant, he promised **Philip of France** the forgiveness of all his sins, if he would invade England, and expel the impious holder from the royal seat. Philip, more dazzled probably by the glitter of a double crown than by the spiritual boon, mustered a great army in Normandy and a great fleet in the harbours of the Channel coast. This brought John to his knees at once. It seemed at first, indeed, that some sparks of patriotic fire smouldered in his soul; for he gathered a force of sixty thousand men round his flag at Barham Downs,* and sent English sailors across the Channel to burn Dieppe† and the shipping at Fécamp.‡ But in a little while, smitten with terrors of the French soldiery, and troubled with well-founded fears that he had not a faithful adherent in all his host, he stooped his craven knee in

* *Barham Downs* lie between Dover and Canterbury. The great Roman road, *Watling Street*, runs across this district.

† *Dieppe* (called *Bertheville* in the eleventh century) is a sea-port in *Seine-Inferieure*, thirty-eight miles north of Rouen. Population, 16,216.

‡ *Fécamp* is a sea-port in a narrow valley, twenty-two miles from Havre. Population, 10,000.

Dover Cathedral at the footstool of Cardinal Pandulph, the Papal legate, and there, laying in the dust the crown already soiled with blood and infinite tears, swore to be a faithful vassal of the Pope, and to pay a yearly tribute of 700 merks of silver for England and 300 for Ireland.

The French King turned his fury upon Flanders, whose Earl had been the principal means of thwarting his English expedition. Although John, by secret bargaining with Earl Ferrand, became involved in this war, it would hardly deserve our notice here but for a memorable sea-fight, which took place off the Flemish shore near **Damme**,* then the port of Bruges. In this action the navy of France was utterly destroyed. The English ships, falling fast upon some vessels which could find no room in the closely packed harbour, grappled finally with those within the pier, a great part of whose crews had landed to plunder the fair hamlets of Flanders. Three hundred prizes, laden to the deck with corn, wine, and oil, carried the joyous news to England. One hundred more were burned by the victors, and Philip saw no resource but to deal in like manner with the scanty remnant of his fleet. Joining a league for the partition of France, of which the Earl of Flanders and Otho the Emperor of Germany were the chief promoters, John sailed with his new-won laurels to Poitou. But the Battle of **Bouvines**† (July 27, 1214), in which Longsword, the victor at Damme, was prostrated by the mace of warlike Bishop Beauvais, and the army of the League was irretrievably shattered, reduced John to the necessity of humbly asking a five years' truce.

The discontent of the English people had now reached its height. The descendants of those men, who had reddened the field of Hastings with each other's blood, now made common cause against a tyranny under which they all groaned. The Norman Barons undoubtedly were still the ruling race, but many causes had obliterated the line that divided them from the men they had enslaved. The flame of a **common nationality**, kindled by the watch-fires of the East, had begun to melt down the sharp edge of their hostility and to fuse both races into the English people. To this influence may be added the grinding taxation of the first two Plantagenets, levied alike on crushed ploughman and ruined noble. From common glories and a common grievance a rational spirit began to spring. Month by month, amid all the oppression of the Norman Kings, a **middle class**, enriched by merchandise and agriculture, grew up between the serfs and the nobles, until the People became a felt power in the State. Buying the estates of impoverished Crusaders, some of them became lords of the soil, possessed of all the influence and prestige that such a position gives.

Stephen Langton, Cardinal of St. Chrysogonus and Archbishop of Canterbury, whose nomination to that see John had opposed,

* *Damme*, once the port of Bruges, is now a village lying in the centre of fruitful fields three miles north-east of that city.

† *Bouvines*, a village between Lisle and Tournay.

appeared as the chief champion of English freedom in this struggle between a people and a king. Born in Lincolnshire or Devonshire, he grafted on a stem of English growth the polish and subtlety, which could then be acquired only at Paris or at Rome. At a great council, held in St. Paul's in 1213, he laid before the assembled Prelates and Barons an old charter, granted by Beauclerc but swept utterly out of memory by the storms of a changeful century. On this forgotten document the **Great Charter** was to rise. Meeting in the abbey of St. Edmundsbury* on the saint's day, the confederate patriots swore solemnly on the high altar, that if the King refused their just demands, they would not sheathe the sword, until they had wrested from him a charter under his own seal granting what they asked. When upon the feast of the Epiphany a stern band entered his presence and laid their demands before him, the pale lips of the monarch could hardly ask for time to consider the petition. Easter week being fixed for the giving of a final answer, the King set himself during the intervening months to throw up what defences he could against the encroachments of his menacing nobles. At the foot of St. Peter's chair he cast the ancestral privilege regarding the election of abbots and bishops, thinking thus to bribe the clergy and the Pope. And he placed himself more securely yet under the protection of the Church by solemnly swearing that he would lead a crusading army to the Holy Land.

Easter week came. The King lay at Oxford. Marching in armour from Stamford to Brackley,† the Barons met Langton and two Earls, by whom they sent forward a list of the required reforms to the foot of the throne. Langton read the parchment in the hearing of the King; upon which John, at whose elbow stood Pandulph the legate, flamed into rage. "And why do they not demand my crown also?" he cried; "by God's teeth I will not grant them liberties that will make me a slave." Failure did not daunt them. On Sunday the 24th of May through open gates and silent streets they wound their way into the capital, while the citizens were hearing mass in the churches. This wakened John from his dreams of folly. He saw but seven knights who lingered by his falling throne. There was not a moment to be lost. A promise must be made, and an oath sworn; but what of that? So with a smiling face he bade Pembroke go to London, and tell the Barons that he would grant their full demands.

There is by the Thames, not far from Staines,‡ a narrow strip of

* *Bury St. Edmunds* is the chief town of West Suffolk, and lies on the river Lark. Its population is about 14,000. The ruins of a magnificent abbey still adorn the town.

† *Stamford*, lying on the Welland partly in Lincolnshire and partly in Northamptonshire, was one of the "Five Burghs" of the Danes. The population of the Lincolnshire *Stamford* is about 9000; the other portion, called *Stamford Baron*, contains nearly 2000. *Brackley*, in the south of Northamptonshire, with a population of 2157, lies near one of the head streams of the Ouse.

‡ *Staines* is a market-town of Middlesex, situated on the left bank of the Thames, about seventeen miles from London. It contained 2430 inhabitants in 1861.

green meadow-land, which bears the name of **Runnymede**.* Though now degraded to a county race-course, it witnessed in the thirteenth century as great a sight as England ever saw. Pouring with the rising sun from the gates of Staines, a cavalcade of Barons, headed by Fitzwalter, whom they had elected their general, wound across the fields carpeted with June daisies, and halted in the meadow beside the Thames. A smaller party, including the King, Pandulph, Pembroke, and the Master of the English Templars, rode down from Windsor Castle to the appointed place. And there, with the

June 15, faintest show of objection and the most transparent readiness
 1215 to do all that the Barons asked, John affixed his royal signature to **Magna Charta** and the **Charter of the Forests**.
 A.D.

Then riding home to Windsor, he flung himself after the fashion of his father on the ground, grinding sticks and straw to powder with his gnashing teeth and cursing the Charter, whose ink was scarcely dry.

In this famous Charter, which has been well summarized as "a solemn protest against the evil of arbitrary arrest and arbitrary taxation," the rights of the Clergy and the Barons are laid down with distinctness. But its most striking and suggestive feature lies in its provisions for the mass of the People. Even the *villein*, who ploughed the fields in coarse leather dress and ate black bread, was not forgotten. The property of the baron and the citizen was shielded by an article which said, "No scutage or aid shall be imposed upon the kingdom, *except by the common council of the kingdom*, unless it be to redeem the King's body, to make his eldest son a knight, and once to marry his eldest daughter; and that to be a reasonable aid: and in like manner shall it be concerning the *Tallage* and Aids of the city of London, and of other cities which from this time shall have their liberties; and that the city of London shall fully have all its liberties and free customs as well by land as water." The person of the freeman was thus protected: "No freeman's body shall be taken, nor imprisoned, nor disseised, nor outlawed, nor banished, nor in any way be damaged, nor shall the King send him to prison by force, *except by the judgment of his peers and by the law of the land*." The holding of the freeman, the goods of the merchant, the waggon of the villein were not to be torn from their owners. And by the Charter of the Forests, death or mutilation no longer awaited the hungry peasant who killed a stag. Such was the nature of that remarkable document, in whose completion Langton's pen and Fitzwalter's sword had about an equal share. The Latin bears in every line the distinct stamp of a clear business brain, the incisive sweep of a lawyer's practised eye. "Thirty-two times," says Sir Edward Coke, "have the Great Charter and the Charter of the Forests been confirmed by Acts of Parliament."

John never meant to keep his written promise. With a band of

* This place is called in the Great Charter "*Runing mede inter Windlesorum et Staines*." By some the phrase is said to mean the "meadow of council;" but it more probably derived its name from a stream that passed through it.

French mercenaries he seized Rochester Castle in autumn, reddened the Christmas snow with the blood of Yorkshire men, carried the torch of war (his favourite weapon) past the Cheviots up to Edinburgh, and there turned before the rising wrath of Scotland. His way back was lighted with the flames of burning towns. In despair the Barons called **Prince Louis of France** over to face the fury of the madman. Landing at Sandwich, Louis lost much valuable time in the siege of Dover, during which the eyes of the Barons were opened to the error they had committed in calling a stranger over to seize the English sceptre. They knew not what to do. There was John spreading his circles of flame and blood from the centre of Lincoln. Here was Louis lingering by the walls of Dover. Their perplexity increased, until one night in October John, who had just lost his carriages and money in the swift running tide of the Wash, entered the abbey of Swineshead* and supped gluttonously off peaches and new cider. Four days later (October 18, 1216) he died of acute fever in the castle of Newark on the Trent.† Thus was England freed by Heaven from terror. Louis and his soldiers still clung to her soil; but they were soon driven thence, and little Henry reigned in his wicked father's room.

JOHN, OR LACKLAND (1199-1216).

Married, 1. ISABEL, GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF GLOUCESTER—*Divorced*;

2. ISABELLA OF ANGOULEME.

A.D.

1199. Accession of John, Richard's younger brother.

1203. Supposed murder of young Arthur at Rouen.

1204. *Loss of Normandy*, and all other French provinces except Aquitaine.

1207. *John's quarrel with the Pope* about the see of Canterbury. The King nominates De Gray; the Pope, with whom the monks side, appoints Langton.

1208. England laid under an Interdict.

1212. *John deposed by an edict of the Pope*, and Philip of France desired to occupy the vacant throne.

1213. At Dover John swears homage to the Pope, and agrees to pay tribute for England as a fief of the Papedom.

Annihilation of the French fleet at Damme off the Flemish coast by Longsword, Earl of Salisbury.

1214. Defeat of the Emperor and the Earl of Flanders, allies of John, in the Battle of Bouvines.

1215. *MAGNA CHARTA signed at Runnymede*, June 15.

1216. Invasion of England by the French under Louis at the invitation of the Barons. Death of John at Newark after the loss of his baggage and jewels in the Wash.

* *Swineshead* or *Swinstead* in Lincolnshire, though now six miles from the sea, was once on the shore. It lies twenty-nine miles south-east of Lincoln.

† *Newark* in Nottinghamshire is a borough on an arm of the Trent, twenty miles north-east of Nottingham. Population, 11,350.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE AND LAW IN ANGLO-NORMAN ENGLAND.

Feudal divisions.	Dubbed a knight.	Norman schools.
The Norman keep.	Dress in war and	A single coin.
Homage.	peace.	Curia regia.
Domestic life.	Meals and food.	Duel and assize.
Hound and hawk.	Amusements.	Roots of law.
The tournament.	The monastery.	Royal revenue.

THE Norman conquerors consisted, speaking generally, of the *tenants-in-chief*, who held their lands directly from the Crown and formed the aristocracy of the land; and those *free-tenants* or *franklins*, who held fiefs under the tenants-in-chief. The mass of the conquered Saxons were reduced either to villenage or serfdom. The *villein* (from *ville*), of whom there were two classes,—the *villein regardant*, attached to the soil, and the *villein in gross*, attached to the person of his lord,—could, in theory at least, own neither money nor goods. Yet he often bought his freedom. To become a priest or escape to a town were other methods of obtaining this boon. In both instances he was considered as having exchanged one service for another, for priests served the Church, and corporate towns ranked as Barons. The line between the villein and the freeman was not always sharply drawn, for freemen sometimes did villein's service upon land held upon that tenure. The *serf*, lowest grade of all, took rank with the oxen and the swine which he tended, being like them the property of his master.

The tall keep and solid walls of the **stone castles**, in which the Norman Barons lived, betokened an age of violence and suspicion. Beauty gave way to the needs of safety. Girdled with its green and slimy ditch, round the inner edge of which ran a parapeted wall pierced along the top with shot-holes, stood the building, spreading often over many acres. If an enemy succeeded in crossing the moat and forcing the gateway, in spite of a portcullis crashing from above and melted lead pouring in burning streams from the perforated top of the rounded arch, but little of his work was yet done; for the keep lifted its huge angular block of masonry within the inner bailey or court-yard, and from the narrow chinks in its ten-foot wall rained a sharp incessant shower of arrows, sweeping all approaches to the high and narrow stair, by which alone access could be had to its interior. These loop-holes were the only windows, except in the topmost story, where the chieftain, like a vulture in his rocky nest, watched all the surrounding country. The day of splendid oriels had not yet come in castle architecture.

Thus a Baron in his keep could defy the King upon his throne. Under his roof, eating daily at his board, lived a throng of **armed**

retainers; and round his castle lay farms tilled by martial franklins, who at his call laid aside their implements of husbandry, took up the sword and spear, and marched beneath his banner to the war. With robe ungirt and head uncovered each tenant had done homage and sworn an oath of fealty, placing his joined hands between those of the sitting Baron and humbly saying as he knelt, "I become your man from this day forward, of life and limb and of earthly worship; and unto you shall be true and faithful, and bear to you faith for the tenements that I claim to hold of you, saving the faith that I owe unto our sovereign lord the King." A kiss from the Baron completed the ceremony.

The **furniture** of a Norman keep was not unlike that in the Saxon house. There was richer ornament—more elaborate carving. A *faldstol*, the original of our arm-chair, spread its drapery and cushions for the chieftain in his restful moods. His bed now boasted curtains and a roof, although like the Saxon lord he still lay only upon straw. Chimneys tunnelled the thick walls, and the cupboards glittered with glass and silver. Horn lanterns and the old spiked candlesticks lit his evening hours, when the chess-board arrayed its clumsy men, carved out of walrus-tusk, then commonly called whale's-bone. But he had an unpleasant trick of breaking the chess-board on his opponent's head, when he found himself check-mated, which somewhat marred said opponent's enjoyment of the game. Dice of horn and bone emptied many a purse in Anglo-Norman days. Tables and draughts were also played. Dances and music wiled away the long winter nights, and on summer evenings the castle court-yards resounded with the noise of foot-ball, *kayles* (a sort of ninepins), wrestling, boxing, leaping, and the fierce joys of the bull-bait.* But out of doors, when no fighting was on hand, the hound, the hawk, and the lance attracted the best energies and skill of the Norman gentleman.

Rousing the **forest-game** with dogs, they shot at it with barbed and feathered arrows. A field of ripening corn never turned the chase aside: it was one privilege of a feudal Baron to ride as he pleased over his tenants' crops, and another to quarter his hunting train in the farm-houses which pleased him best. The elaborate details of *woodcraft* became an important part of a noble boy's education, for the numerous bugle calls and the scientific dissection of a dead stag took many seasons to learn. After the Conquest, to kill a deer or own a hawk came, more than ever, to be regarded as the special privilege of the aristocracy. Hence the rage of Cœur de Lion, when he heard a falcon's cry from the door of a Calabrian peasant's hut. The hawk, daintily dressed as befitted the companion of nobility, with his head wrapped in an embroidered hood and a peal of silver bells tinkling from his rough legs, sat in state, bound with leathern jesses to the wrist, which was protected by a thick glove. The ladies and the clergy loved him. By many a mere fat abbots ambled on their ponies over the swampy soil, and sweet shrill voices cheered

* We learn that horse races were held during this period at Smithfield.

the long-winged hawk, as he darted off in pursuit of the soaring quarry.

The author of "Ivanhoe" and kindred pens have made the **Tournament** a picture familiar to all readers of romance. It therefore needs no long description here. It was held in honour of some great event—a coronation, wedding, or victory. Having practised well during squirehood at the *quintain*,* the knight, clad in full armour, with visor barred and the colours of his lady on crest and scarf, rode into the lists, for which some level green was surrounded with a paliade. For days before, his shield had been hanging in a neighbouring church, as a sign of his intention to compete in this great game of chivalry. If any stain lay on his knighthood, a lady, by touching the suspended shield with a wand, could debar him from a share in the jousting. And if, when he had entered the lists, he was rude to a lady or broke in any way the etiquette of the tilt-yard, he was beaten from the lists with the ash-wood lances of the knights. The simple joust was the shock of two knights, who galloped with levelled spears at each other, aiming at breast or head, with the object either of unhorsing the antagonist, or, if he sat his charger well, of splintering the lance upon his helmet or his shield. The *mellay* (*mêlée*) hurled together, at the dropping of the prince's baton, two parties of knights, who hacked away at each other with axe and mace and sword, often gashing limbs and breaking bones in the wild excitement of the fray. Bright eyes glanced from the surrounding scaffolds upon the dangerous sport, and when the victor, with broken plume and dusty battered red-splashed armour, dragged his wearied or wounded limbs to the footstool of the beauty, who presided as Queen over the festival, her white hands decorated him with the meed of his achievements.†

The little **page**, well trained in manners, music, chess, and the missal, left the society of the ladies at about fourteen, to enter on the duties of a squire. Having received a sword and belt at the altar, he was entitled to carve at table, to rivet his master's armour in camp and tilt-yard, and to follow the knight in the charge with spare lances and a led horse. Then at twenty-one, or upon the performance of some valorous deed, he kept vigil in a church, received his golden spurs, bent for the *accolade*,‡ and rose from his knees a knight.

The chain-mail of the first Crusaders was exchanged in the fourteenth century for **plate armour**, which at last grew so heavy that an unhorsed knight lay sprawling on the battle-field in his iron shell,

* The *Quintain* was a revolving wooden figure—often representing a Saracen—which, if not struck right in the centre with the blunted lance, whirled rapidly on its pivot, and dealt the awkward marksman a smart stroke of its outstretched wooden sword.

† The people imitated this aristocratic sport by tilting against each other from swiftly pulled boats: and boys, skating on the Thames with the shank-bones of sheep tied to their feet, played at tournament with staves. The quarterstaff was a species of long cudgel, much used by the peasantry and yeomen of the time.

‡ The *accolade* was a blow from the flat of a sword, administered to the candidate for knighthood by the prince or noble who conferred the rank.

like a huge disabled lobster—useless, ungainly, and utterly at the mercy of the timidest dwarf who chose to thrust a dagger between the joints of his armour. The Norman conquerors, clad in mail formed of steel lozenges sewed on a leathern or woollen suit, not only shaved the upper lip and chin but even the back of the head,—a circumstance which accounts for the mistake of Harold's spies. The Norman **dress of peace** consisted of a tunic, long tight hose, a short cloak lined or trimmed with expensive fur, and shoes with peaked toes curling like a cork-screw. Ladies exchanged the Saxon gown for a flowing robe with sleeves so long that they were knotted up to keep them from trailing on the ground. The shaveling soldiers of the Conquest, imitating the Saxon fashion, soon began to grow long beards and wear their hair in masses on the neck. So far did the hirsute fashion run, that bishops, having preached upon the enormity of the offence, descended from the pulpit to clip the congregation all round, as the only sure way of remedying the evil. Henry II., who won his name of *Curtmantle* by the restoration of the little Norman cloak, also set the example of shaving closely. Both beard and moustache, however, broke out into full luxuriance under Cœur de Lion,—a result perhaps of camp-life in the Crusades.

Food.—The Normans probably dined at nine in the morning. When they rose they took a light meal, and ate something also after their day's work, immediately before going to bed. Goose and garlick formed a favourite dish. Their cookery was more elaborate and, in comparison, more delicate than the preparations for a Saxon meal. But the character for temperance, which they brought with them from the Continent, soon vanished. The poorer classes hardly ever ate flesh, living principally on bread, butter, and cheese; a social fact which seems to underlie that usage of our tongue, by which the living animals in field or stall bore Anglo-Saxon names—ox, sheep, calf, pig, deer—while their flesh, promoted to Norman dishes, rejoiced in names of French origin—beef, mutton, veal, pork, venison. Round cakes, piously marked with a cross, piled the tables, on which pastry of various kinds also appeared. In good houses cups of glass held the wine, which was borne from the cellar below in jugs. Squatted round the door or on the stair leading to the Norman dining-hall, which was often on an upper floor, was a crowd of beggars or lickers (*lecheurs*), so insolent in the days of Rufus, that ushers armed with rods were posted outside to beat back the noisy throng, who thought little of snatching food from the dishes as the cooks carried them to table.

Pastimes.—The *jougleur*, who under the Normans filled the place of the Saxon gleeman, tumbled, sang, and balanced knives in the hall, or out in the bailey of an afternoon displayed the acquirements of his trained monkey or bear. The fool too, clad in coloured patch-work, cracked his ribald jokes and shook his cap and bells at the elbow of roaring Barons, when the board was spread and the circles of the wine began. Already strolling players had roused the anger

of the Church by the licentious doggerel, which they recited in market-places and court-yards, and had caused zealous priests to get up Mysteries or plays founded on the Bible stories, as an influence calculated to neutralize the poison they diffused in the public mind. Thus originated the earliest form of our English drama.

While knights hunted in the greenwood or tilted in the lists, and *jougleurs* tumbled in the hall, the monk in the quiet **Scriptorium** compiled chronicles of passing events, copied valuable manuscripts, and painted rich borderings and brilliant initials on every page. These illuminations form a valuable set of materials for our pictures of life in the Middle Ages.* **Monasteries** served many useful purposes at the time of which I write. Besides their manifest value as centres of study and literary work, they supplied alms to the poor, a supper and a bed to travellers; their tenants were better off and better treated than the tenants of the nobles; the monks could store grain, grow apples, and cultivate their flower-beds with little risk of injury from war, because they had spiritual thunders at their call which awed the superstitious soldiery into a respect for sacred property. Splendid structures these monasteries generally were, since that taste for architecture, which the Norman possessed in a high degree, and which could not find room for its display in the naked strength of the solid keep, lavished its entire energy and grace upon buildings lying in the safe shadow of the Cross. Nor was architectural taste the only reason for their magnificence. Since they were nearly all erected as offerings to Heaven, the religion of the age, such as it was, impelled the pious builders to spare no cost in decorating the exterior with fretwork and sculpture of Caen stone, the interior with gilded cornices and windows of painted glass.

As schools too the monasteries did no trifling service to society in the Middle Ages. In addition to their influence as great centres of learning, Anglo-Saxon law had enjoined every mass-priest to keep a school in his parish church, where all the young committed to his care might be instructed. This custom continued long after the Norman Conquest. In the Trinity College Psalter we have a picture of a Norman school, where the pupils sit in a circular row round the master, as he lectures to them from a long roll of manuscript. Two writers sit by the desk, busy with copies resembling that which the teacher holds. The youth of the middle classes, destined for the cloister or the merchant's stall, chiefly thronged these schools. The aristocracy cared little for book-learning. Very few indeed of the Barons could read or write. But all could ride, fence, tilt, play, and carve extremely well; for to these accomplishments many years of pagehood

* The celebrated Bayeux tapestry affords our best material for vivid sketches of Norman life at the time of the Conquest. This great roll of linen (214 feet by 20 inches) contains a series of views, worked in coloured wool, of the Norman Conquest—from Harold's departure for Normandy to the defeat of the Saxons at Hastings. Wrought, it is said, by Matilda the Conqueror's queen and by her presented to the Cathedral of Bayeux, where Odo was bishop, it has come down to our day in good preservation, and is now kept on a roller in the hotel of the prefecture of Bayeux, which is a town of Calvados in France, situated on the little river Aure.

and squirehood were given. The University of Oxford was fast growing into a formidable rival of the great school at Paris. But the latter still sent forth the greatest men of the age. Becket and that noted English monk, born near St. Albans,—Nicholas Breakspear who became Pope in 1154 under the name of Adrian IV.,—were both distinguished students of Paris.

The only Norman coin we have is the silver penny. Round halfpence and farthings were probably issued. As in Saxon days the gold was foreign. In the reign of the Conqueror, and for some time afterwards, tax-collectors and merchants reckoned money after the Saxon fashion already noticed.

At the Conquest the Saxon Witenagemot gave place to the **Curia Regis**, formed of the Barons or royal tenants-in-chief, who assembled in the palace on stated occasions to feast at the King's expense and transact the public business of the realm. The King enacted laws by the advice and with the consent of this council, so that the double sanction of royalty and nobility came to be regarded in the popular mind as essential to the reality of a law. During the frequent absences of the Norman Kings the chief Justiciar sat as president of the Curia, having associated with him in the management of affairs the Constable, the Mareschall, the Chamberlain, the Chancellor, and the Treasurer. As business increased the Curia broke into several courts—Common Pleas, Chancery, King's Bench, and Exchequer; of these the Exchequer was historically oldest. And when it became difficult for the Justiciar to travel about the land, Justices in Eyre (i.e. itinerant) were appointed, who went on circuit in the character of royal commissioners, not only to try criminals and hear pleas, but to receive oaths, collect taxes, to inspect garrisons, and to regulate coins. The great council, held at Northampton in 1176, divided the country into six circuits.

The Ordeals gradually fell into disuse, and were at last forbidden by the Church. The **Duel** and the **Grand Assize**, the former brought from Normandy about the time of the Conquest, the latter instituted by a law of Henry II., became the modes of decision in cases of uncertain guilt or liability. The Duel, like the Ordeal, sprang from a belief that God defends the right and cannot allow the innocent to be vanquished. So plaintiff and defendant fought, or paid champions to do battle for them by proxy. If the Grand Assize was chosen instead of the Duel, four knights returned by the sheriff and twelve others from the district, chosen by them, were sworn to give a verdict on the case. Ranulf de Glanville, who bears an honoured name in English history, not only as a successful soldier but as a great legislator and the author of the oldest English law-book we have, *Tractatus de Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliæ*, is believed to have hit on the happy expedient of the Grand Assize, which we may regard as the first establishment of trial by jury in regular legal form.

The multitudinous laws of England, enacted during this period, grew from three great roots—the Common Law of the Saxon times,

which had taken shape and substance from long usage—the Canon Law of the Church—and the Roman Civil Law, which had begun to be studied deeply on the Continent and upon which lectures were delivered at Oxford in the reign of Stephen. From the clash of these three rival systems, the nation, groaning in the throes of revolution and transition, suffered heavily. The Barons and the People stood firmly by the Common Law, with which their best interests were deeply interwoven.

A Norman King derived his **revenue** from several sources, of which these are the principal:—

1. The *relief* or *fine*, paid by an incoming heir before he could take possession of his estate. This stood for the Saxon *heriot* or suit of armour, given under similar circumstances.

2. The *primer seisin*, a year's or half-year's income of the lands, payable only by tenants of the crown.

3. The rents of above fourteen hundred royal manors, held in addition to more than eight hundred hunting grounds.

4. *Fines of alienation*, paid when a tenant sold or gave any part of his lands to a stranger.

5. *Aids*, paid to ransom the King, to portion his daughters, or to make his eldest son a knight.

6. The profits of *wardship* and *marriage*, for the crown managed the estates of minors, and held the right of giving in marriage the heiresses and widows of its tenants. A large sum was generally needed to buy the royal consent.

7. The *danegeld* or *hideage*, a Saxon land-tax revived by the Conqueror.

8. Various taxes called *scutage*, (a substitute for that armed soldier whom every royal tenant was originally bound to furnish and maintain during forty days, for every knight's fee he owned)—*hearth-money* and *moneyage*, (the latter being a shilling on each hearth every three years, paid to the King that he might not tamper with the coinage: Henry I. abolished it on his accession)—*customs*—*tallages* or *cuttings*, a property tax on towns and boroughs.

9. Purveyance and pre-emption, by which the King's servants were permitted to take provisions, horses, and carriages for the use of the royal household at a certain price, whether the owner consented or not.

10. Criminal fines and confiscations.

11. Robbery of their subjects, whether openly or under the disguise of a benevolence or loan.

12. Treasure trove—royal fish—waifs and strays—idiots' estates—wrecked goods—spoils in war—also helped to fill the royal coffers.

CHAPTER VI.

HENRY III.—WINCHESTER.

Coronation.	Four French wars.	Chaos.
Regency of Pembroke.	Fall of De Burgh.	Battle of Lewes.
Battle of Lincoln.	Foreign favourites.	Burgesses in Parliament.
Quick lime at sea.	De Montfort.	Battle of Evesham.
The Parliament of 1225.	The Provisions of Oxford.	Death of Henry.

GUALO, the Papal legate, performed the ceremony of coronation at Gloucester on the 28th of October 1216, a plain gold rim having been hurriedly made to serve for the diadem buried in the quicksands of the Wash. It was well for England and well for Henry that a great man was at hand to direct the fortunes of the State and secure the throne from a second French conquest. The **Earl of Pembroke**, Marshal of England, being chosen *Rector Regis et Regni* at the Great Council of Bristol, bent the skill of a soldier and the subtlety of a statesman upon the invading army of Louis and upon the Barons, whose rashness had called that prince across the sea. For a time the sky looked very dark. Wales and Scotland lent their aid to the invader. London with its Tower lay in his possession. It is true Dover Castle, defended by Hubert de Burgh, foiled his utmost skill. But he sent his marauders as far north as Lincoln, and desolated the central shires with extreme cruelty. The Count de Perche, one of his generals, received a check, which resulted in the withdrawal of the French armies. Caught in the narrow streets of Lincoln, while battering the walls of the citadel, the knight was forced to yield to the crossbows and lances of the English Regent, who had made a sudden rush through the gates. This battle, known as "**The Fair of Lincoln**," took place in the spring of 1217.

This blow confined Louis in London, which became a hot-bed of plots and perils. But heavier yet was the defeat of that fleet of more than eighty sail, which left Calais with three hundred knights and a large force of infantry, under the command of Eustace, a Flemish monk who had turned pirate. As the armament bore away for the mouth of the Thames, a little English fleet of only forty ships, led by **Hubert de Burgh**, who was equally at home upon brine and battlement, crept between them and the wind, dashed on them in old Roman style with the iron beaks of their galleys, and from decks, steaming with the white pungent smoke of slaking lime, showered a sharp rain of arrows, which struck the blinded sailors down by scores. The head of Eustace, sent to the English court, told its bloody tale. Louis, hearing of this great disaster, gladly made terms. He had won little by his English invasion; for his purse had run so low that the citizens of London were obliged to pay his passage home.

The loss of Pembroke, who died in 1219, exposed England to the evils of a contest between two ambitious ministers, Hubert de Burgh,

whose gallantry had made him the darling of the nation, and Peter de Roches, a subtle Poictevin, who had become Bishop of Winchester. This strife troubled the land, but was too short for lasting results. Peter went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, when he felt his cause declining; and Hubert stood without a rival in the direction of affairs.

The ninth year of Henry III. deserves especial remembrance in the history of the British Constitution. Upon the refusal of Louis to give back those English possessions in France which had been wrung from John, Henry called a *Parliament* (then a new name for the Council) at Westminster, and by the lips of De Burgh asked for money to carry war into France. Mark this—he *asked* for money; his fathers had been used to *take* it without going through the form of asking the owners' leave. Some of his descendants adopted the same summary mode of filling an empty purse. But the great principle of our Constitution—that the right of controlling the public expenditure rests with the people from whom the supplies are drawn—had begun to develop itself. Every session of the Parliament saw it striking deeper roots. In return for a tax of one-fifteenth of all

movable property, granted with some murmurs by the assembled councillors, the King solemnly ratified the **Great**
1225 **Charter**, and issued orders that the royal officers should carry
 A.D. out all its enactments with vigour and care. This remodelled Charter of Henry's ninth year is in fact the document, on which our national freedom rests. Westminster completed and revised the rough draft of Runnymede.

To relate in detail how Henry made feeble attempts to recover the broad acres which his father had lost in France—how the partial success of a movement in 1224 encouraged him, five years later, to land at St. Malo* in person, and while he ate, drank, and dressed himself, to believe that he was conquering France—how at the entreaties of his mother Isabella, who had married the Earl of Marche, he in 1242 supported that nobleman in revolt against the French crown, until the battles of Taillebourg† and Saintes‡ fought on two successive days, drove him in flight from the banks of the Charente—or how in 1254 he squandered English silver in Guienne, that he might baffle the claims which a prince of Castile had advanced to that province—would but serve to detain us from the great subject, which fills the latter years of the reign—the brief brilliant career of Simon de Montfort, the organizer, if not the founder of the British House of Commons.

When Henry came home from his campaign in Bretagne, every man from the Tyne to the Tamar regarded him as a weak trifier. Being provided with another minister, for De Roches had returned

* *St. Malo*, a well fortified town of about 21,000 inhabitants, built on the rocky isle of Aron in the department of Ile-et-Vilaine, near the mouth of the Rance.

† *Taillebourg*, a castle on the Charente in Saintonge.

‡ *Saintes* (the Roman *Mediolanum*) a town of 10,000 inhabitants in the department of Charente-Inferieure, above the Charente, forty-three miles south-east of Rochelle.

from pilgrimage, he persecuted the too faithful **De Burgh** into flight, and then sent a band of soldiers to drag him from his place of sanctuary to the Tower of London. The bishops crying **1232** out against this violation of a holy place, the fallen minister **A.D.** was carried back to the church, whence he had been dragged, was thrust in, naked and hungry, to spend forty days in the cold damp building, round which a ditch and stockade had been carried to prevent his escape or his relief. Starved into a surrender, he lay for a year in the castle of Devizes,* until the news that his rival Peter the Poitevin had placed a vassal of his own in custody of the prison, forced him to prefer a night escape and a return to the unsafe sanctuary of a country church to the certain torture and probable death, which awaited him at the hands of the new keeper. After eighteen months in Wales he came back to court, and to the council-board; but he had done with that statesmanship, which had brought him such questionable rewards. His eight years of premiership (1224-1232), coupled with his gallantry by land and sea, entitle him to a distinguished place among the great names of this transition period.

Peter's hatred of the English Barons bore fruit. When he, a Poitevin, brought over swarms of his hungry countrymen, who ate English bread and yet mocked at English laws; and when Henry's Provençal wife, Eleanor, brought a similar crowd of needy adventurers from the bank of the Rhone, the English spirit rose. Session after session saw the meetings of the Council grow more charged with a latent flame, which was steadily eating its way on to a mine of revolution.

The hero of the time then appeared upon the scene. The elder Montfort of crusading infamy, who had acquired the earldom of Leicester by a marriage with Amicia, sister and co-heiress of the last Earl, forfeited this dignity, when he was banished from the English realm. About 1230 his second son and namesake, **Simon**, by consent of an elder brother, received the coronet again, and by a marriage with Eleanor, the Countess Dowager of Pembroke and sister of King Henry, obtained in England a position of remarkable prominence and power. His qualities then shone out in full lustre. His earnest piety and love of learned men endeared him to the Clergy. His warlike prowess and keen political foresight made him a man of mark among the Barons. And to the People he was all in all, for he discerned their worth and weight in the triple union of the Constitution.

The jealousy of Henry having banished him from England, he assumed for a time the government of Guienne. But he did not agree well with the turbulent nobles of southern France. Perhaps his father's name had much to do with this. Listening to some murmurs from Guienne, Henry recalled the Earl, and called him "traitor" to his face. We can fancy the countenance of the little monarch, as he tried to look savage from under his drooping eyelid on the great man, who stood contemptuously by his throne.

* *Devizes*, a borough of 6554 inhabitants in Wiltshire, twenty-two miles from Salisbury, and nearly in the centre of the shire.

Montfort wore mail among the Barons, who assembled in complete armour in the council hall at Westminster on the 2nd of May, 1258. It was a gloomy time. Famine had seized the land. Foreigners were fattening on the nation's substance. And a weak King, whose mother, wife, and courtiers all governed him, had squandered English wealth upon empty pageants and fruitless wars. Little wonder that swords rang sharply when Henry entered the hall. Paling at the sound, he began to make all sorts of promises under the terror of the gleaming steel.

The adjourned assembly met at Oxford on the 11th of the following June. A muster of military tenants guarded the daring Barons in the great work which they had met to do. For it was no light thing to beard a King, and foreign lances hedged the throne.

1258 "The Mad Parliament," as Henry's partisans called the A.D. patriotic House, appointed, without a word from the frightened King, a committee of twenty-four members, twelve chosen by the Barons and twelve by the King, to reduce the affairs of the State to some degree of order. Some enactments completed their business: of these the principal were, (1) that four knights should be chosen by the votes of the freeholders in each county, to lay before the Parliament all breaches of law and justice that might occur;—(2) that a new sheriff should be annually chosen by the freeholders of each county;—and (3) that three sessions of Parliament should be held regularly every year—the first, eight days after Michaelmas; the second, the morrow after Candlemas Day; the third, on the first day of June. To maintain these *Provisions of Oxford* the King, his son Prince Edward, and the chief adherents of the court swore a most solemn oath. It took seven years of war, and cost some noble blood, to make that oath the seal of a reality.

The committee of twenty-four soon lost its royalist half; and the government rested in the Council of State and a standing committee of twelve. But the work was too stern to be done by voice or pen alone. The sword was drawn, but not at once. For five years disunion seemed to paralyze the national cause. Richard, King of the Romans,* a soldierly brother of Henry, who had won considerable fame as a Crusader, came over to prop the shaken throne. Leicester and Gloucester, leaders of the patriotic party, had a fierce quarrel, which sent the former for a time to France. Gloucester leaned towards the King. Prince Edward threw the weight of his influence on the side of Leicester, who came back to England. Henry mustered courage to dismiss the committee and seize London. Edward joined the Barons. Many of them adhered to the King. Leicester crossed the sea again. All seemed a chaos of parties and partisans. The sword brought order, when order seemed a hopeless thing.

* The title "King of the Romans," was regarded as a certain step to the imperial throne of Germany. Emperors, desirous that their eldest sons should succeed them, caused the title to be invented. But in Richard's case the usual result did not follow. He never became Emperor, although he spent vast sums of English money in Germany with the view of securing votes. His English title was Earl of Cornwall.

The arbitration of the French King, Louis IX., having failed to satisfy the Barons, war began. The richest English shires, midland and south-eastern, the Cinque Ports, and above all London, filled with rich and sturdy citizens, glowed with ardour on the side of Leicester. In the first battle, the King, breaking into Northampton, won a slight advantage. But the Battle of Lewes* turned the scale. With an army, wearing the white cross on their breasts, Leicester descended from his camp on the slope of the South Downs to fight with Henry, who was lying in a hollow, which a lazy scorn, the result of superior numbers, would not suffer him to leave. Prince Edward, darting with his cavalry too far in pursuit, returned to find the battle lost, and his father a prisoner in the priory of Lewes. Stunned by this unexpected disaster, he fell, with scarcely an effort to escape, into the hands of the victors. By a treaty called "The Mise of Lewes," concluded on the following morning, it was agreed that another attempt should be made to arrange the quarrel by peaceful means, young Edward and his cousin Henry, Richard's son, remaining in the hands of the Barons as hostages for their fathers.

May 14,

1264

A.D.

While Henry lay in custody, Montfort issued writs in the King's name for a Parliament, which met in the beginning of the next year. Some earlier traces of the Commons being summoned to aid in the business of the great national council, may be found by the curious inquirer; but this Parliament of 1265 affords the first direct evidence that the masses had begun to be fairly represented in the august assembly. Besides two knights to represent each county, *two citizens or burgesses were to be returned from every city and borough within it*. Thus the last, and in one sense the greatest, element was added to the completed Parliament of England. Monarch—lords spiritual—lords temporal—knights of the shire—were joined by the representatives of the rich and busy towns, with which, in spite of civil war and heavy taxes, the land had become thickly studded. Admitted at first on sufferance, that they might grant supplies to the needy rulers of the State, they sat for a while dumb, or ventured only in the humblest manner to petition for redress of grievances in return for the money they granted.

1265

A.D.

The escape of Edward gave a new turn to the war. Blocked up on every side, and disappointed in aid that he expected from his son, whom the royalists surprised by night near Kenilworth,† old Leicester stood gallantly at bay near Evesham‡ on the Avon. Having prayed and taken the sacrament, "Sir Simon the Righteous,"

* *Lewes*, the county town of Sussex, lies above the Ouse, about seven miles from the sea. The hill, on which the battle chiefly raged, stands two miles to the north-west, and is still called Mount Harry.

† *Kenilworth*, a market town of Warwickshire, four and a half miles from Warwick. It is noted for its magnificent castle, which was a stronghold of the Montforts, and was the scene of Dudley's splendid hospitality to Queen Elizabeth.

‡ *Evesham*, a borough on the Avon in Worcestershire, fifteen miles from Worcester. Population, 4005. It was originally called *Eovesham*.

as the Commons loved to call their champion, formed his troops into a solid circle, and for a time baffled every charge of the foe. When his horse sank dead below him, the old man fought on foot with a courage that never quailed. His son fell. His friends lay in

Aug. 4, ghastly heaps around. There was nothing left him but to **1265** die, and he died sword in hand. A butchery of his surviving

A.D. partisans stained the victory of the royalists, who wreaked a pitiful revenge on the great rival of their King by hacking off his head and limbs. Thus Montfort fell. The England of his own day loved him well, and in secret cherished his memory long. We, who enjoy the fruitage of the work he did and sealed with his blood at Evesham, have weighty reasons for revering the name of this great and gallant man, who died six hundred years ago.

The death of Henry, whom this battle restored to freedom and an untroubled throne, followed in 1272. Prince Edward had gone, two years earlier, to share in the perils and questionable glories of the eighth and last Crusade.

Between the years 1214 and 1292 lived the earliest of our great physical philosophers, **Roger Bacon**, a Franciscan Friar of Oxford, who discovered the explosive nature of saltpetre, and understood the principle of the telescope. *Opus Majus* was his chief work. In 1278 he was imprisoned upon a charge of dealing with Satan.

HENRY III., OR WINCHESTER (1216-1272).

Married ELEANOR OF PROVENCE.

A.D.

1216. Coronation at Gloucester of Henry, John's son, aged nine. Pembroke made Regent or Protector.

1217. Successful campaign against the invader Louis.

1219. Death of the Regent Pembroke. Struggle of De Burgh and De Roches.

1223. Declared of age at seventeen, Henry demands the restitution of Normandy.

1225. *Magna Charta solemnly confirmed*: the Forest Charter granted.

Loss of Poitou.

1230. Henry's second invasion of France.

1232. De Burgh gives place to De Roches, Bishop of Winchester.

1242. Henry's third invasion of France. Battles of Taillebourg and Saintes.

1255. A writ issued requiring the Barons to bring to Parliament "two good and discreet knights of each county." These were the first members returned by the Commons.

1257. A Parliament of mailed men meets at Westminster.

1258. *The Provisions of Oxford enacted.* Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, leads the movement against the King.

1259. Henry gives up all claim on Normandy and Poitou.

1264. *Battle of Lewes.* The *Mise of Lewes* concluded.

1265. A writ issued by Montfort in the King's name, summoning the sheriffs to return two knights for every county, and two citizens or burgesses for every city and borough within it. **THUS THE ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS HAD ITS BIRTH.** *Battle of Evesham*, and death of Montfort.

1267. Roger Bacon, a priest of Oxford, sends his *Opus Majus* to Pope Clement IV.

1270. Prince Edward joins the eighth Crusade.

1272. King Henry dies at Westminster, aged nearly sixty-six.

CHAPTER VII.

EDWARD I.—LONGSHANKS.

Crusading.	A French war.	Execution of Wallace.
The return.	Baliol's fall.	Robert Bruce.
A great scheme.	Tallage Act.	Blood on the altar.
Conquest of Wales.	Wallace.	Crowned.
The Scottish throne.	Stirling Bridge.	Hunted.
Baliol.	Falkirk Wood.	A last flicker of life.
Fights by sea.	Siege of Stirling.	Expulsion of the Jews.

EDWARD I. was undoubtedly the greatest of the Plantagenet Kings of England. In person he was tall and strong, with black hair and sharp bright eyes. The length of his legs caused him to be called "Longshanks."

A few words may dismiss Edward's share in the last of the **Crusades**. When he reached Tunis, he found that pestilence had carried off St. Louis of France and half the red-cross army. Sailing from Sicily to Acre with about a thousand men, he stormed Nazareth, desecrating the scene of our Saviour's childhood with a massacre of the vanquished Moslems. Then he lay at Acre for fifteen months, powerless for want of money and troops. Two castles and the spoils of a caravan formed the only acquisitions of this time. The story of the poisoned stab gives some interest to the eventless war. As the prince lay one evening on a couch, clad in a loose robe, a young man came in, pretending that he brought letters from the Emir of Joppa. Approaching, he struck suddenly at the prince with a dagger till then hidden in his flowing dress. Edward threw up his arm, received a flesh wound, flung the assassin to the floor, and slew him. As the blackening flesh showed that there was poison on the blade, the edges of the wound were cut away, and certain drugs applied to neutralize the venom.*

Edward, having made a truce for ten years, was on his way home through Italy, when at a village among the Calabrian mountains the news reached him that his father was dead. It smote him heavily. After spending some time in Rouen and in Paris he turned back to Guienne. At a tournament, to which he was challenged by the **Count of Chalons**,† he baffled, by a firm seat and a skilful touch of the spur, a fierce attempt of his rival to drag him from the saddle. The Count, dragged from his saddle, fell with a crash to the ground, and

* The romantic addition, which a Spanish chronicler, Roderic Santius, makes to this story rests on his authority alone, being found in no English writer of the time. Anxious for the credit of his countrywoman, Eleanor of Castile, he declares that she sucked the poison from the bleeding arm of her husband.

† This *Chalons-sur-Saone*, sixty-nine miles north of Lyons, must be distinguished from *Chalons-sur-Marne*, where Aëtius defeated Attila in 451 A.D.

had no resource but to surrender in disgrace or die. He chose the former.

Before crossing the sea to be crowned, the English King did a very wise thing. A quarrel between his father Henry and the **Countess of Flanders** had interrupted the important trade between the two countries. No wool went to Flemish looms. No dyed cloths came back to English stalls. It had long been the practice of the Flemish Counts to hire foot soldiers to the English Kings, and some arrears of pay had accumulated, about which the difficulty arose. Countess Margaret laid violent hands on all the English wool within her grasp. King Henry seized many bales of Flanders cloth. Flemish weavers starved, and Englishmen wore blanket coats, for they did not know the dyer's art. At last the Countess yielded. Edward, stopping at Montreuil,* talked the matter over with some London mercers, and accepting the offered apology, set the currents of trade flowing once more from Scheldt to Thames and back again.

Landing at Dover in 1274, Edward and his Spanish wife were crowned, a few days later, in Westminster Abbey. As they entered London, banners of coloured silk flapped overhead, the fountains spouted wine, and the windows rained gold. All England rejoiced in the presence of a King, ripe in bodily strength and military skill, who gave promise of a long and glorious reign. The Jews alone trembled and were sad, as indeed well they might.

Casting his eyes west and north, this tall soldier of six-and-thirty saw that the whole island was not his. It became the grand object of his life to push his English frontiers out to the sea on every side, absorbing Wales and Scotland in the greater might of the southern realm.

Beginning with the nearer task, he led an army in 1277 into Wales, where Llewelyn ap Gryffyth wore the crown. All the 1277 Norman Kings, but one or two, had blunted the edge of their A.D. swords upon the rocks of Wales. Edward himself in 1263 had crossed the Severn and pierced a toilsome way to the foot of Snowdon without avail. He now came resolved to conquer. The struggle with Montfort and the storm of Nazareth had not been a barren training. While he passed from Chester to Flint and Rhuddlan† with his soldiers, a fleet from the Cinque Ports blockaded all the havens of the Welsh coast. Shut in his forests, Llewelyn was starved into the acceptance of most humiliating terms. He was to pay 50,000 pounds, to yield all his kingdom as far as the river Conway, to do homage and to give hostages. Anglesey alone was to remain in his power, but even for it he was to pay a yearly rent of 1000 marks. The flames of war soon broke out. David, the brother of the Welsh King, spurning the gilded bondage of the Plantagenet's court, seized Roger Clifford in bed at Hawardine Castle, and carried

* *Montreuil* is in Pas-de-Calais, twenty-five miles south of Boulogne, and about four from the mouth of the Canche.

† *Rhuddlan*, a village of 1472 inhabitants, on the Clwyd in Flintshire, about two miles from the sea.

that cruel official of the English King a captive to the mountains. Welsh armies then laid siege to the castles of Flint and Rhuddlan. Edward, who had foreseen this crisis, cleared a way with the axe to Snowdon, while his fleet attacked Anglesey. Pouring round Snowdon bands of Basques from the gorges of the Pyrenees, men trained from boyhood to the warfare of the mountains, he tracked the Cymri to their remotest strongholds, and by a movement from the south compelled Llewelyn to march towards the Wye. There, caught with only one or two attendants, while engaged in surveying the valley of that stream, the **last King of Wales** received a mortal lance-thrust in the side. His head, crowned in mockery with a silver rim and then with an ivy wreath, was exposed on the battlements of the Tower of London. David tried to maintain the war. Betrayed into English hands, he was hanged and mutilated with revolting cruelty at Shrewsbury in the following autumn. The conquered land, divided into counties and placed under the rule of sheriffs, thus became a possession of the English crown. It happened that a son and heir was born to Edward at Caernarvon Castle, just when the conquest of Wales was completed. Skilfully taking advantage of this circumstance, the English King, some time afterwards, erected his newly acquired territory into a principality, and made his infant son the first Prince of Wales—greatly to the joy of the mountaineers, who hailed one born in their country as their lawful lord far more easily than they could acknowledge subservience to a King, who had been cradled by the Thames. That crime, which has been charged on the memory of the Conqueror of Wales—a massacre of Bards at Conway—must be regarded as either an exaggeration or an invention. We can, however, almost pardon an imposture, which supplied the poet Gray with material for his lyric called “The Bard.”

Thus Edward accomplished one portion of his scheme. He found the other a harder task. While he was in Guienne, news came that Alexander III. of Scotland was dead, having in a dark night ridden over a precipice near Kinghorn. The news set Edward thinking. A little child of three, whom chroniclers call the **Maid of Norway**, had thus become by her grandfather's death the Queen of Scotland. Might he not secure the union of the crowns by a marriage between this girl and his son? The proposal was made; a treaty was concluded; and Scottish ships went over the sea to Norway to bring the little bride-elect to her mother's land. She died at Orkney in 1290, shattering every hope that had been built upon her life and reign. Edward then resolved to shape the unhappy strife, which rose around the vacant throne, to his own ambitious ends. Of thirteen, who claimed the royal seat, only two seemed to possess any solid reason in their claim. They were **John Baliol** of Galloway, and **Robert Bruce** of Annandale, both descended from David of Huntingdon, the brother of William the Lion. Bruce was the son of Isabella, David's second daughter; Baliol was the grandson of Margaret, the eldest daughter. Bruce was nearer to the royal stock;

Baliol more in the direct line. Edward, being invited to act as umpire in this momentous dispute, asked the Scottish nobles to meet and hear his decision. They assembled in 1291 in the parish church of Norham,* where Edward asserted his feudal superiority over Scotland and demanded that it should be at once recognized. The homage done by William the Lion to his captor Henry II. formed the only ground, on which this claim could be defended. Edward chose to shut his eyes to the fact, that any feudal superiority, thus acquired by an English King over Scotland, had been cancelled by Richard I. in return for a sum of money. Insolent as was this

demand, the chief claimants of the Scottish crown agreed to bow to Edward's judgment as their liege lord and superior.

1292

A.D.

He accordingly, after hearing both sides, gave the crown to Baliol. Four years passed before the crowded church-yard of Strath-kathro near Montrose witnessed the crown plucked from the head of that degraded monarch.

While *Toom Tabard*, as Baliol was nicknamed, was travelling several times a year into England at the summons of his superior, a storm was rising between the courts of England and France. The jealousy of rival sailors caused the first outbreak. While some English galleys, bound for Bordeaux, were sailing in 1293 by the Norman coast, a Norman fleet came out to seize them as prizes. The English admiral sailed in reprisal into the mouth of the Seine, cut out six ships at anchor there, and while he lay not far from the scene of this exploit, made a much greater capture among a crowd of Norman wine-ships, that were returning from the south. Every river and haven of Normandy poured forth its mariners, resolved to sweep the Channel clear of the islanders. The Cinque Ports, nothing loath, mustered all their strength. Round an empty ship, which was anchored somewhere between the hostile shores, the great naval duel raged, until the French hulls fled to their creeks and bays. This transaction embroiled Edward in a war with France, a complication of his scheme, which he had probably not foreseen. A few words may dismiss this **French war**, which produced no important results. The French King, Philip le Bel, seized Guienne and in 1297 poured sixty thousand men into the territories of Count Guy of Flanders, who had formed a close alliance with the Plantagenet. Edward's expenditure in the double scene of war resulted only in defeat and humiliation. But a heavy blow received in 1302 at Courtrai, where the burghers of the Flemish towns defeated the steel-clad chivalry of France, cleared the way for the Treaty of Montreuil (1303), by which Edward got back Guienne. His soul had never been in this French war, for Scotland absorbed all his thoughts and energies.

Soon after the French war had begun, Baliol and his Parliament, instead of sending military aid to Edward, signed at Stirling a treaty, offensive and defensive, with the court of France. A raid into Cumberland, another into Northumberland, soon followed. Edward

* *Norham*, a castle on the English side of the Tweed, about half way between Berwick and the mouth of the Till.

rode northward on his steed Bayard with a great army, assaulted Berwick-on-Tweed, and butchered all within its walls. A letter which he got from Baliol a few days later, renouncing **March**, all homage and fealty, did not tend to cool his fury. "Has this **1296** felon foot done such a folly?" said he in the Anglo-Norman **A.D.** speech of his court; and a few weeks saw Dunbar, Roxburgh, Dumbarton, Jedburgh, Edinburgh, and Stirling all in his possession. Yet a few weeks, and Baliol, disrobed, discrowned, with the white rod of penance in his hand, knelt on the sod at Strath-kathro to confess his folly and his shame. Having penetrated to Elgin in order to complete his conquest and receive the oaths of the conquered nobles, the Plantagenet proceeded to organize a government, which might keep in subjection the territory which he had won. John de Warenne, Earl of Surrey—Hugh de Cressingham—and William Ormesby remained to represent royalty, holding respectively the great offices of Governor, Treasurer, and Justiciary. And various officers of his host stayed behind to defend the numerous castles and peels which he had taken in the basins of Tweed and Clyde. In this darkest hour of Scottish history a star shone suddenly out, bright with hope. **William Wallace** appeared upon the scene. But before I trace the story of this great Scotaman, I must turn for a little to a less romantic, but not less important subject,—an Act of Parliament passed at this eventful crisis.

It was a statute entitled *De Tallagio non Concedendo*, enacted in the September of 1297 by a Parliament, which Prince Edward held. Preceded by various symptoms, which bore evidence **1297** of a deep discontent in the hearts of the people, this law may **A.D.** be viewed as a later outgrowth of the causes, which had produced *Magna Charta* and the representation of Burgesses in the Commons. But with this difference. The extortions, which had roused a crushed and impoverished nation to assert her rights at Runnymede and at Westminster, went to enrich France and French favourites. The money, wrested by Edward from his subjects, was devoted principally to wars, many of which served to gild the national name with a light that it had never worn before. The seizure of the wool and hides, which lay in the warehouses by the Thames troubled all classes of the nation. Two of the greatest nobles in the land, the Earl of Hereford, who was Constable, and the Earl of Norfolk, who was Marshal of England, refused to embark with the forces mustered for the Continental war. "You shall either go or hang," said the furious King. "I will neither go nor hang," said the undaunted Earl. This unpleasant incident displayed the spirit, which was spreading high and low. And before autumn had shed its last leaf, news went over the sea to the English King, whose campaign in Flanders had been wasted in serious frays with his allies, telling him of two great defeats which he had sustained at home—the loss of Scotland, wrested from his soldiers by the victor Wallace; and the enactment of this great law, which a justly enraged people had fixed as a fetter upon his grasping hand.

The **Tallage Act** declared "that henceforth no tallage or aid should be levied without consent of the peers spiritual and temporal, the knights, burgesses, and other freemen of the realm."

William Wallace was the second son of Sir Malcolm, the knight of Ellerslie in Renfrewshire. Having killed an Englishman at Lanark, he became a leader in that guerilla warfare, with which the Scots contrived to annoy the scattered garrisons of English soldiers in the land. When he had acquired sufficient strength, he made a successful attack on Scone during the absence of Warenne. Many of the nobles then flocked round this champion of Scottish freedom; among them was young Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, grandson of the man whom Edward's choice had rejected. Wallace moved northward, and after a series of brilliant sieges, which left him master of Brechin, Forfar, Montrose, and other castles, he was lying before the beleaguered castle of Dundee, when secret news reached his camp, that an English army of more than fifty thousand men under the old Earl of Surrey was in full march towards Stirling. He met them **by the Forth** with little more than forty thousand soldiers. And when Surrey, swayed by the impatient clamour of his troops, and not less by the gibes of pompous Cressingham, permitted his bat-

Sept 11, row bridge of wood, which spanned the stream, the Scottish
1297 leader poured from the hills down on the disordered half
A.D. that had made the passage, and threw the entire army into
miserable rout. The Forth was thick with dead. Cressingham's skin, flayed from his stiffened limbs, adorned the persons of the victors—a thing, which gives us a glimpse of warfare somewhat akin to that waged by Sioux or Delawares. Surrey rode to Berwick. Every keep disgorged its English garrison. And Wallace, —William the Conqueror as his heralds proudly styled him,—assumed the title of *Custos Regni Scotiæ*.

Edward, who hurried from Flanders in the spring of 1298 and joined a huge army already mustered on the plains near York, soon had his revenge for Stirling. But things looked black enough at first. Contrary winds detaining his ships laden with stores, famine fell upon the host marching through a desolated land. A mutiny of his Welsh soldiers added to his troubles. Just at the worst there came to his camp two Scottish traitors, who told him that Wallace lay not far off in the woods at Falkirk.* Edward gladly seized the chance. The whole force slept that night in armour on Linlithgow Moor; and, although a kick from his horse broke two of the King's ribs, he climbed into the saddle and rode with the morning light to **Falkirk**, where the Scottish army lay.

Wallace was thoroughly defeated. Four solid circles of pikemen, protected in front by a peat morass, divided by the archers of Ettrick Forest, and guarded with a line of ropes and stakes, formed the Scottish array. The English attacked in three divisions. But it was not

* *Falkirk* in Stirlingshire lies a little south of the Forth, about twenty-four miles from Edinburgh. It is now noted for its trysts, or cattle-fairs.

till huge stones and unceasing arrows had broken the serried rim of the Scottish circles that the cavalry of Edward could produce any effect. Then the wavering circles soon dissolved in flight. An ungrateful aristocracy, swayed a good deal by jealousy, laid heavier blame on Wallace than this defeat deserved. He returned to his freebooting life; while the guardians of Scotland, Bruce among them, kept up a war with England.

July 22,

1298

A.D.

When Edward had concluded the peace of Montreuil, he felt himself free to fling his full strength upon Scotland. For ninety days (April 22 to July 20, 1303) an English army lay round **Stirling rock**, which was defended by the gallant William Oliphant and a small garrison. King Edward moved about coolly amid the rain of darts and stones, which came from the castle wall. At last, when food failed, the defenders came out to throw themselves on the victor's mercy. He scattered the chiefs among various English prisons; and, marching through the land, reduced it once more to submission.

Soon after the fall of Stirling Wallace fell into the hands of his relentless foe. Hunted like a wild beast through the woods, this friendless man, being caught when asleep, was borne to Dumbarton Castle, then commanded by Sir John Menteith, who sent the patriot to London. There, impeached for treason and condemned, he suffered a **cruel death** (August 23, 1305). His head was placed on the spikes of old London Bridge, and his quartered remains were sent to strike terror through the north.

Another rose to fill the place of Scotland's champion. **Bruce**, educated in the household of King Edward, was placed in command of the castle of Kildrummie in Aberdeenshire. He cherished a secret design upon the Scottish crown, to wear which he had some claim. The Red Comyn of Badenoch, Baliol's nephew, advanced a rival claim, and, it is said, disclosed the ambitious schemes of Bruce to the English monarch. Riding in flight from the English court, Bruce summoned Comyn to a meeting at Dumfries, and in the church of the Grey Friars, stung by an insulting answer, so far forgot the place he stood in as to stab his betrayer by the altar steps. His friend Kirkpatrick, running in as Bruce ran out in dismay, completed the murder (February 10, 1306).

This shook the cause of Bruce, for blood shed in a church was regarded as a lasting stain. Yet he must now go on. Borrowing robes, chair, and probably a rim of gold from some saintly statue, he received the Scottish crown at Scone, within two months of the meeting at Dumfries. When the news of this daring step, for which Scottish affairs were hardly ripe, reached Winchester, where Edward lay old and sick, his wrath flamed up. But, as he rested his long thin limbs upon an uneasy bed, he had a consolation dear to a father's heart. His son Edward, tall strong and handsome, had reached an age, which permitted him to receive the golden spurs. In this fresh-cheeked knight the old Plantagenet, looking with the partial eye of paternal love, saw one who, he fondly hoped, would complete the great plan of conquest.

To follow minutely the romantic adventures of the Scottish King during the year that elapsed before Edward's death, would carry me too far from my theme. Let it suffice to say, that this hope of Scotland, suffering a severe defeat in the wood of Methven near Perth, betook himself with his scanty train to the mountains, suffered there many perils and distresses, and was at last forced to hide his head in the isle of **Rathlin** on the Irish coast.* A winter there gave him time to think. Landing in Arran when spring returned, he crossed to the Carrick shore, deceived by a light which shone on a rock by Turnberry. The mistake was turned by valour into a success, for he wrested the castle of Turnberry from an English lord. Gathering strength by degrees, he defeated Pembroke and Gloucester, whom he drove into the castle of Ayr, and there besieged.

While Bruce was hiding in Rathlin, the King of England lay groaning with mortal pain at Lanercost. The spring air breathed a deceitful strength into his limbs. He thought himself fit once more for the saddle, and, hanging up his litter in Carlisle cathedral, he rode feebly forward to the Solway shore, making six miles in four days. He never rode again. At **Burgh-on-the-Sands** on the 7th of July 1307 he died, aged then sixty-eight years.

A striking event of this reign was the **expulsion of the Jews** from England. They had come to the island under the patronage of the Conqueror, and had lived, as many of them still do, chiefly by lending money at high rates of interest. The Conqueror had protected them. Henry II. permitted them, instead of carrying their dead to be buried in London, to buy a cemetery near the walls of the city in which they lived. Richard I. gave them a dubious protection: but John emptied their purses. Henry III. taxed them, yet not with undue severity. But a feeling had long been growing in the English breast against them, which their own usurious dealings and zeal for making proselytes aggravated into rage. Various symptoms evidenced the growth of this latent violence. One law forbade them to build new synagogues. Another decreed that two broad woollen bands of different colours should be sewed on the breast of their garments as a badge of their nationality. Many were executed in 1279 for clipping the coin; and, eleven years later, in 1290, they were driven to the Continent, where in certain lands, more superstitious perhaps and ignorant but less filled with pitiless bigotry, they found a shelter for their homeless heads. Their expulsion from the English province of Guienne had taken place in the previous year.

EDWARD I., OR LONGSHANKS (1272-1307).

Married, 1. ELEANOR OF CASTILE; 2. MARGARET OF FRANCO.

A.D.

1274. Return from Palestine and coronation of Edward I.

1282. *Conquest of Wales completed by the death of Llewelyn.*

* This small island lies a few miles from the Antrim coast, within sight of the Mull of Cantire.

1284. The title Prince of Wales given to the eldest son of the King of England
 1290. Disputed succession in Scotland owing to the death of Margaret, Maid of Norway
 Expulsion of the Jews from England.
 1292. John Baliol, appointed King of Scotland by Edward, does homage at Newcastle.
 1296. Battle of Dunbar and abdication of Baliol.
 1297. Wallace defeats the English at *Cambuskenneth near Stirling*. Wallace made Guardian of Scotland. Famous Act *De Tallagio* passed: again in 1306.
 1298. Wallace is defeated at *Falkirk* by King Edward.
 1305. Execution of Wallace at Westminster.
 1306. Robert Bruce crowned King of Scotland at Scone. Northward march of Edward.
 1307. Death of Edward, aged sixty-seven, at Burgh-upon-Sands, July 7.

CHAPTER VIII.

EDWARD II.—CAERNARVON.

Gaveston.
 The Ordainers.
 The northward march.

Bannockburn.
 Siege of Berwick.
 The Despensers.

Berkeley Castle.
 The Templars.

THE seven years, which elapsed between the death of the first Edward and the defeat of his miserable son at Bannockburn, were to England years of shame and suffering. Nearly all of the shameful story may be summed in a single name—**Piers de Gaveston**. Young Edward disobeyed wilfully and at once two solemn injunctions uttered by his dying father's lips. He refused to carry the bones of the dead warrior at the head of the English army into Scotland; and he recalled to his presence and close friendship that witty, handsome, vicious and overbearing Gascon youth, who bore this hated name. Dressed in the richest robes and caressed in public by the King, this favourite ran his course of brilliant folly, unhorsing the Barons in the tilt-yard and gibing at them in the council-chamber, until the spirit of stern men could bear his insults no more. Forcing him to surrender the castle of Scarborough, the enraged nobles struck off his head at Blacklow Hill.*

Before the death of Gaveston, which took place in 1312, the Parliament had tried to curb the vice and riot of the King's life. Appearing at Westminster in arms, as their fathers had done when John and Henry reigned, they forced Edward to submit his affairs, domestic and public, to the control of a committee of peers, consisting of seven Bishops, eight Earls, and thirteen Barons, who sat in London under the name of **Ordainers**. The Parliament of the following year (1311) extorted the royal signature to several ordinances. Amongst these acts were the following:—1. All grants, made thereafter to favourites, without the consent of Parliament, should be invalid.

* This hill rises above the Avon between Coventry and Warwick.

2. The King should not leave the kingdom or make war without the consent of the Barons. 3. The Barons, in Parliament assembled, should appoint a guardian or regent during the royal absence. 4. The King should hold a Parliament once a year, or twice if need were. Edward, a true descendant of John, signed of course, but then tried with all his feeble might to break his written promises.

During all this time Bruce, aided by Randolph and Douglas and his gallant brother Edward, had been levelling the castles, which the English held within his realm. At length **Stirling only** remained of all the keeps that the great Plantagenet had won, and even that stood in immediate peril; for the troops of Edward Bruce lay round it, and Mowbray, the governor, had consented to surrender unless relieved before a certain day. Equipping a fleet and mustering such an army as had never crossed the Border, Edward moved towards the spot, where the key to northern Scotland lay in danger of passing for ever from his hands. Forty thousand cavalry, sixty thousand pikemen and archers marched under the English flag. Against this mighty host the King of Scotland could muster scarcely forty thousand men. But the battle is not to the strong. When the sun of June flashed on the English lines moving from Edinburgh towards that spot south of Stirling, known as the New Park, where Bruce had chosen his position, his brave heart must have beat faster at thoughts of the stake which hung upon the coming fight. But thoughts like these could not unnerve De Bruce. He saw the clouds of cavalry sweep past on the Sunday, when the armies came in sight, and knew that, if they broke in unimpeded storm upon his lines, every hope for Scotland would be ruined. Seeing this he shaped a plan, which the night saw carried into execution. The battle did not begin on this memorable Sunday. But a skirmish and a duel foreshadowed the event of the morrow. Randolph baffled an attempt made by eight hundred English horse to reach the endangered castle. And King Robert, riding on a pony and armed only with an axe, cleft the skull of an English knight, who strove to ride him down in the space between the lines. Night fell. Engineers, stealing in silence from the Scottish camp, dug along the weakest part of the front—the left wing, to the north-east—numerous pits, three feet deep, till the soil was like a piece of honey-comb. In the bottom of these pits were placed sharp stakes, point upward, and over each hole a turf-covered hurdle lay, capable of bearing the weight of a man but not the heavy foot-fall of a horse. This was Bruce's plan for the ruin of the English cavalry. He had probably heard of the muddy ditch, into which a host of French knights floundered at Courtrai. While spade and pick struck stealthy blows along the Scottish wing, sounds of revelry rose from the English fires. Confident in their great strength and desirous of duly celebrating the Eve of St. John, they drank deep of wine and ale during the short darkness of that midsummer night.

Day broke upon the rival armies. The three divisions of the

Scottish army, which lay facing the south-east, protected in front by a piece of marshy ground and resting their right wing upon the edge of a wooded cleft, through which the **Bannockburn** ran, presented an unbroken line of spears. A column of English knights, led by the Earl of Gloucester, broke into fragments by the force of the charge and the steady inertia of the ranks on which they dashed. Edward in person led the main body to the attack. But the ground, broken with quagmires and clumps of wood, prevented his unwieldy array from advancing with a full front. They came on in a straggling column, whose point could do little to pierce the line of spears. Hemmed in by uncertain and broken ground, galled in the back with the random arrows of their own rear-ranks, and at last entangled in a mass of confusion, the giant column was cleft by a vigorous dash of Randolph and his men, round whom the battle closed like a sea. Every Scottish blade along the whole line then drank English blood; but there were thousands in the huge English army who never struck a blow at all, prevented by the nature of the ground and the obstruction of the van from coming into action with extended front. Edward's most effective force, the archers, who from a neighbouring hillock rained deadly shafts upon the Scots, fled before five hundred horsemen, sent by King **June 24,** Robert to take them in flank. Still the English, packed **1314** into a narrow space, held their ground with national tenacity until the Scottish reserve, poured upon the exhausted mass, made a visible impression. But it was not until the slopes of a hill behind the Scottish lines displayed the banners of a new host rushing down to the battle-field that the flight of the English troops began. Appalled at this sight, which was merely the advance of some **camp-followers** with sheets and rugs flapping on tent-poles, knights flung away their armour, and pikemen their spears, and took the road towards the south. But Scottish axe and spear stopped many a racing foot. King Edward, who in the hour of despair had displayed more fighting power than history generally gives him credit for, spurred fast to Dunbar,—a ride of sixty miles,—and there took ship for Berwick. Thus Scotland struck from her limbs the chains of the Plantagenets.

King Edward measured his strength again with Scotland,—need I say with the same result. Leaving behind him a people, plague-stricken hungry and wretched beyond modern conception, he moved in 1319 to attempt the recovery of **Berwick**, taken in the previous year by King Robert. All the engines of the English siege-train, all the galleys, whose masts bristled in the river-mouth, could not conquer the spirit of the garrison, or force a passage through the low walls. And even while Edward was vainly assaulting Berwick bounds, a Scottish army entered England by the West Marches, ravaged Yorkshire, nearly caught the English Queen at York, and strewed the field of Mitton by the Swale with the cloven tonsures and bloody cassocks of three hundred warlike monks, who had led a peasant army to stay their desolating advance.

Hugh Despenser played the perilous part of royal favourite in Edward's later years. His father, an Englishman of old family, shared in the profits of the post. Goaded into rebellion, the Earl of Lancaster organized a conspiracy against the King, who could not but yield for a time to the storm. The Despensers were banished. Returning however in a few months, they had the cruel joy of beholding Lancaster made captive at Boroughbridge,* and beheaded at Pontefract† (1322). The rage of an injured and reckless woman sealed the doom of Edward and his favourites. **Queen Isabella**, sister of the French King, fled to France; was there joined by Roger Mortimer, one of Edward's bitterest foes and soon her own guilty lover; raised a force in Hainault and Germany, and landed at Orwell on the Suffolk coast. Before this daring woman and her son the wretched King fled to Wales; but Hugh accompanied his flight. Old Despenser, arrested at Bristol, was hanged there on a gibbet. Nor was his son long behind him. For the mountains afforded no sanctuary to the fugitives, who had no resource left but an unconditional surrender. Edward was sent to Kenilworth, while Hugh was hanged on a gallows only one-third lower than that on which Haman died.

The great hall of **Kenilworth** then witnessed a sorry sight. In presence of the King, who was clad in a mean black robe, the Speaker of the Parliament, in the name of the English nation, pronounced a sentence of dethronement, and the Royal Steward, snapping his white stick as if the King was dead, discharged all persons from the service of the degraded monarch. Nine days later, his son Edward, a boy of fourteen, received the crown at Westminster from the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury. But some rugged rooms in **Berkeley‡ Castle** saw in the following September (1327) a worse sight, whose horror is mercifully shrouded in mystery. Wild shrieks of agony broke from the dying King, caused, as his keepers said next day, by some sudden internal disease, but rather believed to have been the cries of a tortured man. The story went abroad that the fatal deed was perpetrated by thrusting a red-hot iron into his bowels through a horn or pipe of tin.

The Order of **Knights Templars**, originating at Jerusalem early in the era of the Crusades, received its death-blow about this time. Philip le Bel burned them as heretics all over France. Pope Clement V., a creature of the French monarch, published Bulls against them from St. Peter's chair. And Edward II. of England followed these examples, although against his personal feelings, by suddenly seizing all the English property of the order and flinging about two

* *Boroughbridge*, a borough in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the Ure, seventeen miles from York. Population, 1095.

† *Pontefract*, also a borough in the West Riding of Yorkshire, twenty-four miles from York, near the meeting of the Aire and the Calder. It was called *Kirby* by the Saxons. Population, 5106.

‡ *Berkeley*, a borough in Gloucestershire, on a little stream, the Avon, which runs into the Severn a mile and a half from the town. It is sixteen miles from Gloucester. Population, 949. The castle, on a hill close by, remains in good preservation.

hundred and fifty of the knights into prison. Apostasy, idolatry, profligacy, and heresy were the crimes laid to their charge. They were obliged, it was said, upon entering the order, to deny Christ and spit upon the Cross. This is doubtful; but their luxury and vice made them social pests.

EDWARD II., OR CAERNARVON (1307-1327).

Married ISABELLA, DAUGHTER OF PHILIP IV. OF FRANCE.

A.D.

1307. Young Edward leads his army southward, and recalls Gaveston. The Barons unite under the Earl of Lancaster against the favourite.
 1308. Abolition in England of the Order of Knights Templars.
 1310. *The appointment of Ordainers.*
 1312. Gaveston is beheaded at Blacklow Hill near Warwick.
 1314. BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN, June 24.
 1315. Edward Bruce invades Ireland. He is killed, three years later, at Dundalk.
 1322. Battle of Boroughbridge, and execution of Lancaster at Pontefract.
 1326. Queen Isabella, having fled to France, lands with an army at Orwell.
 1327. The Parliament at Westminster renounces fealty to Edward. He is murdered in Berkeley Castle, September 20.

CHAPTER IX.

EDWARD III.—WINDSOR.

The English nation.
 Edward's mother.
 Cadsant.
 Invasion of France.
 Sluys.
 In Bretagna.

Landing at La Hogue.
 The Black Prince.
 Crécy.
 Calais.
 The Black Death.
 The Armada rehearsed.

The Commons.
 Treason.
 Poictiers.
 Treaty of Bretigny.
 Navarretta.
 Du Guesclin.

EIGHT months passed between the crowning of young Edward and the murder of his father. Having placed the sceptre in a boyish hand—the new King was only fourteen—**Queen Isabella** and the partner of her crimes, **Roger Mortimer**, directed the affairs of the kingdom as they pleased. There was indeed a Council of Regency, consisting of twelve great lords, but it possessed only nominal power.

The tumults of Bannockburn had not yet subsided. A host of Scots, mounted on swift Galloway ponies and carrying each a little bag of meal, invaded northern England, and passed the Tyne. The boy-king led an English force to meet them. But the mailed knights might as well have chased a shadow as these Scottish riders. Once they saw the smoke of the Scottish fires; and twice they looked across the current of the **Wear** at the Scottish force, at one time so close to them that they could see the pictures on the shields. On the second occasion, Douglas, with a sudden night attack, almost succeeded in capturing the youthful Edward. When the English banners turned southward without a blow having been struck, murmurs

arose against Lord Mortimer, who was supposed to have been bribed into a treaty with the Scots.

Mortimer, especially after receiving the Earldom of March or the Lordship of the Marches of Wales, broke into many extravagancies of chivalrous display. One of these was the institution of a Round Table of knights, in imitation of the heroic Arthur. Edward, newly married to Philippa of Hainault, daughter of a knightly race, and herself with a spark of martial fire in her breast, held tournaments of great splendour. But Mortimer's sun was setting fast. The odium excited by the Scottish peace deepened into popular hatred, when the Earl of Kent, an uncle of the King, deluded into a treasonable plot by the belief that the second Edward was still alive in Corfe Castle, laid his head upon the block. Edward resolved to shake off the Mortimer yoke. Entering **Nottingham Castle** by an underground passage, whose mouth, hidden with briars and rubbish, opened at the foot of the hill, some armed men joined the King one night on the dark stair, and, breaking into Mortimer's chamber, dragged the wretched man, in spite of Isabella's shrieks and tears, away from the fortress. Convicted by his peers of murder, usurpation, and embezzlement, he suffered the just penalty of his guilty life, being hanged at the elms of Tyburn (1330). The Castle of Risings* shut its gates upon the degraded queen-mother, who, though visited at times by her son, never more regained her liberty.

The death of the victor of Bannockburn, which took place in 1329 at Cardross on the Clyde, left Scotland defenceless; for David Bruce lacked the fire of his father's soul and the vigour of his father's arm. Young Edward of England, smarting under memories of Bannockburn and wounded in his boyish vanity by the escape of the Scots on the Wear, assisted Edward Baliol, son of John, to seize the Scottish throne. At Dupplin Moor by the Earn he won a victory, which secured this prize; and, in return for aid received, he did homage as a vassal of the English crown. In the following year, Baliol having been driven from the throne of the Bruces, an English army laid siege to Berwick. The Regent Douglas advanced to attempt the

relief of this important place; but, rashly attacking the English forces, which occupied the slopes of **Halidon Hill**, about

1333 a mile to the north-west of the town, he met defeat and death in the gallant but imprudent strife. David, who had thus been dethroned by his brother-in-law, for he had married Edward's sister Joanna, found safety in France. Baliol, in the flush of gratitude, made over to King Edward so many of the fairest counties between Forth and Tweed, that for a while the border line between the kingdoms ran from near Grangemouth to the estuary of the Nith.

A struggle now began, which lasted for upwards of a hundred years, and, though marked with many fluctuations of success, ended in the all but total extinction of English power in France. From

* *Risings*, or *Castle Rising*, is five miles north-west of Lynn, on the left bank of the Rising or Habingly river. Population, 392. The keep of the Norman castle still stands.

that struggle we derive some of the proudest names in our martial history. In that struggle we behold the most powerful of all the means employed to weld the English nation into a solid and enduring whole. For previous to Crecy and Agincourt, the Saxon and the Norman elements appear in the nation, united, it is true, but still distinguishable; after the ferment of the **Hundred Years' War** every sign of rivalry has gone. The Englishman stands, where once the hostile races contended.

Edward III. of England was the son of Isabella, daughter of Philip the Handsome, who ascended the throne of France in 1285. Charles IV., the last surviving of her three brothers, died in 1328, leaving no living child: a daughter, born after his death, was set aside by the **Salic Law**. Edward gladly saw the chance, but could not seize it yet. Yielding to the pressure of the hour, he bent his haughty soul so far as to do homage for Aquitaine to the chosen candidate, Philip of Valois. But when the time seemed ripe, he cast aside the mask of meekness, and boldly claimed in his mother's name the crown which her father had worn.* Acknowledging the Salic Law in part, he ingeniously maintained that, though it prevented a female from filling the throne, it did not destroy the rights of her male descendants. Lawyers argued on both sides of the sea; but lance and sword and arrow soon took the place of words. Success in Scotland, such as it was, set the blood of the young English King in a flame for war. Abandoning the mimic splendour of the tilt-yard for graver pursuits, he prepared for the invasion of France.

As an important preliminary, he formed with Louis of Bavaria, then Emperor of Germany, a treaty which enabled him to secure the aid of the Duke of Brabant and the Count of Hainault. His marriage with Philippa formed a close bond of union between him and the latter, who was the brother of that princess. And, although the Earl of Flanders adhered to the cause of the French King, he won over to his side as a counterpoise that powerful brewer of Ghent, Jacob von Artaveldt, who had established a centre of democratic independence in the very heart of the Flemish dominions.

The first blow of this long war was struck at **Cadsant**, an island lying between the havens of Sluys and Flushing. Thither Sir Walter Manny, a famous English knight, led an armament from the Thames. The shore, where the battle raged, has been long **1337** ago eaten away by the waves; for Cadsant, now a fertile A.D.

* The following outline will show his claim and that of his rival. The last six Capet Kings of France were,—

Philip III. who became King in 1270.

Philip IV. (son), " " 1285. = Charles de Valois also a son of Philip III.

Louis X. (son), " " 1314.

John (posthumous son, lived only a few days), } 1316.

Philip de Valois his son.

Philip V. (son of Philip IV.), 1316.

Charles IV. do. " 1322.

died heirless, " 1328.

A daughter of Louis X. was alive in 1328.

islet, was then of considerable size. Gallantly the French and the Flemings, who garrisoned the post, faced the deadly arrow-rain of the advancing English ships. But the English archers shot so thick and true that the defenders of the dykes gave way at last. Mark the might of the English cloth-yard shaft, as evidenced in this opening of the strife. The grey-goose wing shall achieve higher victories than that of Cadsant before its flight is done. It was the greatest weapon of its day.

The war, thus kindled, smouldered in detached enterprises for a time. French ships ravaged the southern coast of England, burning Portsmouth, Southampton, and Plymouth, and destroying all the vessels which they could seize. A noble episode was the affair of the *Edward* and the *Christopher*, two English wool-ships coming home from Flanders, which, being beset by a squadron of thirteen hostile vessels, fought undauntedly for nine hours against these fearful odds, striking only when "labour, wounds, and slaughter" had utterly exhausted their gallant crews. The wounded Englishmen were flung overboard by the victors. A dash of the Cinque-port mariners in a fleet of boats from Dover to Boulogne during the fogs of mid-January took a swift and effective vengeance for the many injuries inflicted on the English shore and shipping.

The year 1338 passed inactively by. In the September of the following year Edward, passing from Valenciennes* into France, laid siege to Cambrai.† Sir Walter Manny had already ridden with forty lances over the frontier, and taken several castles from the French. The siege of Cambrai, at which John Chandos, as yet only an esquire, performed great deeds of valour, having been raised for the purpose of meeting Philip in the field, Edward marched into Picardy. At Vironfosse the rival armies faced each other; but there was no battle at that place. The starting of a hare, which ran in among the French army, raising a tumult that caused many to lace their helmets and prepare for war, was the great event of that day. History, in the person of Jean Froissart, does not stoop to narrate the probably tragic end of poor puss.

A great sea-fight soon took place, in which a victory crowned the English arms. The military glory of this war has almost blinded us to the lustre of its naval achievements. We should assign to the great triumph at Sluys‡ a place of honour not inferior to that enjoyed by Crecy and Agincourt. Anxious to bring aid to his brother-in-law and ally of Hainault, Edward collected a fleet of two hundred and sixty ships, and sailed from the Thames towards the coast of Flanders. Many ladies, who intended to join the Queen at Ghent, were on board the accompanying transports. When on the following day

* Valenciennes is a fortified city in the department of Nord, at the confluence of the Rhonelle with the Escant. Population, 22,625.

† Cambrai, also in Nord on the Escant, lies one hundred miles north-east of Paris. Population, about 20,000. It was the Roman *Camaracum*.

‡ Sluys or L'Ecluse is a well fortified place, situated on a bay of the North Sea, at the mouth of the Scheldt, and on a canal to Bruges. Population, 1200. The inlet of the Swine is now choked with sand.

that creek on the Flemish shore, known as the Zwiin or Swine, was reached, a thick pine-wood seemed to have grown out of the sea at its upper end. Gladly King Edward heard from the skipper of his barge that this wood consisted of French masts. About four hundred vessels lay there, led by two French admirals and the great Genoese sailor Blackbeard, and bearing on their decks forty thousand fighting men. Towering among the ships, the eyes of the English seamen recognized the *Christopher*, lately captured by the French. On the following morning Edward drew out his line of battle with great skill, although this was his first nautical exploit. Placing the strongest ships in front, those with archers on the wings, and a vessel with men-at-arms between every pair of the latter, he kept in reserve a squadron to protect the rear, and stationed a strong guard round the transports, in which the ladies sailed. The hostile fleet, chiefly manned with Normans, Picards, and Genoese, moved out in three squadrons early in the morning. When these saw the English vessels tacking away, they thought that it meant a flight but, when the seeming fugitives, having turned so that sun and wind suited them, bore down with trumpet blasts and stirring shouts, they found their mistake. The battle began before ten in the morning; and all day huge engines hurled stones; English archers replied with clouds of arrows to the whistling quarrels of the French cross-bows; men-at-arms hewed and stabbed across the bulwarks, which grapnels and hooked chains had bound together. It is worthy of notice that the older method of naval war, in accordance with which galleys dashed their beaks into the side of the enemy, was not employed in this action. The huge *Christopher*, taken by the English and filled with archers, galled the Genoese severely. At last the French, stung to madness by the shafts, began to leap into the sea. Blackbeard fled. All was then soon over, and Edward sent a letter to the bishops and clergy in England, announcing his victory at Sluys—a document, it may be added, which is regarded as the first despatch among the English records proclaiming a naval victory. Philip heard the bad news from the lips of a fool in motley, who veiled it in a joke.

June 24,
1340
A.D.

Then followed in the same year a siege of Tournay,* lasting eleven weeks all but three days, and ending in a truce between the armies of England and France. Had the siege gone on for a few days more the garrison would have eaten their last crust.

The next campaign saw the English embroiled in a dispute about the right of succession to the coronet of *Bretagne*. John de Montfort and Charles de Blois were the rival claimants; Edward supported the cause of the former, Philip that of the latter. The story of the struggle cannot be given here in detail. Sir Walter Manny led an English fleet to the aid of the heroic Countess de Montfort, who, standing like another Joan within the besieged castle of Hennebon,†

* *Tournay* is now a city of Hainault in Belgium, forty-seven miles south of Ghent. It is divided by the Scheldt. Population, about 40,000.

† *Hennebon*, on the river Blavet in Bretagne, is thirty-seven leagues from Nantes.

was sore distressed by the presence of the foe who had taken her husband captive. Manny and his captains saved the endangered stronghold, then regarded from its position on the edge of the sea as the strongest in the dukedom. In the war which followed, Don Luis of Spain, as the French chroniclers call him from his Castilian descent, although he was probably born in Flanders, distinguished himself greatly as a naval commander in opposition to the English Manny. A truce for three years brought this period of the war to a close in 1343.

The murder of Von Artaveldt at Ghent changed the plan of operations laid down by the English King. No longer able to depend entirely upon Flanders, he resolved to strike at France in other directions. Sending therefore the Earl of Derby with a force to Gascony, he embarked in person at Southampton with a great army bound for the same southern province. A storm drove him to anchor on the Cornish coast for six days, during which at the persuasion of Sir Godfrey de Harcourt he changed his mind as to the destination of his fleet. Normandy was now to be the direction of their course. Landing at La Hogue, where he cunningly interpreted a bleeding nose, caused by leaping from his ship, as an omen of good, he prepared for an advance upon Caen. Here first we find the hero of the war come into prominence. The Prince of Wales, better known as the **Black Prince**, received knighthood on the sands at La Hogue, and was associated with his royal father in the command of the central battalion of the three into which the army was divided. Born at Woodstock in 1330, he had now reached the age of sixteen. The English army, passing from Caen to Evreux, spread its ravages almost to the suburbs of Paris, but then turned sharply off to Beauvais and Poix—bent, it is said, on getting safely out of France. But guards held the bridges of the Somme. Philip had caught the English army in a trap, from which there seemed to be no prospect of escape. Almost in despair, Edward surveyed the Somme, but could find no ford and no unguarded bridge. At this crisis he heard from a prisoner of a spot below Abbeville, where the river could be passed at the ebb of the tide. Dashing in at the proper time, he led his forces over in the face of a great body of the enemy, who in vain tried to prevent the passage of the stream. Philip found the water too high to follow, and was forced to go round by Abbeville, while the English King made his way to the forest of Crécy, where a battle was soon fought.

Leaving Abbeville at sunrise on Saturday, August 26th 1346, Philip toiled with his soldiers to **Crécy**, where the army of Edward, refreshed with food and sleep, sat with helmets and bows grounded before them, waiting his approach. The falling back of his vanguard, when it came within view of the English, disordered his array exceedingly. Rain and thunder then came on; the sky grew dark for a time; and flocks of carrion crows, scenting the dead that were to be, wheeled screaming overhead. When the sun shone again at five o'clock in the afternoon, the Genoese, armed with crossbows, advanced

to the attack in a huge mass of fifteen thousand men. They were tired with eighteen miles of a heavy march. In vain they strove with shouts to appal the islanders. The sun dazzled their eyes and destroyed their aim. All at once arrows began to **Aug. 26,** rain on them with a force which neither shield nor armour **1346** could withstand. They fled. Vainly the superb cavalry of **A.D.** D'Alençon strove to stem the flight. They too received a share of the deadly shower, and many bit the dust. But the Earls of Alençon and Flanders managed to pass the archers, who stood arrayed in the form of a porteullis or harrow, and fell with fury upon the foremost battalion, led by the Prince of Wales. Chandos, Harcourt, and many brave captains fought by the side of the youthful knight, whose spurs were won in the mellay of this great day. The second battalion of the English army came up. The French King could not pass a hedge of archers that bristled along its front. A hasty glance, however, would have deemed his help unneeded, for it seemed as if D'Alençon could easily break the lines of the English battalions. An Englishman, who fought by the Prince, thought so too, and sent for aid to the King, who stayed with the reserve by a windmill on a hill. "Is my son dead, unhorsed, or badly wounded?" asked Edward. "No, thank God," said the knight, "but he is so hotly engaged, that he has great need of your help." "Return to them that sent you," replied the King, "and tell them not to send again to me to-day, or expect that I shall come, as long as my son has life: and say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs; for I am determined that all the glory and honour of the day shall be given to him and to those into whose care I have intrusted him." This reply stirred new fire in the English ranks. The French lines gave way; and the beaten King, whose gallant charges and many perils were unavailing, rode away at vespers to the castle of La Broye, where he drank a cup of wine, and, taking horse again at midnight, entered Amiens in the grey dawn. The English never left their ground. There was no pursuit.

In the tumult of this great battle a few explosions may have pealed above the din with a sound of thunder, to which warriors' ears were then unused. The strange noise proceeded from hollow cylinders, formed of metal bars bound fast with hoops, into which some handfuls of a dark shining grain and a rough stone ball were roughly rammed. In a word, some cannon were probably fired at Crecy; but it was not the first occasion on which those engines appeared in battle. The arrow won the day.

The **siege of Calais** was a natural sequel to the victory of Crecy. Edward had not long invested that celebrated port, when cheering news crossed the sea from England, telling of a great victory won over the invading Scots by Queen Philippa, who had met them at Nevil's Cross,* beaten them in a three-hours' fight, and taken their King David prisoner (October 17, 1346). By building a wooden

* *Nevil's Cross.* The scene of this battle is marked by a stone cross set up about a mile west of Durham.

town between Calais and the bridge, which crossed the encircling marshes, Edward secured the comfort of his troops, while starving Vienne and the garrison into a surrender. The completeness of this barrack-town may be judged from its market-place, where meat, bread, cloth, and other necessities were regularly sold. The story of this siege, which lasted almost a year (August 31, 1346, to August 4, 1347), speaks well for the chivalry of both sides. Edward not only allowed seventeen hundred of the poorer inhabitants, who were starving, to leave the town, but he gave them their dinner and some money as they passed through his camp. By guarding the bridge over the marshes and the way along the shore, the only two means of approaching Calais with relief, he prevented the French King from doing anything to save the place. At last hunger did its work. Six citizens, nobly devoting themselves to save the rest, came out with ropes round their necks, bearing the keys in their hands. The executioner was preparing to behead these brave men, when the entreaties of Queen Philippa gained their pardon from her husband. A truce for two years being then agreed to, Edward and his wife went home.

No pestilence that ever smote Europe has surpassed in destructiveness the **Black Plague**, which swept from the filthy lanes of Asia in 1348 and fell in the following year upon Paris and London. Two hundred a day were buried in the single churchyard of the Charterhouse; and there is little exaggeration in the statement of the chronicler, that one-third of the human race perished in the awful days of malady. Even the Law Courts of London shut their doors, and no Parliament sat for two years. The superstition of these dark days, fastening upon the Jews as a cause of the plague, lit the fires of persecution against that unhappy race. Nowhere but at Avignon* did they find a refuge from the flames.

Pestilence had scarcely laid aside her darts of death, when War, awe-stricken for a while in the presence of a mightier hand, began to rear his bloody crest. Spain and England had come into collision on the high seas; for sailors then were pirates, and much plundering went on. Don Carlos, son of that Don Luis who had fought with Manny off the Breton coast, being known to lie in the harbour of Sluys, Edward determined to teach him how perilous it was to pillage English ships. Taking the Black Prince and many lords on board his fleet of fifty vessels, he weighed anchor from Sandwich, and cruised in the **Strait of Dover** for three days. As King Edward, dressed in black velvet, sat enjoying music on the forecabin of his ship, the watchman, stationed in the castle on the mast, called out, "Ho! I spy a sail." It was then the hour of vespers. The trumpets sounded, and the ships drew up in line of battle. After a good draught of wine, the English knights put on their helmets. More than forty huge Spanish *carracks*, towering high above the English ships, came bearing insolently down, with great castles filled with

* *Avignon* is in the department of Vaucluse in France, near the junction of the Durance with the Rhone.

flints upon the masts, and coloured streamers floating in the wind. Edward struck a large one. The Spaniard's mast, snapped by the shock, fell with its castle into the sea. The English vessel sprung a leak. He then grappled with another, from whose lofty deck stones and bars of iron, raining down, did terrible damage. But the English archers shot all who showed a head on deck, and brought many down from their aerial perch on the Spanish castles. Leaping across the bulwarks of their own sinking craft, the royal crew flung themselves on board the enemy, swept her decks by the summary process of throwing every Spaniard over the side, and made the prize their own with little loss. This combat will serve to depict the rest. When speedily the darkness came, seventeen of the Spanish ships had fallen into English hands. Robert de Namur, captain of the *Salle du Roi*, which held the household of the English King, had a narrow escape. A monster Spaniard, having wound her chains and hooks round this comparatively tiny barque, was coolly sailing off with her prize in spite of gallant struggling, when a daring English sailor, climbing from the *Salle* to the Spanish deck, cut the main ropes with his sword, and brought the heavy sails, with loud flapping and tangling of cordage, down to the deck. When the morning dawned, not a Spanish sail broke the offing; all that remained of the stately fleet had taken wing in the dark. Anxious spectators, lining the hills on the English shore above Winchelsea and Rye, had watched the progress of the battle in the clear light of an August evening, and had brought word of the affair to the Queen, then living in a monastery near the Sussex shore. This triumph without much loss of English blood, only one knight of eminence having fallen, taught Spanish sailors how dangerous it was to meddle with the wine-ships of King Edward.

It is with something like relief that one turns from these red pictures to the steady advance of the power of the **English Commons**. Inch by inch they encroached on the royal prerogative. The seventy Parliaments, which Edward summoned during the fifty years of his reign, contributed to mould the assembly into a definite shape and fixed usages. The appointment of a Speaker in the Commons dates from 1340. Two years later, the knights of the shire and the representative burgesses began to hold their meetings in a separate chamber, and to take distinctly the outline of our House of Commons. They received pay during session-time from their constituents, the knight getting four shillings a day, the burgess two. This was one point in which the mediæval and modern usages differ; another, no less striking, was the remarkably sensible hour at which the houses met—*eight o'clock in the morning*. One of the most important checks of abuse accomplished during this reign was the reduction of the *Purveyance* system within reasonable bounds. The King on his travels had the right—and transferred it to every one of his suite—of seizing horses, carriages, and food, paying what he liked, if he chose, but oftener choosing not to pay at all. A law was now passed to abate the evil and secure small payments on the spot, larger sums within four months.

Aug. 29,
1350
A.D.

But the **Statute of Treasons** claims the highest rank among the enactments of the reign. Five great offences were by this statute to be regarded as treason. 1. Compassing or imagining the death of the King, the Queen, or their eldest son. 2. Levying war within the realm. 3. Taking part with the King's enemies. 4. Uttering counterfeit coin. 5. Murdering the Chancellor, Treasurer, and any of the Judges, when engaged in the discharge of their duties. These crimes constituted *high* treason. Petty treason lay in the murder of a master by a servant, a husband by a wife, and so forth.

The truce, which followed the siege of Calais, was soon broken. A vain attempt on the part of the French to recover the lost key of their kingdom formed one of the earliest operations of the renewed war. When in 1350 death removed Philip, inventor of the *Gabelle* or salt-tax, which drew from Edward a pun touching the Salic Law, John the Good succeeded to an impoverished kingdom and a ruinous war. Having during the summer of 1355 desolated the basin of the Garonne from Bordeaux to Toulouse, and passed over the water-shed to Carcassonne and Narbonne, the Black Prince, whose base of operations was the province of Guienne, ravaged Limousin and Auvergne, and penetrated Berri, spreading ruin round his march almost up to the southern bank of the Loire. The French King, moving from Blois, marched towards Poitiers to cut him off, and reached that

town just before the expected prey. A battle followed
Sept. 19, within a league or so of Poitiers. Great as was the disproportion of the armies—the French numbering over sixty thousand, the English hardly ten thousand—the Black
1356
A.D. Prince, by the exercise of that military wisdom, which has

made his name famous, won a decided victory. By choosing broken ground, crossed by hedges and vine-palings, he impeded the movements of the magnificent cavalry led by John; and his green-coated yeomen, drawn up in the usual harrow form, sent their hurtling shafts into the thick of the press so hotly and so true, that confusion soon became rout. At the proposal of Chandos, ever panting to be where blows rang thickest, the guard of King John was singled out as the aim of a special charge; and that gallant monarch, with bleeding face and armour soiled with heavy falls, surrendered at last with his youngest son to a knight of St. Omer. The Black Prince, who took his name from the dark armour with which he heightened the effect of his fair complexion, received his captive with knightly courtesy, waited on him at the supper-table that night, and, when in the following spring (1357) they made their entry together into London, rode as a page on a little black pony beside the cream-coloured charger that carried John to his prison in the Savoy.

Edward in 1359–60 failed in the siege of Rheims, where he had intended to assume the crown of France, and went through the form of sitting down at the gates of Paris with weak and hungry soldiers, whom he was soon obliged by want of food to lead away towards

Bretagne. A storm bursting over the march near Chartres* frightened him into thoughts of peace. The little village of **Bretigny** not far from Chartres gave its name to the important treaty which closed the first act of this long and bloody drama.

I give here a summary of the principal articles of the Treaty of Bretigny:—

1. That Guienne and Gascony, Poitou, Saintonge, Limousin, and many other districts, should belong to the English crown, to be possessed without homage, as the neighbour and not the vassal of France.

2. That Ponthieu, Calais, Guines, and all islands, either adjoining these places or previously owned, should also belong to the English crown.

3. That the English King should renounce all claim to the crown of France, or the districts of Normandy, Touraine, Anjou, Maine, and some other places.

4. That three millions of golden crowns should be paid in six years as John's ransom.

5. That eighty-three hostages (sixteen prisoners taken at Poitiers, twenty-five French barons, and forty-two rich French burgesses) should be pledges for the fulfilment of the treaty.

Concluded in May 1360, this treaty was read at Calais in the following October in presence of the two Kings, and was then solemnly confirmed by oath. John, who had been brought over in state-bondage, was released next day; but failing to raise his ransom, or tired of a turbulent people, he soon found his way back to the Savoy, where he died in 1364.

The **Black Prince**, not long wedded to Joan of Kent, a pretty widow, held his court at Bordeaux, when Pedro of Castile—branded by some chroniclers as the Cruel, called by others the Great Justiciar—appeared in the character of a suppliant, bewailing the loss of an hereditary throne, wrested from him by his half-brother Enrique, to whom the French hero Du Guesclin had lent aid. Edward forgot the crimes and saw only the sorrows of the Spaniard, in whose aid he buckled on his armour, and passed into the kingdom of Navarre through the famous Brier Valley† of the Pyrenees deep with winter snow. Want of food pressing hard upon the English army, it became the great object of Du Guesclin to avoid a battle and let hunger slay instead of steel. But the Black Prince forced him to a battle, which was fought between Najarra and **Navarretta**, two villages a little south of the Ebro.‡ Many knights, unhorsed in the mellay, could not rise again, for the heavy plates of metal, which alone could turn a cloth-yard shaft, weighed down the fallen warriors. In vain the Spanish slings, famous for cracking helmets like nuts, hurled stones upon the English lines. The arrow,

1367

A.D.

* Chartres lies on the Eure in Eure-et-Loir, fifty-five miles south-west of Paris. Population, 16,680. It was the Roman *Autricum*.

† *Roncevaux* or *Roncevaile* is a pass in Pyrenees Basses, near St. Jean-Pied-de-Port.

‡ *Navarretta* or *Navarrete* was a village about six miles from Logrono, which lies on the Ebro, where it now divides Navarre from Old Castile.

drawn by English sinews, did its customary work, and won the day again. Sir John Chandos, made a Knight Banneret before the battle,* swept all before him on the field. Du Guesclin fought bravely, but was made prisoner. Pedro, though placed on the throne by the victory of Navarretta, refused to pay the troops who had won for him that royal seat. This ingratitude plunged the Black Prince into a sea of troubles. Men will not fight for nothing; and his soldiers clamoured for their pay. There was no resource but the perilous expedient of taxing his French dominions: a hearth-tax was accordingly imposed, to the intense disgust of the Gascons and their neighbours, and to the great joy of the French King, who saw in this odious impost ruin to the English rule. Misery of many sorts grew out of that Spanish war, into which mere love of fighting led the Prince. Not only did it tie a weight of debt round his neck, but it sowed the seeds of mortal disease in his frame. He re-crossed the Pyrenees to bathe his sword in blood at Limoges,† and then to linger out the remnant of his life in a sick-chamber.

Du Guesclin, at last permitted to buy his freedom, received the distinguished office of Constable of France, and set himself with new vigour to the task of sweeping the English intruders from French soil. Two swords were gone that had always flashed in the English van. Sir John Chandos, Seneschal of Poitou, a knight without fear and without reproach, had died near the bridge of Lussac,‡ smitten to the brain through his open vizor by the point of a French lance. The frost upon the ground caused him to slip; his long saracen robes became entangled with his legs; so, when the point struck him under the eye, he stumbled forward and pressed it further in. And the Black Prince pined under deadly sickness. England's right hand was palsied; her left was shattered at her side. Little wonder, then, that one by one her French dominions fell away, severed from her throne by the sword of Bertrand du Guesclin. Poitou, Saintonge, the strong sea-port of La Rochelle, yielded to the victor. Brest alone in all Bretagne remained true to the English cause. And Aquitaine, restless under English sway, heaved convulsively with symptoms of change. At last Bordeaux, Bayonne, a few towns on the Dordogne, and the little spot of which Calais formed the centre, alone remained of all the broad fields over which the victor at Crecy had stretched his mighty sword. Words cannot tell how deeply these disasters must have rankled in the failing heart of the Prince, all whose glories were twined with the English empire in France. When at Eltham on Trinity Sunday, June the 8th 1376, death came to release him, he had drained the cup of human glory to its bitterest dregs. More pitiful still is the spectacle of the grey-headed

* The ceremony of creating a Knight Banneret—i.e., a knight entitled to lead other knights to war—consisted partly in cutting off the ends of the swallow-tailed pennon, so that it became a square.

† Limoges, on the Vienne, in the department of Haute-Vienne, was the capital of Limousin.

‡ Lussac, a village of Poitou, in the diocese of Poitiers.

father, who had so proudly watched his boy from the windmill at Crecy. Bearded by his Parliament and entangled in the wiles of Alice Perrers, Edward III. went down to the grave a year later than his illustrious son, full of years, but, alas! not full of honours.*

EDWARD III., OR WINDSOR (1327-1377).

Married PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT.

A.D.

1330. Mortimer, paramour of Queen Isabella, hanged at Tyburn. She is confined for life in Castle Rising.
1333. Defeat of the Scots at Halidon Hill. Edward supports the claim of Baliol.
1337. Beginning of the French War, Edward having claimed the crown of France through his mother.
1340. The English win a naval victory at Sluys.
1346. BATTLE OF CRECY. Battle of Nevil's Cross.
1351. *The Statute of Treasons* enacted by the Blessed Parliament.
1356. *Battle of Poitiers.*
1360. Treaty of Bretigny between France and England.
1367. The Black Prince in Spain; wins the victory of Navarretta.
1376. Death of the Black Prince, aged forty-five.
1377. Appearance of John Wycliffe before Convocation in St. Paul's. Death of King Edward at Shene, aged sixty-five.

CHAPTER X.

RICHARD II.—BORDEAUX.

Accession of Richard the	On Blackheath.	Walworth's scimitar.
Second.	Rotherhithe.	Character of Richard.
The poll-tax.	London assailed.	A great stain.
Wat Tyler's blow.	Mile End.	Dethroned.
John Ball.	The four demands.	Præsumptre.

Richard, the son of the Black Prince, ascended the English throne in 1377, upon the death of his grandfather. After the coronation twelve permanent counsellors—among whom not one of the King's uncles appeared—were nominated by the Prelates and Barons, to aid the Chancellor and the Treasurer in the government of the kingdom until Richard came of age. The French war smouldered on, bursting often into sudden attacks upon the southern coast of England. It was out of this war, already forty years old, that the most

* The institution of the Order of the Garter dates from the reign of Edward III. Having given his garter as a signal in some battle, which became a victory (probably Crecy), he fixed on this as a fit badge of the knightly Order, which was established in 1360 to commemorate his exploits in France. Among the first knights enrolled, the Black Prince and Chandos shine conspicuous. This little band of blue velvet, bordered with gold and inscribed with the old French motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," is one of the highest distinctions our Sovereign can confer. Cabinets have shaken and split upon the momentous question, "Who shall have the vacant Garter?"

momentous transaction of a comparatively barren reign grew. For the money squandered on French battle-fields emptied the treasury of England: when the crown jewels were all pawned, and no wool or hides lay ready for a royal robber's hand, there remained no way of filling that treasury but the taxation of the people; and out of that taxation came discontent and Wat Tyler.

In order to maintain Calais, Brest, Bordeaux, and other maritime towns of France, which aptly received from the tax-imposers the name of "the barbicans of England,"* a poll-tax was laid upon the nation, which in the second year rose to three groats or twelve pence on every one above fifteen years of age. The small amount of the collection led to a rigorous inspection everywhere as to those who had refused or neglected to pay. The land became a mass of smothered flame. Many things combined to render the explosion no ordinary popular riot. All over western Europe it was a time of reaction on the part of down-trodden people against heartless and oppressive nobles. A love for freedom had been steadily for many years striking deep root in the hearts of the English Commons. The voice of Wycliffe had been heard in the land; and, although the good man deplored excesses, his teaching had contributed to throw new light upon the relations which linked the various strata of society. Now came taxation for a seemingly endless war. And the conduct of a rude collector towards the daughter of **Wat Tyler** at Dartford† resembled that last straw, which broke the camel's back. The father, roused to fury by the cries of his wife and daughter, leaped from the roof where he had been working, and with his lathing-staff dashed out the insolent collector's brains.

In four counties—Kent, Essex, Sussex, and Bedford—the ferment had been working with most violence. A priest of Kent, named **John Ball**, who had more than once been confined in Canterbury jail for preaching doctrines not in accordance with the dogmas of the Church, used every Sunday after mass to gather a crowd round him in the market-place, and inveigh bitterly against the greed of the rich.

Then a vast mob began to pour in scattered streams towards London, clamouring for speech with the King, but the greater part seeking they hardly knew what. Some vague notions of universal equality fermented in their minds; but the hope of plunder and revenge formed their strongest present springs of action. By the time this sudden army had clustered on Blackheath, its numbers had swelled to nearly one hundred thousand. Although Wat Tyler's homicide had raised him to the position of their captain, two other men—the **John Ball** just mentioned and **Jack Straw** from Essex—took a prominent place among them.

* The aptness of this name lies in the fact that the barbican was an outwork, which stood on the outer edge of the moat, guarding the approach to the drawbridge. If England was the castle and the Channel its moat, these ports were undoubtedly barbicans.

† *Dartford*, a market town of Kent, on the Darent, fifteen miles from London. Population, 5763.

Different feelings agitated London, when the news came that these hordes lay upon **Blackheath**. More than thirty thousand citizens favoured the rebel movement. But the loyalists, under William Walworth the Mayor, promptly shut the gates, and placed a strong guard. In order to make known their demands to the King, then living within the Tower, the rebels sent thither Sir John de Newtoun, Constable of Rochester, whom they had pressed into their ranks under menaces of death. By this knight Richard returned for answer, that if they would come down to the Thames next day he would hear what they had to say.

Next morning the royal barge brought the King and his suite down to Rotherhithe, a manor of the crown, where ten thousand yells greeted his approach. Poor De Newtoun, who would speedily have been killed, if the King had not appeared, stood anxious in the noisy crowd. Richard, rowing out on the stream, asked them what they had to say. They cried out that he should come ashore. "No!" said Salisbury; "you are not properly dressed, *gentlemen*." Infuriated by this treatment, the mob then began to move towards the gates of London, destroying the suburban villas, which studded the banks of the Thames at Southwark and Lambeth, and in particular breaking open the Marshalsea, whose prisoners swelled their ranks. Howls of rage broke from them, when brought to a check by the closed gates of **London Bridge**. They swore that unless these were opened they would burn every house in the city. This threat and the angry expostulations of their friends inside undrew the bolts. The hungry files streamed in, spread right and left in search of food and drink, and, when their hunger was appeased, set fire to the palace of the Savoy, occupied by the unpopular Duke of Lancaster. Heated with choice wines, they swept through the streets, burning houses, killing every Fleming they could find, and bursting into the houses of the Lombard money-changers in search of coin. Wat Tyler did not forget his private grudges. Having come to the house of a rich citizen, as whose servant he had once received a beating, he killed the unfortunate man, and stuck the head upon a pike.

By sunset the drunken mobs had gathered within St. Catherine's Square before the Tower, in which the King could hear their hoarse and menacing yells. A courageous Baron, contemptuous of the rabble, proposed that a sally should be made that night on them as they lay in their drunken sleep, when they might all easily be "killed like flies." But calmer counsels prevailed; and a conference at **Mile End**, "a handsome meadow, where in the summer time people went to amuse themselves," was ultimately arranged. When the King rode out of the Tower, the most daring ruffians in the mob entered the building, ran from room to room, and slew four unfortunate persons whom they found there—the Archbishop of Canterbury (Ball's bitter foe), the Prior of St. John's, a Franciscan friar who was physician to Lancaster, and a sergeant-at-arms who had collected the tax.

The well-meaning part of the crowd met Richard at **Mile End** with

a cry of "No slaves!" and dispersed quietly upon receiving royal letters of pardon and redress, drawn up in haste by thirty clerks. About thirty thousand men remained in London with Tyler, Straw, and Ball. In this mass lay the chief danger. London stood armed and wakeful. The King passed an anxious night at the Wardrobe, a royal house in Carter Lane.

The assembly at Mile End had made **four principal demands**. 1. That villenage should be abolished for ever. 2. That good land should be reduced to fourpence an acre. 3. That they should have the full liberty of buying and selling, like other men, in all fairs and markets. 4. That all past offences should be pardoned. And a promise of redress had stilled their clamours and sent them home. But Tyler rejected these mild reforms with disdain. Three times amended charters came from the King; and three times the cry was "More." Among other trifles the rebel leader asked that all the lawyers should be beheaded; for he had an ambition to remake or remodel the English law with his own lips.

Smithfield, where the horse market was held every Friday, saw the closing scene in this mingled tragedy and farce. About twenty thousand rebels gathered there, hot with Rhenish and Malmsey wine, for they had been breakfasting at the expense of rich Lombards and other wealthy citizens. Richard, riding by with sixty horse, stopped at the abbey of St. Bartholomew, and Tyler galloped insolently up till his horse's head almost touched the King. Some words passed, Tyler speaking first. Seeing in the royal train a squire whom he hated, the rebel fiercely demanded the dagger of this man. It was given for peace' sake. He would then have the sword. This was too much. Manfully chiding the insolent upstart, Sir William Walworth, the Mayor of London, struck him on the head with a scimitar, and felled him to the ground, where a sword pierced his belly. It was a perilous crisis. Every bow was bent in the ranks of the rebels. The gallantry of the royal boy, then aged fifteen, saved his kingdom and his life. Riding up to them alone, he cried, "Gentlemen, what are you about? you shall have no other captain but me; I am your King; keep the peace." Bow-strings slackened and brows unknit. The rebellion was at an end. Most of the rebels fled, when they saw knights and aldermen leading in fresh bands of retainers to the aid of the endangered King. Betrayed by their own men, Jack Straw and John Ball were found hidden in an old ruin; and in a short time their heads were blackening on the spikes of London Bridge. A bloody assize followed under Justice Tresilian, who traversed the country in spite of the letters of pardon granted at Mile End, inflicting the severest penalties upon all who were accused of taking a share in the movement.

The spirit, which flashed in this instance from the youthful Richard, seems to have deserted him in maturer years. He sank into a **leader of fashion**, delighting in such things as gowns of scarlet twelve yards wide, whose sleeves edged with the rarest fur swept the ground. In later life he stained his hands with an uncle's blood. Yet there are

strong lights too in the portrait of this unhappy King. His literary tastes led him to patronize Chaucer and Gower; and he took pleasure in reading the work of Froissart, who presented him with a copy richly bound in crimson velvet.

Quarrels with his uncles, quarrels with the Commons, quarrels with his Parliaments, quarrels on behalf of worthless favourites with whom he surrounded his throne, filled up the years of Richard's reign. To discuss these would be useless. The noted John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, tried to bend their royal nephew to their own purposes. He resisted them successfully; but the **murder of Gloucester**, who was arrested at Pleshy near London and slain at Calais, forms an indelible stain upon his memory. In his contest with the Parliament he lost ground so much at first, that a commission, appointing fourteen lords to conduct the government, was extorted from him by the Wonderful Parliament of 1386, of which Gloucester was the leading spirit. But before his reign closed, he had obtained from nearly the same men a subsidy *for life* on wool, which, had his reign been longer, would have proved a deadly engine against the liberties of the nation.

A country lad from Yorkshire, then aged sixteen, enrolled himself at Oxford in the year 1340 as a student of Queen's. Forty-one years later, he turned his back upon the city of colleges, driven by the violence of foes to spend, but not to waste, his talents among the hovels of an obscure parish in Leicestershire. Yet a few years, and paralysis struck him down in the chancel of his own church. This man, whose life extended from 1324 to 1384, was the illustrious **John de Wycliffe**, earliest champion of English Protestantism and earliest translator of the *whole* Bible into English. The Mendicant Friars excited the anger of this Englishman; and he did not spare them with his pen. The tribute, promised by John and demanded by successive Popes, was another subject on which he expressed his mind with freedom. Wycliffe through all his lifetime walked on the slopes of a volcano, whose side might any day have opened and whelmed him in a flood of fire. But God gave him the favour of a powerful prince, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who stood by his side at **St. Paul's** in 1377, and bearded the ferocious Bishop Courtney in his behalf. The Synod of Lambeth, held in the following year, was another peril, through which Wycliffe passed unscathed. His "poor priests"—saintly men, who stood in violent contrast to the sensual Mendicant Friars—spread his doctrines through the land, while in his cell and class-room at Oxford, where he lectured as Professor of Divinity, he wrought with voice and pen. His lectures against transubstantiation brought matters to a crisis between him and the university. In 1381 the Chancellor condemned his teaching and shut his class. Amid his little peasant-flock at **Lutterworth** he devoted the calm sunset of his life to the translation of the Bible from the Latin Vulgate into English. When this work was done with the aid of pupil-pens, Death came and found him ready.

The chief doctrines of the Lollards,* as the disciples of this remarkable man came to be called, were as follows. They held the Crown to be supreme in authority over all persons and possessions in the realm of England—churchmen and laymen being alike amenable to the civil courts, and their property being equally subject to the action of the law. This doctrine aimed at paralyzing all secular power of the Pope in England. But Wycliffe would gladly have paralyzed also the spiritual power of Rome: he considered the Pope to have no claim whatever upon the headship of the English Church. Baptism and the Lord's Supper he retained as sacraments; regarding the former, however, as not necessary in all cases to salvation, and rejecting in the latter the doctrines of transubstantiation and consubstantiation. Confirmation, Penance, Holy Orders, Extreme Unction, he rejected as priestly inventions. But he believed in a Purgatory, and in the use of praying for souls in that intermediate state. The prayer of a layman found the ear of God as readily, according to his creed, as the prayer of a priest, if only it rose from a heart filled with faith and charity. Masses for the dead in his view were quite needless, except for the purposes of priestly gain.

Under Richard II. the persecution of the Lollards began. The outbreak under Tyler has been wrongly ascribed to the influence of Wycliffe's preaching; John Ball has been placed side by side with the great English Reformer. The peasant rebellion sprang from quite another root. But it suited the persecutors of the Lollards to connect their preachings with the crimes of the country rebels. The crusade began, and raged fiercest in four counties, three of which lay round Lutterworth, out of whose humble parsonage the English Bible had come. Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, Nottinghamshire, and Herefordshire, felt the heaviest blows.

It was not long before the Lollard voice spoke boldly out. Wycliffe had been sleeping for eleven years, when an address to the
1395 People and Parliament of England, known as the Lollard
 A.D. **Remonstrance**, was presented to the House of Commons. This outspoken document found an echo in the hearts of many men, who sat on the benches of the Lower House. In vain King Richard and Pope Boniface frowned and censured. Crowds might have often been seen round the doors of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, listening eagerly to the papers, which some Lollard hand had posted in the dark of the previous night.

The son of Lancaster, **Henry of Bolingbroke**, Duke of Hereford, dethroned his cousin Richard in 1399. Returning from exile, while Richard was fighting in Ireland, he landed at Ravenspur in Yorkshire, reached London with sixty thousand men, and in a few weeks

* Walter Lollard, burned at Cologne in 1322, is thought to have originated the name of this sect. He held opinions not unlike those of Wycliffe. Other suggested sources of the name are *Lolium*, Latin for a "tare;" and *Lollen*, old German for "to sing." The former would represent them as weeds in the wheat-field of the Church, while the latter refers to their practice of singing hymns.

met the monarch at the Castle of Flint. On the 30th of the following September Richard's deposition was solemnly pronounced in full Parliament at Westminster Hall. At Pontefract Castle on St. Valentine's Day in the following year he died, most probably by foul means.

One law of this reign deserves special notice—that called the Statute of **Praemunire**.* John had humbled the English crown to the dust before St. Peter's chair by promising a yearly tribute, as we have seen. The Popes exacted this tribute as long as they could, binding on England other burdens too, such as the custom of *Provisors* and the tax of *Firstfruits*. The former was a claim advanced by Rome to make provision for all vacant bishoprics; and a further claim, grounded on this, to have a potent voice in the filling of minor offices in the Church. The latter was a custom, by which men so promoted paid over to the Pope the first year's income of the benefice received. Corruptions of all kinds grew out of these usages; and not least among such was that practice called *Commendam*, by which men were put in temporary charge of cures, until the persons, meant to hold them permanently, grew up or were ready to take the charge. Every generation witnessed fierce struggles of the English people to shake off this bondage. But it was reserved for the reign of Richard II. to complete the triumph by the passing of the law of *Praemunire*, which decreed that "any person purchasing in the Court of Rome, or elsewhere, any provisions, ex-
A.D. 1392 communications, bulls, or other instruments whatsoever, and any person bringing such instruments within the realm, or receiving them, or making notification of them, should be put out of the King's protection; that their lands and goods should be forfeited; and that they themselves, if they could be found, should be attacked and brought before the King and Council, there to answer for their offence." No heavier blow had yet been dealt at the fabric of the Papal power in England.

RICHARD II., OR BORDEAUX (1377–1399).

Married, 1. ANNE OF BOHEMIA; 2. ISABELLA OF FRANCE.

A.D.

1377. Richard, aged eleven, son of the Black Prince, becomes King.
The Commons elect their first Speaker.
1381. *Rising of the lower orders, under Wat Tyler* and others, excited by a poll-tax. Tyler killed at Smithfield.
1384. Death of Wycliffe, whose English Bible had been lately completed.
1388. The Wonderful Parliament. Battle of Otterburn or Chevy Chase.
1390. William of Wykeham, priest, architect, and statesman, becomes Chancellor.
1392. *The Statute of Praemunire* passed.
1397. Supposed murder of the Duke of Gloucester, uncle of the King, at Calais.
1398. The quarrel and banishment of Norfolk and Hereford.
1399. The latter, becoming Duke of Lancaster by his father's death, lands at Ravenspur and dethrones his cousin Richard. Surrender of Richard at Flint.

* This statute derived its name from "*Praemunire* (or *praemonere*) *facias*," words used in the writ issued for the execution of this and similar preceding laws.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE TABARD INN.

The muster.
The destination.
Chivalry

The Church.
Professional.
Agricultural

Operative.
Purpose of the
chapter.

FLY back on the wings of thought five hundred years, and, with our first poet as a guide, enter the court-yard of the **Tabard Inn** in Southwark, hard by the Bell. As we pass in, the merry welcome of the big bluff host rings rich and mellow on the ear. Every nook of the hostelry, although its chambers and its stables are noted for their size, is filled to overflowing with eight-and-twenty travellers and their eight-and-twenty nags. For April has come, with its sweet and fruitful showers; the tender green of the young corn begins to embroider the bare brown fields; the air rings with the song of birds; and thoughts of pilgrimage, undertaken often for piety but oftener for amusement, begin to stir in the minds of English folk. The devoted servants of the Church often managed by a trip in the bright and balmy spring-time to unite piety with pleasure. In fact, these pilgrims of Chaucer, whom we are going to watch as they ride out of the inn-yard, were certainly the prototypes of that eminent pilgrim who boiled his penitential pease before putting them in his shoes. The destination of the pilgrims met in the Tabard is the shrine of murdered Becket at **Canterbury**; and with early dawn, roused by the active host, they ride upon their way towards Rochester over the pleasant daisied turf of Kent. The host rides with them; for last night at supper they agreed upon a plan of beguiling the time by telling tales in turn, and consented to submit themselves to the direction and judgment of the jolly inn-keeper, at whose suggestion this agreeable pastime had been chosen.

Mark the motley group, as the hoofs ring soft upon the moist and chalky soil. First, on a fine charger rides a **Knight** in undress, wearing a frock of fustian, all stained with the rubbing of the armour, which he has lately doffed. Gentle and meek as he now looks, the blood of many foes, slain on fifteen deadly battle-fields in Prussia, Spain, Africa, and the East, has smoked upon his steel. His son, a dainty curly-headed **Squire** of twenty years, rides with him in a short flowered gown of brilliant colours, made in the height of the fashion with long wide sleeves. The joy of a fresh loving heart pours out in a constant stream of music and song. A fine flute-player, a capital rider, a graceful dancer, a poet, a penman, an artist, this gallant youth presents a graphic and enchanting likeness of a young English gentleman in the time of Edward III. Carving at his father's table stands prominently out among the many duties of his squirehood. A third figure, that of the **Yeoman** or **Forester**, completes the group of chivalrous portraits limned by Geoffrey

Chaucer. This brown-faced gamekeeper, with hood and coat of green, under his belt a sheaf of arrows trimly dressed by himself with peacock feathers, a strong bow in his hand, a sword and buckler on his left side, and on the other a keen ornamented dagger, a silver jewel shining on his breast, and a horn slung from a green baldric, supplies us with a vivid photograph of the men, who won the day for England at Crécy and Poitiers.

So much for Chivalry. Now for the **Church**. No fewer than seven various figures connect themselves more or less nearly with this great power of the Middle Ages. We mark in the variegated crowd a Prioress, a Monk, a Mendicant Friar or Limitour, a Summoner, a Pardoner, a poor Parson, and by-and-by a Canon. Giving due precedence to the lady, let us sketch the **Prioress**, Madame Eglantine. Her long well-shaped nose, her small red mouth, her eyes grey as glass, and her broad white forehead entitle her to the appellation of a beauty. Her well-made dress—her pretty bracelet of coral, green, and gold, with its motto, "*Amor vincit omnia*"—but especially the delicacy of her demeanour at table, where she never lets anything drip upon her breast, and does not dip her fingers *too far* into the sauce—betoken one used to good society, as things went then. Her gentle smile, her sweet singing through the nose, and her knowledge of French, learned at Stratford and very different from the Parisian tongue, afford additional proof that she belongs to the high-bred ladies of the land. Like others delicately nurtured, her tears spring at the merest trifle: a dead mouse or a beaten lapdog sets them flowing in a trice. Equally fine is the **Benedictine Monk**, from whose bridle sweet bells jingle as he rides. His bright rolling eyes, fat red face, and portly form, developed by indulgence in roast swan and kept in good case by riding after his grey-hounds, well befit the grandeur of his dress. His sleeves are edged with the rarest fur, a curious gold pin fastens his hood, and pliant boots press the sleek sides of his berry-brown horse. The **Friar**, called **Limitour** because he begs within a certain district, has a wide acquaintance among the farmers and inn-keepers within his beat, being an especial favourite with their wives and daughters, for whom he carries about a tippet full of knives and pins. His merry talk, his easy penances, his capital songs, make his presence welcome everywhere. Strong, white-necked, with eyes like stars in frost, and a lisp upon his musical tongue, he goes his rounds in a short round cloak of double worsted, enjoying the reputation of being the best beggar in all his house. The **Summoner**, whose business is to cite delinquents before an archdeacon's court, is one of the most repulsive portraits in the group. His fiery pimpled face and scabby black brows result from over-doses of wine, and his coarse feeding on onions, garlick, and such things. When drunk, he can speak only Latin, of which he has got a smattering from the decrees of his court. Between him and the Friar a fierce grudge burns, which displays itself in their pungent tales. The **Pardoner** typifies that canting cheating class, whose doings stirred the honest wrath of John Wycliffe. Straight yellow hair, a

thin bleating voice, and eyes starting like a hare's, distinguish this manikin from the burly forms around him. Displaying in his cap a miniature picture of the Saviour, in token of his late visit to Rome, he bears a wallet full of pardons—"from Rome al hote," as Chaucer slyly says—a glass-case of pigs' bones, and other things, which he intends to palm off on simple country folk as holy relics. He will thus often in a day make more money than two months' stipend of the Parson. The trick of talking well being a necessary appendage to this impostor, he is described as a good reader and a fluent preacher. Our love clings especially to the poor **Parson**, who spares no labour or pains in ministering to the spiritual wants of his parishioners. Far asunder as are the dwellings of his flock, no stress of weather, no rain or thunder, can keep him from trudging round, staff in hand, to pay his pastoral visits. Living a simple godly life, doing his work himself, wasting no time in ambitious runs to London, he can afford, though meek and lowly in the main, to speak boldly and sharply out to those who may prove obstinate in opposition to the truth.

Professional and business life has its worthy representatives in the Sergeant of Law; the Doctor of Physic; the Clerk of Oxford; the Merchant; the Manciple; and last, though assuredly not least, that fair specimen of the English *bourgeoise*, the jolly Wife of Bath.

With head choke-full of law, knowing by heart every statute and every judgment pronounced since the time of King Will, the **Sergeant** trots on in a coat of common mixed cloth, girt with a belt of striped silk. So great his renown that he has often been deputed to act as Justice of Assize; so great his legal skill that no flaw can be detected in a document prepared by his hand. The **Doctor** is dressed in a garment of blood-red and sky-blue, lined with taffeta and the thin silk called sendal. Dabbling in astrology and fortune-telling as well as in medicine, he savours strongly of what moderns call a quack,—a suspicion which his learned talk about Hippocrates, Galen, Avicenna, and other old lights of the healing art, tends greatly to confirm. The Black Death gave him a golden harvest, which he still garners with care. What he knows of digestion leads him to measure out his food and to eat nothing except the most nutritive things. The **Clerk** is a lean laconic threadbare bookworm, as yet without a living in the Church, but content in the meantime to devote himself to Aristotle and the other worthies clothed in black or red, that lie always on his pillow. Grave and pithy in his talk, he reminds us of men whom Oxford has not yet ceased to send out from her halls. The **Merchant**, whose forked beard falls over a coat of motley, wears a Flanders beaver and well-clasped boots. Sharp and hard as steel in his bargains, he allows none to know the secrets of his trade, and talks loudly of his profits on every occasion. The **Manciple**, whose business it is to buy victuals for an Inn of Court, can deal so cunningly with his learned employers as to fill his pocket with the profits of his purchasing.

There upon an ambling palfrey sits the stout and comely **Wife of**

Bath, who has been to the church door with five husbands. Her round red face is surmounted with a broad-leaved hat like a buckler; her kerchiefs are of fine heavy cloth; her tight scarlet stockings and new shoes with sharp spurs show off her feet and ankles to full advantage. Noted for the making of English cloth, which excels that of Ypres or Ghent, she upholds her civic dignity by taking precedence at mass of all wives in the parish, scarcely one of whom dares go before her to the offering. She has travelled much on pilgrimage, has visited Jerusalem thrice, seeing on the way Rome, Bologna, Compostella, and Cologne; and she is certainly not overburdened with bashfulness in her talk. Before beginning her story, she will treat her audience to the full details of her matrimonial experience, making the prologue twice as long as the tale.

The Franklin, the Reeve, and the Ploughman give us an idea of those who farmed the soil of merry England long ago. Nowhere have we a finer picture than that of the jolly **Vavasour** or country gentleman of the time, whose rosy face and beard of daisy whiteness claim at once our veneration and our love. The overflowing table that he keeps, where all the delicacies of the season jostle each other in succession, would tempt an anchorite to eat. Justly famous for his bread and ale, he delights too in fat partridges and stewed bream or pike, served up with sharp tasty sauces. And no man can better enjoy in the early morning a piece of bread well soaked in wine. In his own shire he is a man of no small note, having acted as sheriff and having been often returned to serve in Parliament. From his milk-white girdle hang a silken purse and that kind of dagger called an *anelace*. The close-shaven crop-haired spindle-shanked man, with the surcoat of sky-blue and the rusty blade by his side, whose grey hack Scot keeps ever at the tail of the crowd, lives in a cosy house embowered in green trees upon a Norfolk heath near Baldeswell. Once a carpenter, he has risen by shrewdness and push to be the **Reeve** or **Steward** of a landed proprietor in that shire, and overlooks the working of the entire estate, keeping a sharp eye upon crops, cattle, pigs, horses, fowl, letting nothing escape his searching ken, keeping the herds and bailiffs in wholesome fear and his master in the best of temper. The honest Ploughman, as keen and scrupulous a labourer in field and barn as his brother the Parson by hearth or sickbed, rides in a sleeveless frock upon a mare.

The Miller, the Skipper, the Cook, the Haberdasher, the Weaver, the Dyer, and the Tapestrer show us specimens of the trading and working classes, who form the bulk of the nation, and in one sense its greatest strength.

Robin the Miller, hardly able to keep his seat for the quantity of strong Southwark ale he has drunk, is a brawny big-mouthed man with a foxy beard, equally famous for stealing corn and winning the ram at wrestling-bouts. He wears a white coat, on which flour dust will not show, and has donned his blue hood for the trip. As if his drunken tongue could not make noise enough, he blows a screaming bagpipe all the way through Southwark street. All

tanned with sea, wind, and sun, the **Skipper** rides awkwardly on a hack, with his coarse cloth gown hanging to his knee and a knife slung from his neck by a cord. In port he revels in Bordeaux wine; but at sea, on board his good barque *Magdelaine*, none can surpass him in knowledge of currents, harbours, and the changes of the moon. Every haven from Gothland to Finisterre, every creek in Bretagne and Spain, he knows rock by rock. The Cook, who possesses a highly-cultured taste for the strong ale of London, has joined the ranks professionally, for even pilgrims must eat. The boiling of chickens and marrow-bones, the manufacture of pies, blanc-manger,* mortrewes, poudre marchant, and other unknown dishes for the hungry riders, will occupy a good portion of his time during the trip. The five remaining tradesmen, dressed in the livery of their guild, and wearing knives, girdles, and pouches wrought with silver, look forward to a time when possibly they may sit as aldermen on the dais of the Guildhall, and hear their fat rosy wives saluted as "My Lady," as they sail to feasts with long trains borne behind them like the Queen.

Nowhere but in the Prologue of **Chaucer's Canterbury Tales** have we pictures like these of the men and women over whom the later Plantagenets reigned. In the four-and-twenty Tales, which were all that the author lived to complete, we get further glimpses, or rather views, of English life in the Middle Ages, the tone of thought which coloured social intercourse, and especially the kind of stories which then served the same purpose as the modern novel now serves. To be sure, this special set of **Pilgrims**, containing so many varied and strongly-lined characters, never trotted along the Canterbury road; but in every fresh detachment from the Southwark inns specimens of the Knights, Millers, Wives of Bath, and other devotees, whose acquaintance we have just made, appeared sprinkling the motley crowds that wended on to the favourite shrine of the murdered St. Thomas. And old Geoffrey, having worn all the gilding off his courtier life, sat down in his quiet room at Woodstock, to survey the pilgrim scenes in which himself had played a part, and to select with an artist's skill those materials of character and costume, which best suited the plan he had sketched out for a great national picture of Englishmen, painted in English words.

I have selected this many-tinted **Prologue** as the ground-work of a chapter on English society during the period of which I write, instead of giving a didactic chapter of details relating to the several parts of such a subject; because my purpose is to present as vividly as possible images of the Englishmen, who were living when the Black Prince won his spurs and Wat Tyler rode with his rabble into Smithfield. Those, who wish the scene in all its full illusion, must turn from this bare and borrowed outline to the pages of old Chaucer himself, whose pen dropped living colours as he wrote. No student of English history can pretend to any real acquaintance with this period who has failed to study the *Canterbury Tales*.

* The blanc-manger here mentioned differed entirely from our modern confection. It was some preparation of "oapon's brawn tased small."

HOUSE OF LANCASTER.

HENRY IV. (son of John of Gaunt),.....	^{A.D.} began to reign 1399
HENRY V. (son),.....	1413
HENRY VI. (son),.....	1422-1461

CHAPTER I.

HENRY IV.—BOLINGBROKE.

Henry IV.
Border wars.
Owen Glendower.

The Percys.
Battle of Shrews-
bury.

Old Percy.
Prince Hal.
Death of Owen.

THE grandson of Edward III., who had already won laurels on many fields in Prussia and elsewhere, and who had visited the East in search of adventure, now sat on the throne lately filled by Richard. Not a year of the thirteen, during which his reign continued, passed without many perils and anxieties.

The accession of Henry IV., although he was the son of Wycliffe's protector, only made matters worse for the Lollards. He tried to buy the aid of the Church by taking vengeance on her foes. The fires of Smithfield began to cast their red glare upwards on the London sky. A powerful prelate, who had been instrumental in bringing Henry, or Hereford as he then was, over to England, bent all the force of a mind, steeped in aristocratic pride and skilled in the learning of the time, to the task of uprooting the heresy, whose fibres had penetrated through all the lower and part of the middle strata of English society. A new statute enacted that persons preaching without license, possessing heretical books, convening unlawful assemblies, or in any other way spreading these pestilent doctrines, should be thrown for three months into the bishop's prison, and then, if still obstinate, should be burned by order of the magistrates in the sight of all the people. **1401**
^{A.D.}

Within a month or two after the passing of this law **William Sawtre** was publicly burned in Smithfield as a relapsed heretic. While Rector of Lynn in Norfolk, his opinions had attracted the attention of the Church, and in 1399 he lost his living on a charge of heresy. This frightened him, or friendly persuaders bent him,

into recantation; and he was again received into the bosom of the Church as priest of St. Osith's in London. But his conscience stung him sore. The truth would not be repressed. He preached heresy, as it was called, again, declaring that he would not pay to the image of the Cross the worship due to the Saviour; and that those who partook of the Lord's Supper ate bread and not the flesh of Christ, no matter how holy the blessing spoken or the priest

who spoke it. The one spot on his robe of martyrdom, due to an irresolute will, was an attempt he made to explain away his abjuration. Solemn and prolonged was the ceremony of unfrocking, which preceded the horrors of the stake. Arundel and his satellites, robed in silk and jewels, met under the spire of St. Paul's. Chalice and scarlet robe, tippet and surplice, candlestick and lectionary, church-key and priestly cap were taken from the victim one by one; his tonsure fell before a knife or razor; and with a layman's cap on his head he was handed over to the High Constable and Marshal of England to be burned at the stake. All the pomp and circumstance of this long ceremony wound up with an empty formula, in which Arundel recommended to the mercy of the civil law the man, whose death was resolved on. From the midst of a vast crowd, struck with awe but penetrated with sympathy, the soul of the first English martyr of the Protestant cause, loosed by fire from its prison-house of blackened clay, passed away to God.

Amid the intrigues and plots which at once began to spring round the very steps of the throne, we find Henry IV. plunged into a **Scottish war**. To this indeed his own spirit prompted him, and he desired eagerly to show the nation, which had chosen him to be their King, that he was not made of such metal as dead King Richard. But his Scottish campaign proved a failure. Famine drove him back across the Border. The slopes of the Cheviots and the basins of Annan, Tweed, and Tyne were indeed at this time always desolated by war. Only a dozen years before (in 1388), Sir Henry Percy, better known as Hotspur, having lost his pennon in a skirmish with Douglas at Newcastle, flung his men with a sudden surprise upon the Scots encamped at **Otterburn**.* The Battle of Chevy Chase raged under the harvest moon. The Douglas fell, pierced with three spears; but his victorious countrymen carried off the English leader to Scotland as a captive. Such raids and such fights occurred continually. And now, when Henry withdrew from the fruitless war, the Percys kept up the hereditary feud, aided by the Earl of March, an injured Scottish nobleman. The latter overthrew his countrymen at Nesbit Moor. A little later (September 14, 1402), a still more decisive battle was won by the allied forces of March and the Percys at **Homildon Hill** in Northumberland.† The Scots

* *Otterburn Ward* lies in Northumberland, on the Reed, twenty miles west by north of Hexham.

† *Homildon* or *Humbleton Hill* is about a mile from the market-town of Wooler in Northumberland. *Nesbit Moor* lies about four miles north of the same town.

stood on the sides of the hill, while the English archers, standing below, discharged flights of arrows up at the living targets. A terrific slaughter proved the deadly eye and strong sinews of the bowmen, to whom alone the victory was due.

While war desolated the Border counties, its flames had also burst out in Wales. Owen Glendower kindled the war, and maintained it with little interruption until his death. Let us see who this Welshman was.

Born in Merionethshire about 1349 and descended through his mother from Llewelyn, the last native Prince of Wales, **Owen Glendower** studied for the London Bar, and ultimately became shield-bearer to Richard II. When that monarch was deposed, he retired to his estates in Wales; but not to rest. For he had a powerful neighbour, an Anglo-Norman noble, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, who cast covetous eyes upon a part of his inheritance. Grey seized the land, when Henry seized the throne. In vain Owen appealed to the Parliament for redress. His suit was dismissed. The malicious conduct of Grey in keeping back the writ which summoned Owen to follow the banner of King Henry into Scotland, laid the fire to the train. The explosion ensued. Grey's land and the town of Ruthyn* were naturally the first points of attack. The Welsh harps rang boldly in praise of Owen, a lineal descendant of their native Kings, and a worthy candidate for the empty throne of Wales. Nor did the harp-strings sound the praises of his sword alone. Claiming for him magical gifts and direct intercourse with the world of spirits, they added awe to admiration in the regard, with which the simple minds of the Welsh peasantry had invested their hero. His learning caused the unsophisticated mountaineers to be all the more easily deceived in this matter. With this double hold upon the love and fear of the Welsh people he rapidly became invincible. In vain Henry invaded Wales three times. Glendower and the mountains proved too strong for the levies of the midland meadows. The English King himself believed the extraordinary rains and storms of wind, which buffeted his troops in Wales, to be the work of demons, fighting for their friend and master, Owen Glendower. Choosing, now Plinlimmon, now Snowdon, for his base of operations, the Welsh chieftain spread the ravages of war round these mountains, in whose clefts and caverns he could laugh at English bows and spears. The English universities were emptied of their Welsh students; the English farms, of their Welsh servants; from every quarter the mountaineers began to return to the blue hills they loved.

A prisoner, whom Owen took at Pilleth Hill,† caused his sphere of operations to widen. This was **Sir Edmund Mortimer**, uncle of that young Earl of March, who, being descended from Lionel of Clarence, came in before Henry as the lineal heir to the English

* *Ruthyn* or *Ruthin*, a borough in Denbighshire, stands on a hill above the Clwyd, eight miles south-east of Denbigh. Population, 3372.

† *Pilleth Hill* is near Knyghton in Radnorshire, which lies upon the Teme.

throne. Mortimer's friends desired to ransom him from Glendower. The King, mindful of his relationship to a rival, refused to permit this—a refusal which sorely galled the proud spirit of young **Harry Percy**, whose wife was Mortimer's sister. This snapped the tie, which bound the Percys to the throne; and they drew the sword against the King, whose battles they had hitherto been fighting. The four English leaders of the great plot which was then formed—Hotspur, his father the Earl of Northumberland, his uncle the Earl of Worcester, and his friend Scroop the Archbishop of York—added to their number Owen Glendower and the Earl of Douglas.

Douglas marched his vassals across the Border; Worcester brought archers from Cheshire; and with the aid of these Hotspur, his father being sick, led an army towards North Wales in the hope of meeting the levies of Glendower. But Henry with great military skill and promptitude intercepted the march at **Shrewsbury**,* placing himself between the Northerners and their Welsh allies. A battle ensued, each army amounting to about fourteen thousand men. Henry sent the Abbot of Shrewsbury to offer peace. But the Earls would hear of no terms; and with a shout of "Esperance, Percy!" replied to on the royal side with "St. George for us!" Hotspur and Douglas led their men in full charge upon the army of the King. The lines yielded, but closing instantly behind, rained arrows upon the huddled mass, thus cut off from their friends; and in three hours the shaft had foiled the lance. An arrow pierced Hotspur's brain; Worcester, taken prisoner, was beheaded without delay; and Douglas remained in close but kindly custody.

The short career of the other leading conspirators may be summed in a few words. Scroop, having joined old Percy in a renewal of the civil war, two years after the Battle of Shrewsbury, fell into the hands of the King, and in spite of the mitre that he wore, laid his head upon the block. England had never before seen a prelate die by the axe of the public headsmen; and popular superstition ascribed the leprosy, which settled in the King's face, to the wrath of Heaven, smiting him for this sacrilege. The **Earl of Northumberland**, crossing the Border, appealed to his ancient enemies for aid against his ancient friend. But a huge cannon, which Henry fired with destructive effect at a tower of Berwick Castle, frightened the Scots into quiet for a time. The grey-haired outlaw, ever nursing a hope of looking once more from strong ramparts over the fair pastures of Northumberland, wandered to Wales, to France, to Flanders, but found none to aid him in his schemes. At last a few Border Scotsmen lent their swords, and followed the old Earl to his last field near Tadcaster† in Yorkshire. There he laid down his broken life amid the din of battle (February 28, 1408).

* *Shrewsbury*, the county town of Shropshire, lies on the Severn, not far from the middle of the shire. Population, 19,681. The battle was fought about three miles from the town.

† *Tadcaster*, a market-town in the West Riding of Yorkshire, lies on the Wharfe, nine miles south-west of York. Population, 2527.

The English Clergy, assembled in full Convocation, agreed in 1408 to a set of **Constitutions**, in the composition of which the hand of Arundel displays itself very visibly. The Fiery Statute of seven years ago needed a stern and positive supplement to enforce obedience to the Papacy upon the English mind. The Books of John Wycliffe, "the heresies known under the new and damnable name of Lollardie," and the University of Oxford, "once so famous for its orthodoxy, but of late so poisoned with false doctrines," received in these strongly worded Constitutions a notice anything but complimentary. In the face of this resolute opposition Lollardie took stronger root and flourished. In London, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Herefordshire, Shrewsbury, and *Calais* the disciples of Wycliffe multiplied daily.

The death of one **Badby** a smith, accused of denying the doctrine of transubstantiation, was also the work of Arundel the Primate. When fire was laid to the dry wood, which rose around the huge tun in which the martyr stood, the Prince of Wales (afterwards Henry V.), melting at the cries of the sufferer, offered him a pension of threepence a day if he would recant; but he chose rather his present pain and speedy death than life and money bought with denial of his faith. This martyrdom stained the year 1410.

Meanwhile **Owen Glendower** maintained his hostile attitude among the mountains of Wales. A treaty, which he formed with the King of France, showed the importance attached by Continental Powers to the movement which he headed. All the elements of heroism cluster round his name; misfortune and mystery are not lacking in the story of his life. Clouds began to lower on his enterprise, when young Henry the **Prince of Wales** assumed the command of the English soldiers in Wales. We are too much inclined to regard this illustrious warrior in the light of a madcap during his father's life. The nights he spent in drinking with old Falstaff at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, and the well-known incident of his assault on Chief-Justice Gascoigne, fill the imagination, to the exclusion of his really sterling qualities, and the bright promise of his early military life. It was he who, at the age of seventeen, inflicted so severe a blow on Glendower at Grosmont Castle in Monmouthshire, that the Welsh chieftain, enfeebled by another defeat within the same month, donned a shepherd's dress, and went hiding in the caves of the hills, a beaten man. Glendower's drooping hopes revived when the Admiral of France landed with twelve thousand men at Milford Haven. The allied forces marched to the neighbourhood of Worcester, where many skirmishes took place, but no battle. Harassed and hungry, the French troops fell back, and sailed away in borrowed ships. Owen, left to himself, sank to the position of a guerilla chieftain, swooping from the hills only when lack of food compelled him; the war lingered on in straggling and petty outbursts; and when in 1415 Glendower followed Henry to the grave, his glory had been shorn by time and disaster of nearly all its beams.

HENRY IV., OR BOLINGBROKE (1399-1413).

Married, 1. MARY BOHUN; 2. JANE OF NAVARRE.

A. D.

1400. Murder of Richard at Pontefract, aged thirty-three.

1401. *Law for the burning of heretics passed.* Martyrdom of Sawtre.

1402. Battle of Homildon Hill. The Percys defeat the Douglasses.

1403. *Rebellion of the Percys and Owen Glendower.* Battle of Shrewsbury, in which Hotspur is slain, July 21.

1405. Scroop's conspiracy put down. Arrest and imprisonment of the Scottish Prince James, afterwards James I., off Flamborough Head.

1406. Second Mayoralty of Whittington.

1408. Defeat and death of old Northumberland at Bramham Moor in Yorkshire.

1413. Death of Henry of epilepsy at Westminster aged forty-six.

CHAPTER II.

HENRY V.—MONMOUTH.

Henry the Fourth and
France.

An old claim.

Southampton.

Siege of Harfleur.

March by the shore.

Looking for a ford.

St. Crispin's Day

Homeward.

Visit of Sigismund.

Siege of Rouen.

Burgundy murdered.

Treaty of Troyes.

Death of Henry the

Fifth.

WHEN Charles the Well-beloved of France went mad, a struggle for supremacy broke out between the Princes of **Orleans** and **Burgundy**. Both sides courted the aid of our Henry IV., who at first sent a force to assist the Bourguignons in the capture of Paris, but afterwards, being tempted by the promised restoration of Aquitaine, Poitou, and Angouleme, flung the weight of his aid on the Armagnac side. He gained little benefit from his interference in this civil strife.

But his son, Henry of Monmouth, saw in the disorganized state of France a most tempting spectacle. The conqueror of Owen Glendower laid claim to the crown of the Capets, reviving (for one must have *some* cause for war) the old arguments of Edward III. The clergy and the nobles of England favoured his ambitious design, but, if we may judge from his having recourse to the pawning of jewels and similar expedients for raising money, the Commons of England did not at first think well of this foreign war.

A muster of men and ships at Southampton displayed the serious intention of the King to invade the land he claimed. The **discovery** of a plot to raise the son of the Earl of March to the

Aug. 11, English throne stopped him on the eve of embarkation.

1415 He wept, when he found that his friend Lord Scroop had joined the Earl of Cambridge and Sir Thomas Gray in this conspiracy, but he shrank not from inflicting death upon his

A. D.

former companion. This plot may have sprung from a Lollard root.

At last his fleet of sixteen hundred vessels spread their wings amid an escort of white-plumed swans (sea-gulls probably), and made for the **mouth of the Seine**, where stood the fortress of Harfleur,* selected as the first point of attack.

Had his approach been less sudden, a few Frenchmen might have successfully disputed his landing on that difficult shore; for the rocks and marshes which naturally guarded the beach had been strengthened by ditches and earth-works of enormous thickness.† Passing these unhindered, he found himself before the key of Normandy. His army amounted to six thousand helmets, and twenty-three thousand archers, besides cannoniers. For thirty-eight days the English army plied the siege of **Harfleur** with all the resources at their command. Nor was the defence, conducted by De Gaucourt, unworthy of a gallant nation of cavaliers. Baskets filled with earth and sand, and layers of soft mud, in which the balls of the enemy sank harmlessly, filled every gap; while pots of sulphur, quicklime, and burning fat stood ready to be cast upon the heads of the attacking force. Henry, having summoned the garrison in vain to yield, resolved to delay the assault no longer, especially as food ran low and disease was thinning his ranks. The night before the projected attack a proposal came from the town, which was followed by a speedy surrender (September 22).

The captor of Harfleur, instead of taking at once to his ships, resolved to go home by way of Calais, although there were left beneath his banner scarcely nine thousand men. Starting on the 8th of October with his little force arrayed in three divisions, he advanced along the sea-shore, calculating on accomplishing his march of one hundred miles in eight days, and supplied with food only for that period. Past Fécamp, past Dieppe, past Eu, he pressed towards the estuary of the Somme, intending to cross at Blanchetaque, where his great-grandfather had forced the passage of the stream. When he reached **Abbeville** on Sunday the 13th, he found to his dismay that a vast array of French soldiers made the passage of this difficult ford utterly impossible. Three courses then presented themselves—either to fall back on Harfleur, to seek a higher ford, or, failing that, to march round by the sources of the river. Adopting the second, he turned suddenly inland, hurrying up stream, and trying all the fords and bridges as he passed. A prisoner gave him a valuable hint, to the effect that the French leaders had prepared great squadrons of cavalry, on which they rested hopes of piercing the line of the English bowmen. To defeat the attack of such formidable assailants, he desired every archer to prepare a thick stake, six feet long and sharpened at both ends, which, being fixed in a slanting position, might pierce the chests of the charging horses. To this precaution,

* *Harfleur*, now a village of Seine-Inferieure, lies on the right bank of the Seine, within a short distance of Havre. A mile of marsh separates it from the river, and its former harbour is dry. The little stream *Lézarde*, when the tide is in, admits boats to the town. Population, 1700.

† One authority calls the place where Henry landed *Kydcause*, about three miles from Harfleur. Another says it was the harbour between Harfleur and Honfleur.

slight as it may look, he chiefly owed his victory at Agincourt. At last, when almost in despair, the spirits of the starving English were suddenly raised by the news that an unguarded ford lay close by.* The passage was safely accomplished, and the little army, filled with joy at their escape, marched swiftly on towards Calais. Meanwhile the Constable of France concentrated all his forces in Artois, resolved to crush the daring little band of invaders at one blow. Henry from the top of a hill saw the foe marching in huge masses upon **Agincourt**,† spreading over the country like a mighty forest. There were at least one hundred thousand soldiers in that army of France. The English King established his head-quarters in the hamlet of Maisoncelles, about three bow-shots from the village whose name the battle bears. Through a long October night the English watched in silence the figures of their foes moving across the red glare of camp-fires. Rain fell heavily; and, only now and then, broken gleams of moonlight pierced the darkness. These occasional glimpses of the enemy allowed King Henry, whose very existence trembled on the issue of the fight, to arrange his plan of action for the morrow.

At last that morrow dawned—the eventful 25th of October, which has made **St. Crispin's Day** a bright spot in the English calendar. All of chivalry that France could muster was arrayed, according to the invariable tactics of the day, in three great bodies. Henry rode before his little army, with a jewelled crown upon his shining helmet, and a tunic blazing with the golden lilies of France and the golden leopards of England. The English were on foot in one great mass, fringed with lines of archers protected by their stakes. The village behind; hedges on each flank; so they stood waiting. Henry quietly performed two little movements of strategy: he sent two hundred archers to hide themselves in a field, on the flank of the attacking French; and he ordered the barns of Hesdin in front to be set on fire.

The position, skilfully chosen by Henry, obliged the French to attack with a narrow front, so that they soon became locked in a solid struggling mass, unable to couch their lances or to charge, while flights of arrows emptied their saddles by hundreds. Attempting to retrieve this mistake by a backward movement, the French cavalry stuck leg-deep in some ploughed fields, soaked with recent rain. Then came a scene, which clearly showed that the days of steel-clad knighthood were nearly numbered. Rushing from behind their stakes, and slinging their bows on their backs, the light infantry of England, leathern-jerkined and bare-headed, ran in among the struggling horsemen, whom they cut to pieces with bill-hook and with axe. Thus ignominiously fell

* This ford, which the people of St. Quentin had neglected to stake, lay, according to Monstrelet, between Bethencourt and Voyenne. The 19th of October saw the English crossing from noon to dark.

† The battle-field of Agincourt lies near the pretty town of Hesdin, which is situated in the valley of the Canche, in the department of Pas-de-Calais, fifteen miles south-east of Montreuil.

the Constable of France and some of the brightest flowers of French chivalry. The main body of the French army then came up, but only to meet with speedy defeat. Henry fought nobly amid the thickest of the fray. A mace brought him to his knees, and the battle-axe of D'Alençon shivered his crown. But he received no wound. One piece of needless slaughter sullied the English laurels; but it arose from a mistake. A great noise among the baggage-carts caused the English to kill the prisoners, whom they had taken in thousands. They thought that a body of French had fallen on their rear. The truth was, that some marauding peasants had made a rush upon the stores. The English *regalia* fell into the hands of these spoilers.

The Battle of Agincourt lasted only **three hours**, during which ten thousand Frenchmen fell. Of this vast number only sixteen hundred were common soldiers; all the rest were gentlemen. The Constable, the Admiral, the Dukes of Brabant, Berri, and Alençon, were lost to France on that bloody day. The English loss amounted only to sixteen hundred of every grade. Rejoicing in his victory, Henry went on to Calais, where he crossed the Strait.

The citizens of Dover rushed into the surf to meet his ship. Twenty thousand citizens of London, flaming in scarlet dresses, met him at Blackheath. The whole city kept holiday. Huge figures of the victorious King and the patron saint of England towered by the way, sparkling with tinsel and clad in brilliant military garbs; while the figures of angels in white and gold seemed to sing the loud *Te Deum*, which arose as the King approached.

Next year Sigismund, King of the Romans, Emperor elect, crossed the sea to visit his royal brother, and received the Order of the Garter in St. George's Chapel. During his visit he signed a treaty at Canterbury, in which he pledged himself to aid the King of England and France in maintaining his rights.

The very day on which the Treaty of Canterbury was signed (August 15, 1416), witnessed a naval victory won by the Duke of Bedford, brother of the King, over a fleet of French, Genoese, and Spanish ships, off the port of **Harfleur**. This formed the only notable event of the war during the year that followed Agincourt.

The most illustrious Englishman of the Lollard sect was **Sir John Oldcastle**, who obtained by marriage the higher title of Lord Cobham. Thoughtful beyond all the courtiers who surrounded the throne, this man, though a gallant swordsman in the field, and earlier in life gayest among the revellers, who drank sack with Prince Henry, found his truest pleasure in books, and clung with especial love to the books of John de Wycliffe. He became a Lollard—the central spirit of the sect: Arundel marked him as a noble quarry. Henry, assuming the crown in 1413, had soon the unpleasant task of choosing between an old comrade, whose nobleness of mind he could partly value, and an ever blazing torch of persecution like Primate Arundel. Oldcastle went down to Cowling, his place in Kent. Then Arundel entered the lists in person, sum-

moning the heretic to appear before his court. Round their escaped leader crowds of Lollards gathered, mingling a design on the freedom of the King with their original schemes for the reform of the Church. A projected midnight muster in the meadow of **St. Giles**, then lying some distance outside London gates, came to the ears of the watchful King, who, marching in the dead of a winter night to the place of rendezvous, took the precaution of shutting the city gates behind him. A few score Lollards were caught lurking in the fields, or gathering at certain points on the roads; the barred gates held those within the city fast in a trap; a probable revolution was averted (1414). But Oldcastle escaped to Wales. Three years later, when a movement of the Scottish nobles, Albany and Douglas, towards the strongholds of the Border, seemed to favour the Lollard cause, Oldcastle was seen hovering round London in the hope of reviving his party. The retreat of the Scottish army forced him to flee towards Wales, which he had almost gained, when he

1417 was arrested. Doomed by the Lords to death, he suffered in

A.D. **St. Giles's Fields**, being hanged in chains upon the gallows as a rebel, while the fire denounced against heretics roasted him from below. Even Horace Walpole, who believed in very little, speaks of him as one, "whose virtue made him a reformer, and whose courage made him a martyr." The literary talent of Oldcastle marks him out specially among the men of his day. He edited the works of Wycliffe, and wrote, besides several religious tracts and sermons, a pamphlet called *Twelve Conclusions addressed to the Parliament of England*.

Arundel had died before the execution of Cobham, and his successor Chicheley, formerly Bishop of St. David's, burned with even fiercer zeal against the Reformers. The **Lollard Tower** of Lambeth Palace, built by Chicheley, still overlooks the Thames, with cruel rings of iron and wainscot scratched with noble names.

In 1417 Henry again penetrated Normandy with an army of thirty-five thousand men. Wintering in the invaded territory, he made himself master of Caen, Bayeux, and other strongholds. In less than a year he possessed all Lower Normandy. Then, crossing the Seine, he invested **Rouen**,* surrounding it on the land side with batteries, trenches, and wooden towers, and cutting off all hope of a river supply by thick chains of iron, which stretched across the stream above and below the town. The siege lasted nearly six months; hunger

1419 alone could reduce the spirit of the defenders. On the 16th of

A.D. January 1419 the triumphant King of England rode proudly into a city, whose garrison now resembled only skeletons clad in livid skin. The desolation of the surrounding country, ravaged by his Irish soldiers, matched the misery within the ruined walls.

When Rouen fell, Paris trembled to its lowest stone. Negotiations began. At Meulan by the Seine Henry met the Queen of France,

* *Rouen*, the capital of Seine-Inférieure, lies on the right bank of the Seine, eighty-five miles from Paris. Population of the commune, 91,512. *Rotomagus*, the seat of a Celtic tribe, became a leading Roman town, and afterwards the capital of Rollo.

the Duke of Burgundy, and the Princess Catherine, who afterwards became his wife, and whose charms might now, her mother thought, soften the rigour of the conqueror's demands. While the conference was going on, secret messages were passing between the Dauphin and Burgundy, who in a short time became friends. Henry, angry at this turn of affairs, took Pontoise* and threatened Paris; but a fearful crime saved him from the need of further warfare. Meeting the Dauphin on the bridge of **Montereau**, John Sanspeur, Duke of Burgundy, who wore only a velvet cap upon his head, received a mortal blow from a battle-axe, as he bent before the royal boy. A dozen years earlier, in a silent moonlit street of Paris that nerveless hand had touched the bleeding body of the Duke of Orleans, to make sure that the assassin's work had been fully done. Retribution had now come not unswiftly. Bad as France then was, this murder drew from her heart a cry of horror. Better own as King the Englishman with the strong hand, reddened only with battle-blood, than the treacherous slayer of an unsuspecting man.

By the **Treaty of Troyes**† Henry obtained the hand of Catherine, the Regency of France, and the reversion of the crown he sought. In modification of these great prizes he agreed to settle an income of twenty thousand nobles on his wife; to govern as Regent by the advice of a council of Frenchmen; to abandon the title **1420** of King of France so long as Charles lived; to attach Nor- A.D. mandy again to the French throne upon his accession; and to violate in no way the liberties, laws, and customs of the French people. In addition to these conditions he undertook to make war against the Dauphin, until that prince abandoned the territory he had seized.

In accordance with the last clause in the Treaty of Troyes, Henry, after visiting England with his bride, continued the war with the Dauphin. He brought with him to France the Poet-king of Scotland, who no doubt gladly exchanged a lonely tower of Windsor for active service in the basin of the Seine. And then the world beheld a strange sight—a Scottish King fighting in France against Scotsmen. For the Earl of Buchan, second son of the Scottish Regent, had led five thousand of his countrymen to the aid of the Dauphin, and had received from that unfortunate prince a baton as Constable of France. Dreux‡ and Meaux§ yielded to the valour and skill of the English; and the advance of Henry to relieve Cosne,|| hardly pressed by Buchan, obliged the Dauphin to take refuge for the second time in the fortress of Bourges.¶

* *Pontoise*, in the department of Seine-et-Oise, lies eighteen miles from Paris on the right bank of the Oise. Population of commune, 5370.

† *Troyes*, capital of Aube, is situated in a plain, on the left bank of the Seine, one hundred and twelve miles south-east of Paris. Population, 25,656.

‡ *Dreux* stands on the Blaise, a tributary of the Eure, forty-one miles west of Paris.

§ *Meaux* is in the department of Seine-et-Marne, on the Marne, twenty-five miles from Paris.

|| *Cosne* (the old *Condote*), in Nièvre, on the right bank of the Loire.

¶ *Bourges*, lying where three tributaries of the Cher mingle their streams, is in the department of Cher, seventy miles south by east from Orleans.

But **Henry was dying**. His military glory, his regal splendour, his fatherly joy over the baby son lately born at Windsor, faded before the icy touch of a conqueror greater than himself. At Vincennes on the last day of August 1422 he died, worn out by some illness without name. Knights in black armour, with lances reversed, followed the coffin on its solemn journey to Calais. It rested for a night by the field of Agincourt, then thick with fallen leaves, and passed by the same route as the living victor of seven years ago had taken, to its place of rest in Westminster Abbey, close to the shrine of Edward the Confessor. He was only thirty-four.

HENRY V., OR MONMOUTH (1413-1422)

Married CATHERINE OF FRANCE.

A.D.

- 1414. Arrest of Lollards in St. Giles's Fields. Escape of Oldcastle or Cobham.
- 1415. French War. *Battle of Agincourt*, October 25.
- 1417. Arrest and execution of Cobham, chief of the Lollards.
- 1419. Siege and capture of Rouen.
- 1420. Treaty of Troyes; and marriage of the King.
- 1421. Renewal of war. Defeat of the English at Beaujé.
- 1422. Death of Henry at Vincennes, aged thirty-four.

CHAPTER III.

HENRY VI.—WINDSOR.

The Duke of Bedford.
Jacqueline of Holland.
Gloucester versus Beaufort.
Gloucester's literary tastes.
Siege of Orleans.
La Pucelle.
Charles crowned.
The cell and the stake.

Congress of Arras.
Margaret of Anjou.
Two rivals die.
Loss of Normandy.
Loss of Guenne.
Death of John Talbot.
Cade's rebellion.
The Protectorship.

St. Albans.
The Kingmaker.
Four years' pause.
Northampton.
Wakefield.
Mortimer's Cross.
Edward King.

An **infant**, not a twelvemonth old, now represented the majesty of England. But the destinies of the land lay chiefly in the hands of three men, all Princes of the blood,—John, Duke of Bedford, and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, brothers of the late King, and Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, their uncle.

Bedford flung his whole soul into the extension of the English empire in France, leaving to Gloucester as Protector and an assistant council of sixteen the management of home affairs. The heralds of the land, breaking their staves over the coffin of Charles the Well-beloved not two months after Henry had died at Vincennes, proclaimed the infant son of the victor at Agincourt King of France and England. Nor was the title an empty boast, for "the Isle of France

with Paris, a part of Maine and Anjou, nearly all Champagne, the whole of Picardy and Normandy with few exceptions, and Guienne in the south, including Gascony, owned the English sway. Their alliance with Philip, the Duke of Burgundy, gave them the feudal honours and military use of Upper and Lower Burgundy, Flanders and Artois; and the temporary attachment of the Duke of Bretagne added the forces of that province to the English power." The kingdom of Charles VII. had shrunk into a few central provinces between the Loire and the Garonne.

Salisbury and Bedford maintained the glory of the English arms; the former in the battle of Crevant,* fought in July 1423; the latter in the greater fight of Verneuil,† which took place on the 16th of August 1424. The strength of Charles lay chiefly in his Scottish allies; but so terrible were the English archers, who shot from behind their bristling rows of wooden stakes, that neither French nor Scots could make head against the fatal shafts. Shut up in Bourges by this great defeat, the French King amused himself with his flower-beds.

Then occurred the first in a long series of disasters, which destroyed the empire of the **English in France** within the short period of thirty years. Humphrey of Gloucester claimed the wide inheritance of Jacqueline, sovereign of Holland, Zealand, Friesland, and Hainault, because he had married this lady during a visit she paid to England. Now her real husband, the Duke of Brabant, from whom she had eloped, did not like to see so many coronets and broad acres slip from his possession. So Brabant sought aid from his powerful cousin of Burgundy, who took up arms on his side against the English invaders of Hainault. This quarrel complicated French affairs, and ultimately weakened the English cause, for Burgundy's help was the strongest support which the English Regent had in France. A Papal Bull afterwards dissolved the English marriage; but the mischief between Burgundy and Bedford had been already done.

The struggles of Gloucester and his uncle Beaufort at home hampered the Regent very much, calling him over frequently to decide between the rivals, when he ought to have been hunting Charles from fort to fort.

Henry Beaufort was the son of John of Gaunt by Catherine Winiford. The mitre of Winchester became his in 1404, upon the death of the architectural prelate, William of Wykeham. This see—one of the richest in England—afforded the prudent bishop opportunities of accumulating such riches as no Englishman of his day possessed. His money added greatly to his influence. Kings and Regents, plunged in expensive wars, cannot afford to slight a millionaire. Henry V. borrowed largely from this wealthy uncle. Four times in his life he held the dignified office of Chancellor. In the struggle between his nephew and himself he enlisted on his side the

* *Crevant* is on the Yonne, not far from Auxerre.

† *Verneuil*, in the department of Eure near the left bank of the Avre; now noted for woollen, hardware, and pottery manufactures.

sympathies of the English nobility, leaving Gloucester to cajole the citizens of London and the populace of the land by his pleasant manner. In our day Beaufort would have led the Conservatives in the House of Lords.

When Henry IV., as yet merely Earl of Derby, was spending a winter at Dantzic during his Prussian campaigning, the skipper of an English vessel brought him word, that a fourth son, baptized **Humphrey**, had been born to him in England. The boy became a man—fought and bled at Agincourt, where his royal brother bestrode his senseless body and saved his life. Upon the death of Henry V. his ambition began to display itself. His marriage with Jacqueline, already noticed, formed a part in his plan of aggrandizement. It proved to be a mistake. So bitter did the strife between the Princes grow, that on one occasion, Beaufort having seized the Tower, the streets of London bristled with lances and bows, ready for deadly work at a word. Bedford, recalled from France, found all his influence requisite to avert a rupture.

Gloucester had the blood of old Gaunt in his veins. And, as Gaunt had been the friend of Chaucer and the shield of Wycliffe, so Gloucester entertained in his princely mansion of Baynard's Castle,* on the Thames below St. Paul's, the few literary and scientific men, of whom England could boast in the barrenest age of her story. Thither came meagre alchemists, who passed nights of toil amid poisonous fumes of molten metals. John of Whethamstead and William Botoner, chroniclers and collectors of scrap-knowledge from every source, feasted with the Prince; and fluent John Lydgate, the poetical monk of Bury, wrote verses in his praise, translated Boccaccio at his request, and no doubt profited largely by his generosity. Under his fostering care a poor wanderer from Forli in Italy wrote, under the borrowed name of Titus Livius, a Life of King Henry V. Learned Italians sent him their books with flattering dedications, and received in return those solid rewards, which even authors and scholars cannot always afford to despise. Nor was Gloucester merely a vain ignorant patron of learning. He was himself a keen student of those classical treasures, whose value the European world was then only beginning to discover; and he collected books with great earnestness, displaying however a generous desire that others should taste the sweets that cost him time and gold. In 1443 he presented the University of Oxford with more than one hundred valuable manuscripts.

In the autumn of 1428 nothing would please some hot-headed captains in the English army but a movement upon the Loire, preparatory to the seizure of the French dominions south of that river. In vain Bedford uplifted a warning voice. On the 12th of October the Earl of Salisbury, the bravest leader on the English side, ap-

* *Baynard's Castle*, which perished in the Great Fire after having been the residence of kings and nobles, had its north front in Thames Street, its south upon the river. It was built by Bainardus, a follower of the Conqueror. Shakspeare in *Richard III.* has laid two scenes of Act iii. in the court-yard of this fortress. See Timbs's *Curiosities of London*.

peared under the walls of **Orleans*** with a small force of eight or nine thousand men. Having occupied the southern suburb, he directed his energies against towers called the Tourelles, which rose from the bridge across the Loire. He took this important position in eleven days; but the French, by breaking the arches which joined the Tourelles to the northern bank, neutralized the advantage thus gained. It must not be forgotten that the principal part of the city lay on the northern bank of the river. Through gaps left by the insufficient English lines some of the first officers in France—La Hire, Saintrailles, and Dunois—led fresh forces into the beleaguered town. A stone shot having carried away half of Salisbury's head, the Duke of Suffolk took his place as commander of the attacking force. John Talbot too lent the weight and sharpness of a sword, which had been used vigorously against the turbulent princes of Ireland. The cannon roared by night and day; the great bell roused the weary citizens from rest every night to guard some fresh breach in the walls. A single night of music, at Christmas time, stole, like a pleading angel's voice, between the thunders of the cannonade. Yet through all the winter the English seemed to gain nothing. The besiegers assaulted; the besieged sallied with varying and indecisive fortune. At last a decided success gilded the English arms. An English knight, Sir John Fastolfe, was approaching Orleans from Paris, escorting a string of provision-carts with a small body of sixteen hundred men, when he was suddenly attacked at the village of Rouvrai near his destination by a great force of French and Scots, amounting to four thousand men. Ranging the carts in the form of a hollow square with two openings, he succeeded in beating off the formidable band. Since herrings formed a large part of the stores, the engagement was afterwards called the **Battle of Herrings**.† This reverse plunged the garrison of Orleans into despair. Aid came to them as if direct from Heaven.

The news of their distress reached a peaceful valley of Lorraine, girdled with oak-crowned hills, out of which sprang the rills of the infant Meuse. There in a peasant's hut a girl of seventeen had listened eagerly to the news, for many years ago, in her father's garden, she had heard gentle Voices in the air, urging her to liberate France from its peril; and these Voices, never since quite forsaking her, had lately come oftener and spoken more earnestly. She left her native hamlet of Domremy for Vaucouleurs,‡ where she so importuned the governor Baudricourt, that he sent her to Charles at Chinon.§ After some hesitation the Dauphin accepted the assistance of this maiden, who was the famous **Joan of Arc**, otherwise called **La Pucelle**. Her picture as she appeared in the camp at Blois before

* *Orleans*, the capital city of Loiret, on the right bank of the Loire, seventy-six miles from Paris. Population, 43,405. It stands on the site of the ancient *Aurelianus*.

† I may note in passing that salted fish formed the principal item in the rations of the English soldier at this period.

‡ *Vaucouleurs*, a town on the Meuse in the department of Meuse.

§ *Chinon*. See p. 103.

setting out to accomplish the first part of her mission—the relief of Orleans—may thus be sketched. Lance in hand and head unhelmed; with deep-set eyes and black hair tied behind with a riband; a small axe and a consecrated sword by her side; a banner of white satin, sprinkled with lilies of gold, and adorned with a picture of the Saviour and the words, “Jhesus Maria,” borne by a page; she rode in gleaming white armour on a coal-black horse. Thus she

April 29, journeyed to Orleans with soldiers, victuals, and artillery,
1429 and, passing the carelessly guarded English lines by night in

A.D. a thunder-storm, appeared among the citizens like the spirit of Hope in woman’s guise. The English then fought as if a blight had fallen on their arms; the besieged, as they had never fought before. But she did more than rekindle courage in drooping hearts; her very presence spread a purifying influence among the soldiers in the town. In *nine days* she drove the English from the walls, which they had been assailing for nearly seven months. On the 7th of May a vigorous sally of the besieged, headed by Joan and her banner, assaulted the Tourelles. An arrow hit her between the shoulder and the neck. She fell, but was carried off, and soon revived. When the English soldiers, with scarcely an arrow or a grain of powder left, saw the Witch, as they used to call her, rising in this way from the dead and moving towards the wall, they fled. Over the restored bridge Joan, mistress of the Tourelles, reëntered the city, whose bells rang merrily. When the glare of the bonfires, which blazed all night in the streets, gave place to the grey dawn, the smoke of burning batteries was seen rising from the English lines; and the Maysun rose upon long lines of spears and banners receding sullenly from the scene of their discomfiture.

Brief but very brilliant was the path of this girl, who shines in history like an inexplicable comet. She took the castle of Jargeau;* she defeated and captured Lord Talbot at Patay.† She frightened Troyes into capitulation. And then she accomplished her patriotic mission by beholding Charles invested at Rheims with the crown and sceptre of the Capets. This event took place on the 17th of July 1429, little more than two months after the siege of Orleans was raised. Old Jacques D’Arc came from his simple home that day to sit with a king and princes and to witness the honours paid to his little Jeannette. But from that day fortune forsook Joan. She soon broke her sacred sword in beating a profligate woman; and with the snapped blade her power in the field seemed to break and vanish. She failed in an attack on Paris. The winter went by. Spring saw her in the field of Lagny,‡ victorious for the last time. A fatal disaster then came. Defending the city of Compiègne against the Burgundians, she made a sortie which failed, and in her retreat, before she had time to cross the drawbridge, an archer caught her skirt and pulled her—a captive—from her horse (May 23, 1430).

* Jargeau is on the Loire, eleven miles east of Orleans.

† Patay is a small town, fifteen miles north-west of Orleans.

‡ Lagny lies on the Marne, ten miles south-west of Meaux.

Her after-treatment stains the English name. Sold by her captors to the creatures of the English government, she attempted to escape their vengeance by leaping from a tower in Beauvoir Castle. But the fall only stunned her for a time. After some changes she found herself chained in an iron cage within the great tower of Rouen, watched with sleepless care by English guards, who treated the poor girl most shamefully. Resolved that she should feed the flames, they acted towards her as a doomed heretic and sorceress long before she was even brought to trial. That trial was a farce. All attempts to make her sign a paper, abjuring what her tormentors called her crimes, met with signal failure. The fire soon roared for its prey in the old market-place of **Rouen**, where her statue now stands; and with shrieks and groans, yet with no word implying distrust in the truth of the Voices that had called her from her father's hut, but uttering with her last sigh the name of Jesus, this heroine perished at the stake. Living, she had smitten the English armies with a consecrated sword; dead, she wielded a yet greater power, for her smouldering ashes, before they dissolved in the waters of the Seine, kindled in the heart of France a flame, which shrivelled up the English conquests like a burned scroll.

Bedford, having buried his wife, a sister of the Duke of Burgundy, consoled himself a few months afterwards by marrying Jacquetta of Luxembourg. This gave offence to Burgundy, who made friendly advances to the Dauphin Charles. A Congress, containing representatives from all the great States in Europe, assembled at **Arras*** to arrange the affairs of France. Beaufort, now a Cardinal, was the leading English statesman present. Burgundy and Charles were reconciled; mutual forgiveness was exchanged; and a treaty, consecrated with many religious ceremonies, cemented the union, on which hung the fate of France. Before the assembly dispersed, Bedford had died at Rouen; and in his grave lay buried every hope of rebuilding the fabric of English power in France.

Let us turn to the rival Princes, of whom I spoke before. Gloucester was decidedly worsted in the strife. In 1429 the new-made Cardinal, by causing the coronation of the young King, took from his nephew the office and prestige of the Protectorship. Gloucester and his party, resenting this deeply, strove hard to deprive Beaufort of his mitre, to convict him of having violated the statute of *Præmunire*, and to make him out guilty of embezzlement and usurpation. Beaufort, rooted as if on a rock, bore every charge unshaken.

It seems to have been Gloucester's destiny to find troubles in wedlock. We have heard of Jacqueline. Eleanor Cobham, a worthless attendant of the Countess, became his second wife. Her name would not deserve to fill a line, but that the story of her downfall gives us a glimpse of times and people very unlike our own. Gloucester, as I have said, loved to crowd his chambers with philosophers and scholars.

* *Arras*, the old capital of Artois on the Scarpe, forty-two miles north-east of Amiens.

May 30,
1431
A.D.

1435
A.D.

Like every other man of scientific leanings in the Middle Ages, he believed in magic. His wife Dame Eleanor went further. Having ensnared her husband by means of philtres or love-drugs, prepared under the direction of a woman, known as the Witch of Eye, she proceeded, it was said, to take a more dangerous step by exercising magical arts intended to cause King Henry's death. Henry's weakness of body and mind lent a strong colour of probability to the charges brought against the Lady of Gloucester. Implicated in the suspicions which rested on a priest named Roger Bolingbroke, she fled to the sanctuary of Westminster. Bolingbroke gave evidence that, dazzled by the prospect of a crown for her husband, she had urged him to read the stars and practise magical arts in order to peer into the future. The heaviest article of her accusation charged her with compassing the King's death by melting a waxen image of him before a slow fire. Her accomplices died by rope and fire. She did penance for three days in the London streets and churches, wrapped in a white sheet and carrying a lighted torch in her hand; and then sank into obscurity, ending her strange career in the Isle of Man. Historians have traced in this strange proceeding the stealthy hand of Beaufort.

The marriage of King Henry with Margaret of Anjou took place in 1445. The father of this princess, René, titular King of Sicily and Jerusalem, demanded Maine and Anjou from the English as a price for his daughter's hand. Suffolk gave them, and old Beaufort let them go. They were the **keys of Normandy**. Before narrating the consequences of this gift, which excited deep indignation in England, I must glance back at the events which followed the Congress of Arras.

In 1436 Paris gave up to Charles its feeble English garrison. But one sword—that of stout old Talbot, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury—gleamed with the true English fire. What could one sword, however sharp, do to save a fallen ruin? Even the blunder of Duke Philip, who led a Burgundian force to attack Calais, and fell back in dismay on seeing English sails upon the sea, availed little to stem the tide of events, disastrous to the English. Nor did the recapture of Harfleur in 1439 by Talbot prove more than a momentary check.

Queen Margaret and Suffolk united in overthrowing Gloucester, who had always possessed in a remarkable degree the affections of the English people. **Good Duke Humphrey**, as he was popularly called, disliked the French marriage, and took no pains to conceal his dislike. In the very midst of his intriguing (1447) sudden death seized him in his bed at Bury St. Edmunds, whither he had gone from Devizes to attend a Parliament summoned by the King. Beaufort, who at the age of eighty had retired to Winchester to dream of the tiara, died in his palace at Wolvesey exactly six weeks later than his distinguished rival, leaving most of his money for charitable purposes.

York, Suffolk, and Shrewsbury or Talbot then lived to play lead-

ing parts in the English drama. Of York we shall hear again. He succeeded Bedford as Regent of France, and was afterwards Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Suffolk maintained the policy of the Queen amid the execrations of the English people, until vengeance overtook him. He was impeached in 1450 on charges, which accused him of betraying the interests of his country to the French; and by the weak King was banished from the kingdom for five years. But some men in England vowed that the "Queen's darling" should not get off with life. Sailing from Ipswich, he had reached the Strait of Dover, when a huge war-ship, "Nicholas of the Tower," stopped his little craft and took him on board. The Nicholas then cruised about, until on the third day a little boat came from shore with a headsman and his axe. Suffolk never reached France.

Of the English soldiers nurtured by this struggle in France—men of the same stamp as Edward the Black Prince and John Chandos—the last, and one of the bravest, was the **John Talbot** whose name I have already written more than once. In parting with a race of heroes, whose valour and renown cannot easily die in English memories, let us linger a very little on the deeds John Talbot did.

The English Regent, Somerset, who succeeded York in the command in France, saw a huge muster of French troops in Maine, bent upon the conquest of Normandy. Upon a slight pretext they crossed the frontier and swept victoriously to Rouen, within whose walls they had many friends. The walls were betrayed by their sentinels. The heroism of Talbot could not save the place. Rushing to the space between two towers of the wall, where already the French soldiery were swarming, and shouting his war-cry as he went, to gather men to his aid, he flung the whole mass of climbing foes and traitor watchmen headlong into the ditch. But the citizens opened the gates; the garrison fled to the citadel, which yielded on the 4th of November 1449. Sir Thomas Kyriel, leading a reinforcement of three thousand men to the rescue of Normandy, was attacked at Fourmigni* by two armies, and beaten by greatly superior numbers. This battle took place in the spring of 1450; in the August of that year the fall of Cherbourg left England without a castle in Normandy.

Guienne saw the last of Talbot. Discontented under the government of Charles, the people of that southern province sighed for the English rule once more. They recalled the islanders, who had held their valleys so long. Talbot came, and took Bordeaux. The French, soon mustering strong, laid siege to Châtillon.† There it was that stout old Shrewsbury laid down his heroic sword. Eighty years had not quenched the martial fire of his heart. Riding on a little pony to the relief of the town, he had almost driven the French from the trenches, when a culverin bullet struck his hackney down, and some dastard stabbed the fallen and encumbered veteran—July 1453.

* *Fourmigni*, or *Formigny*, lies a few miles west of Bayeux, in the department of Calvados. A monument marks the place of battle.

† *Châtillon*, or *Castillon*, lies in the department of Gironde on the right bank of the Dordogne, twenty-five miles east of Bordeaux. Population, 3000.

Hunger forced the defenders of Bordeaux to capitulate in October; and that famous city of the grape, whose vineyards had long been dropping only blood, stood for many a year afterwards silent, poor, and nearly empty, suffering, as did all France, from the Scheldt to Maladetta, from the convulsions which had been rending the land for more than a century. There was now a period of rest; but it was the torpor of exhaustion and desolation. The golden leopards of England floated only from a solitary foothold among the marshes of the northern shore.

The peculiarity of the great civil war known as the **War of the Roses**, lies in the fact that it was essentially a war of nobles, in which the great bulk of the English people had little interest and took little part. Except where the blight of actual battle fell, the peasantry gathered their harvests and the citizens kept their shops in comparative peace. Why should they spill their blood for York or Lancaster? Among their humbler dwellings a great work was silently going on, of deeper national and human moment than the fate of a crown or the ascendancy of a certain line. *Villénage*—in other words, *slavery*—was perishing on English soil.

The rebellion of **Jack Cade** (1450) formed a prelude to the drama, whose first act began five years later. This Irish soldier, assuming the princely name of Mortimer and coming out of Kent at the head of a clamorous mob, was a second Wat Tyler. He entered London, lost the bridge in conflict with the citizens, saw his motley following break into fugitive groups, and, being closely pursued into Sussex, was slain there in an orchard by an esquire named Iden. His head blackened on the gateway of London Bridge.

When Henry relapsed into a dull *insanity*, it became necessary to place the reins of power in some strong hand. Two men contended for the Protectorship. These were the Duke of Somerset and Richard Duke of York; the former supported by the influence of Queen Margaret, the latter by some of the most powerful nobles in the land. Henry, wrapped in lethargy, either could or would give no sign of his will in the affair. Somerset went to the Tower, and York received from Parliament the great position which he sought. A lucid interval enabled Henry once more to take the sceptre in his feeble hand. York lost his office, and Somerset was released from prison. Then the war began.

Ludlow Castle* was the cradle of the Yorkist rising. Norfolk, Salisbury, and a greater than either, the Earl of Warwick, flocked thither with their men-at-arms, ready to strike for the cause of the late Protector. **St. Albans†** saw the first blood drawn. Surrounding this little town one summer day, a band of three thousand Yorkists, chiefly from Wales or the adjoining marches, clamoured for the possession of Somerset,

* *Ludlow Castle* in Shropshire, where the Corve and Teme join, twenty-five miles south by east of Shrewsbury.

† *St. Albans*, a market-town of Hertfordshire by the Ver or Muses. It is close to the site of the Roman *Verulamium*.

who lay within the walls with the King. Refusal brought the enemy into the streets, which they swept with arrows. Henry, wounded in the neck, hid in a tanner's house, until York discovered him and made him captive. To Warwick chiefly the victory was due, for his military eye detected a weak point, at which a way was forced into the town.

Richard Neville, known in history as the Kingmaker, was probably then a little more than thirty years of age. His father wore the coronet of Salisbury: his wife was a Beauchamp; and through her he had obtained in 1449 the estates of the illustrious family of Warwick, which caused his elevation to that earldom. He was a first cousin of Edward, afterwards fourth King of that name.* While yet known as the Lord Richard Neville he had fought in Scotland. His valour and profuse generosity of character won the hearts of men. Of the former I shall have more to say. The latter may be judged from the testimony of Stowe, who tells us that in his London mansion *six beeves* were eaten at breakfast; and any acquaintance of a retainer might stick his long dagger through roast or boiled, and carry off as much as the blade would bear. This boundless hospitality, added to his family connections, so strengthened his hands that he became the foremost English noble of his time.

The immediate results of the first Battle of St. Albans were, the elevation of York again to the Protectorship, of Salisbury to the Chancellorship, and of Warwick to the government of Calais, the most honourable military command at the disposal of England. Four years passed without actual bloodshed. Intriguing of course went on incessantly. Warwick, raised by Henry, who did not long allow York to enjoy a second holding of the Protectorate, to the command of the Channel Fleet, won a great naval victory over some Lübeck ships in the year 1458.

The war really broke out in 1459, when at Bloreheath† the victorious Salisbury, wearing a white rose in his helmet, left a field strewn with dead Lancastrians. The rivals met each other at Ludlow a little later in the autumn of the same year; but one of Warwick's officers, Sir Andrew Trollop, having deserted with most of the Calais men, York was forced to flee. He went to Ireland, where his former genial rule had made his cause very dear to the impulsive people. The check was serious, but not lasting. Warwick, the darling of

* The following branch will help to show the family connection between Warwick and the Yorks:—

Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland.

<div style="text-align: center;"> </div>	
Richard, Duke of York, married Cecily Neville.	Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury.
<div style="text-align: center;"> </div>	
Edward (afterwards IV.)	Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick.

† *Bloreheath*, in Staffordshire, near the Dove, three and a half miles north-west of Ashborne.

both soldiers and seamen, landed in Kent on the 5th of June 1460; and thirty-five days later, fought the great Battle of North-
July 10, ampton. Under a rain so heavy that the royal cannon could
1460 not be fired, the strong earth-banks of the Lancastrian camp
A.D. were scaled by the White Roses, who drove the routed foe into the swollen Nen. Many nobles perished. Somerset escaped; as did Margaret and her little boy, who found shelter first in Wales and then in Scotland. Henry, left to his fate, sat lonely in his tent, until his new owners came, and conducted him on horseback to London.

York, ambitious now of the crown, signified his desire in the House of Lords at Westminster by going forward to the throne and placing his hand upon its cushions amid the plaudits of the assembled peers. His claim rested on his descent from Lionel, a son of Edward III. older than John of Gaunt. After discussion the Lords decreed that Henry should wear the crown for life, but that it should then go to York or his heir. An Act of Settlement to this effect was passed. But Margaret, who with many faults had the heart of a lioness, roused her northern friends in behalf of her disinherited son. Swords leaped from their scabbards at her call. York, who was keeping Christmas in his castle at Sendal, rashly courted a battle with her partisans, was defeated at **Wakefield*** in half an hour, and suffered an ignominious death (December 30, 1460). Salisbury was beheaded next day; and the heads of both the Dukes, encircled with paper crowns, were stuck upon the gateway of York.

The father, who fell at Wakefield, left a gallant son to wear the crown whose rim had never pressed his own brow. So bland and handsome was this young Edward, formerly Earl of March but now Duke of York and almost King of England, that no one could resist his charms of face and manner. Though only nineteen, he smote his opponents so heavily in the Battle of **Mortimer's Cross,**† as to win from them the crown of England (February 2, 1461). Even the defeat of Warwick at St. Albans, a fortnight later, though it released Henry from prison, failed to raise the Red Rose. Margaret and the boy, for whom she plotted so hard and perilled so much, had no resource but to fall back upon the friendly North. Edward, going triumphantly to London, assumed the sceptre amid the huzzas of citizens and nobles.

HENRY VI., OR WINDSOR (1422-1461).

Married MARGARET OF ANJOU.

A.D.

1422. Henry being only nine months old, a council of twenty is appointed. John, Duke of Bedford, its president, governs the English possessions in France: Humphrey of Gloucester is Regent of England.

* *Wakefield* (anciently *Wachefield*), a town on the Calder in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The battle was fought at Sendal Castle, two miles to the south.

† *Mortimer's Cross*, in Herefordshire on the Lugg, five and a half miles north-west of Leominster.

1423. The English win the Battle of Crevant, June 10.
James I. of Scotland set free.
1424. Bedford gains the great victory of *Verneuil*.
1426. Cardinal Beaufort and Humphrey of Gloucester quarrel.
1428. The English besiege Orleans.
1429. *The city is relieved by Joan of Arc.*
The county franchise limited to freeholders of at least forty shillings.
1431. Joan of Arc burned at Rouen.
1435. *Treaty of Arras.* Death of Bedford, who is succeeded by the Duke of York.
1441. Foundation of Eton College.
Trial and condemnation of the Duchess of Gloucester and others for witchcraft.
1442. Victories of John Talbot in Normandy.
1445. Plot against Gloucester.
1447. His death, and that of Beaufort, his great rival.
1450. *Battle of Fourmigny.*
Execution at sea of Suffolk.
Rebellion of Cade. He is killed by Iden.
1453. Death of Talbot and his son at Châtillon.
Close of the French War, which stripped England of all her French possessions except Calais and the Channel Islands.
1454. Henry's illness. York, whose great rival is Somerset, made Protector.
1455. York required to resign.
THE WAR OF THE ROSES BEGINS. *First Battle of St. Albans* (May 22). Somerset killed. Yorkists victorious.
1456. York is joined by Salisbury and his son Warwick (the Kingmaker).
1459. *Battle of Bloreheath.* Yorkists victorious. Desertion of his troops obliges York to take refuge in Ireland.
1460. *Battle of Northampton.* Capture of Henry by the Yorkists.
Duke of York enters London.
But is slain in the Battle of Wakefield.
1461. His son Edward, Earl of March, claims the crown.
Wins the *Battle of Mortimer's Cross.*
Warwick defeated in the *Second Battle of St. Albans.*
But Edward enters London in triumph, while Henry takes refuge in the North, May 4.

CHAPTER IV.

LONDON WHEN WHITINGTON WAS MAYOR.

Whittington made Mayor.
His princely gifts.
The city Wall and Gates.
The River and the Bridge.
The chief streets.
The Tower.

Old St. Paul's.
Guildhall.
The Friars.
Westminster.
Smithfield and St.
Giles's.

The markets.
A street scene.
House on fire.
Amusements.
The Taverns.
The Tun.

EVERY child is familiar with the name of Richard Whittington. How he sat on a stone at Highgate listening to the prophetic music of Bow Bells; and how a cat,* which he had nurtured from kittenhood,

* The cat, which plays so prominent a part in the nursery tale, is explained by a reference to the coal-carrying cat of Newcastle. In a print by Elstrucke of Whittington as Mayor, a cat stands beside the figure. In some impressions a skull fills the place of the cat.—See Timbs's *Curiosities of London*, a work to which I have been indebted for many antiquarian facts.

laid the foundation of a magnificent fortune, and enabled him to realize the dreams that solaced an unhappy youth, I need not here relate. But it may be well to revive the memory of the man, as History paints him.

Richard Whittington, the son of Sir William Whittington, Knight, was elected Lord Mayor of London* for the first time in 1397. How old he then was we do not know, but he probably remembered the Black Prince returning, sick and spirit-broken, to die at home. It was a great honour to fill the highest civic chair in England at that time; and gladly must Sheriff Whittington have heard his name buzzed about on 'Change as the fittest man in London to receive this dignity. For London even then vibrated with life, and brimmed with commercial wealth. On the usual day—the feast of St. Simon and St. Jude (October 28th)—having been already selected by the Aldermen out of two chosen by the deputed Commons, he went to Guildhall about ten "by the bell," where, amid a crowd of Aldermen in violet, he took the seat, vacated by Adam Bamme the outgoing Mayor, and made oath upon a sacred book to fulfil the duties of his new office. Hand in hand the Mayors proceeded to the house of Whittington, from which the sword of state escorted Bamme to his own home. All the brilliance of the Mayoralty then rested on Richard for a year. Next day a gay procession rode at nine o'clock through Chepe, out by Newgate, and then along Fleet Street and the Strand to Westminster, where an oath, similar to that of the previous day, was taken before the Barons of the Exchequer. Dinner over (no slight matter in a Lord Mayor's life), there was a grand gathering in the church of St. Thomas de Acon,† preparatory to a religious service in St. Paul's. Returning through the market of Chepe by torchlight, the Mayor and his satellites dropped a *penny* each into the coffers of St. Thomas.

Richard Whittington belonged to the **Mercers' Company**. A massive house of oak and chestnut frames, having stone chimneys on the ground floor, and an outside stair of considerable jut, stood until 1805 in Sweedon's Passage, Grub Street.‡ In this mansion the eminent mercer is thought to have lived.§ Three times he held the

* Henry Fitz-Elwyne was the first *Mayor* of London. He held the office for twenty-five years (1189–1213). The civic representative of the King was called, immediately after the Norman Conquest, the *Portgrave* or *Portgreve*, a name borrowed from the Saxon *Port-gerefa*. The charter of Henry I. calls the same official *Justiciar*. The second charter of Henry III. first uses the French name *Mayor*. In 1285 a difficulty having arisen, the Mayor resigned, and the King appointed a knight to be *Warden* of the city.

† Thomas Becket, to whose influence the taking of Acre or Accho was popularly ascribed.

‡ *Grub Street, Cripplegate*, is now called Milton Street, in honour, not of the poet, but of a builder, who took the street on lease. It was at first a street filled with archery business; but afterwards, especially after the publication of the *Dunciad*, came to be associated with the dregs of the literary profession, who thronged the cellars and garrets of its numerous branching alleys.

§ Another building, in a court off Hart Street, Mark Lane, used to be styled "Whittington's Palace."

office of Lord Mayor—in 1397, in 1406, and in 1419. During his second Mayoralty he advanced £1000 to the King upon the security of subsidies on wool, hides, and woolfells (*i.e.*, sheepskins with the wool on). This proved his wealth, but not his generosity. Sel-don, however, has a King been so magnificently dealt with as was Henry the Fifth by this merchant-prince, then grown old in the enjoyment of civic honour and influence. In 1419, inviting the King and Queen to a splendid banquet at Guildhall, he rose in the height of the revelry, and flung the royal bonds for £60,000 into the flames of some burning spice-wood!

Whittington wrote his name in stone. The rebuilding of Newgate, and St. Michael's, Paternoster Royal; some additions to Guildhall and St. Bartholomew's; the Library of Christ's Hospital; and especially an Almshouse, now represented by a building near Highgate Archway, were among his architectural gifts to the city that he loved to honour. Under a marble tomb in that church of St. Michael, which has just been named, his remains were laid. Twice afterwards they were disturbed; once by the sacrilegious order of a clergyman, who thought that the tomb contained money; and afterwards by reverential parishioners, who sought once more to wrap the body in its leaden casing. Church and tomb both perished in the Great Fire of 1666.

The London, over which Whittington presided thrice, deserves our special study, if we would enter thoroughly into the spirit of our mediæval history. The principal city and suburban streets, which intersected the ground-plan of old London, still remain, though with changed architecture. And some of the great landmarks, which then guided men through the devious city-ways, are still recalled by massive structures, rising under the same name on the same spot, or enshrining in modern masonry some precious fragment of the old place, whose stone and lime still cling fondly together, as if unwilling to drop and die out of history for ever.

A wall, twenty-two feet high, built chiefly of green sandstone and flints, and studded with various towers of nearly double its height, ran from the Tower in an irregular semicircle of more than two miles to the mouth of the Fleet Ditch. Another turreted rampart, broken however by many wharfs, lined the north bank of the Thames between these points, completing the fortification of the City. Eight gates pierced this wall. A postern gate at the Tower, and *Aldgate*, some distance north, opened towards the East. *Bishopsgate*, guarded by the merchants of the Hanseatic Guild—*Moorgate*, where the city moat, often dry and bramble-grown, spread into a swamp—*Cripplegate*, where lame folk flocked to touch the relics of St. Edmund—and *Aldersgate*, whence ran the great road to St. Albans—formed the four outlets of the North Wall: while *Newgate*, leading to the grassy banks of the Old Burn (Holborn) and the terrible trees of Tyburn, and *Ludgate*, which opened into Fleet Street, faced the West. These gates were arched over and contained rooms, used often for the custody of prisoners. Newgate, a work dating from

the twelfth century, served as a jail in King John's time. Two men watched each gate by day, and a sergeant, who resided in the building, saw that it was properly fastened at night.

The **Thames** in Whittington's time, though not stainless, was tolerably pure. The authorities allowed no refuse to be thrown into the stream, and forbade all bathing near the Tower. Citizens of sporting tendencies used often to go down of an afternoon to fish at Queenhythe,—an act which the dwellers in Upper Thames Street would now regard as an undoubted proof of lunacy. Vessels of different kinds—the high-ship with bulwarks—the boat with bails or hoops nailed over to support an awning—the skiff with oarlocks—passing under or through the drawbridge, which formed the central part of Old London Bridge, came up to pay their customs and discharge their cargoes at the Hythe. Nothing strikes us more, in looking at the life of this time, than the enormous quantity of fish, salted and fresh, consumed in Old England. At Queenhythe and at Billingsgate, a landing-place below the bridge, fishing-boats swarmed thick; and their dabs, mackerel, melwels (codling), herrings, conger, chopped porpoise, salmon from Scotland, lampreys from Nantes, oysters, whelks, mussels, and barrelled sturgeon from the Baltic Sea, were eagerly bought by the dwellers in Chepe or Dowgate.

The solitary bridge, which led from the City to Southwark, formed in those times a key to the possession of both. Wat Tyler and Jack Cade both knew its value in this respect. Begun in 1176, near the older frame-work of elm planks, which stood in constant peril of flood or fire, and completed in 1209, Old London Bridge, the first stone structure on its site, lingered through a famous existence of more than six centuries, perishing in 1832 of old age and modern architectural ideas. Its nineteen pointed arches—its drawbridge in the middle—its gatehouses at each end, where the heads of convicts rotted in the sun—its pretty Gothic shrine, sacred to St. Thomas of Canterbury, near the middle—its rows of houses on each side, on whose roofs flowers grew in summer time, and whose sleepers awoke in winter nights to hear the dark water swirling through the narrow arches below—its broad central space, on which knights once jousted in glittering lists—and the natural fringe of wild London Rocket, whose yellow blossoms and pointed leaves strove tenderly to conceal the ravages of ages in its stonework—all combined to make Old London Bridge one of the most romantic places associated with London life in former days. A history of the venerable building would embrace many of the most remarkable struggles and pageants, which the capital of England has seen. No market was permitted on this great thoroughfare.

A stranger, entering the city by Aldgate and passing along Leadenhall Street, would come upon the din and bustle of *Cheapside*, which then formed the principal business street of London. Lombard Street, in which the money-changers have firmly rooted themselves ever since the expulsion of the Jews, branches from its eastern end. Tower Street and Eastcheap, noted for its taverns, formed a lower and

parallel line, the latter being crossed by Gracechurch Street, which extended on the north to Bishopsgate, on the south to London Bridge. Dowgate and Wallbrook cut Eastcheap on the west. The plan of the City, based on the nature of its slopes between the two hills on which stood St. Paul's and the Tower, was thus extremely simple—its main streets, running parallel to the Thames, being crossed and connected by minor streets at right angles to the river. Beyond the walls, to the west, Fleet Street and the Strand, dotted with pleasant villas whose gardens fringed the stream, formed a continuous line of connection between London and Westminster. Ely Place and Holborn stretched from the Newgate away past the meadows of St. Giles.

A mile or so below the Bridge stands the famous Tower of London, which has gradually been growing for eight centuries round that white-washed keep, which a Bishop of Rochester built in 1078 on the northern bank of the river. The Romans had probably erected a fortress on this commanding site. Almost every Norman ruler added to its defences. Longchamp built a wall of embattled stonework, and dug a moat round it in feudal fashion. Henry III. erected the Lion Tower, in which were housed three leopards, an emblematic present from the Emperor Frederic II. Sad memories of death and captivity haunt almost every room of the ancient building. But in Whittington's day many of the darkest tragedies of the Tower lay yet in the future. It had then however endured sieges, seen the barbaric splendour of mediæval court life, and sheltered within its massive walls monarchs, who had roused stern barons or long-suffering commons into the fury of revolt. We do not wonder to find the weakest Plantagenets loving the grim protection of the Tower; for whoever held this fortress and the bridge above, had London in his grasp.

Across the gentle hollow, through which the Wallbrook ran down to the Thames and in which most of the City lay, rose the lofty steeple of Old St. Paul's with its glittering eagle of gilded copper. Within this structure of Caen stone, begun in the reign of Rufus by Bishop Maurice, all that taste could invent, skill could make, or gold could buy, was lavished upon aisle and altar. Two rows of clustered columns formed shadowy side-walks, where missals might be read or treason hatched in still security. A great painted oriel rained its prismatic splendours on the echoing pavement. And, when the solemn music of the *De Profundis* rolled up through blue clouds of incense to the arches of the roof, and the high altar flashed with its precious load of gold and silver plate, studded with the changeful light of emerald and ruby, England could scarcely then produce any show so striking and so gorgeous. Close by the church stood a tall cross of sculptured granite, which had already no doubt become a rallying-place for the citizens, although, like many other land-marks of Old London, its most interesting associations were yet to come.

When Whittington first wore the robes of Mayor, the civic courts were held in an "old little cottage in Aldermanberie Street;" but in

1410 a worthy grocer, who had climbed to the civic chair, began the building of "a faire and goodly house, more neare unto Saint Laurence Church in the Jurie." After Richard was dead, some of his money went to pave the Great Hall with Purbeck stone, and to glaze some of the windows. Of this building the walls still stand. When the Great Fire wrapped its red folds round the structure, everything perished but these solid walls, which stood glowing in the blaze "like a colossal palace of gold."

Religious Institutions occupied a very important position in mediæval London. Friars, Black, White, and Grey, settled in the pleasantest spots they could secure, and many names in the modern map of London remind us of the districts, in which they told their beads. Within the south-western angle of the city wall, close to the Thames, the Dominicans or Black Friars had their monastery and their church. One of the play-houses, in which Shakspeare made his money, standing at a later date within the circle of the sanctuary, invested the place with a striking literary interest. An interest of a different sort attaches to the name of White Friars, where the Carmelites settled between Fleet Street and the Thames; for this region under the name of Alsatia became, especially in the seventeenth century, a nest of thieves, gamblers, and desperadoes, who mocked at arrest in this asylum of crime. The Grey Friars dwelt near Newgate. The magnificent buildings by the Thames, once occupied by the rich and dissolute Templars, had, by the time I write of, become the abode of studious lawyers, who found the position of the Temple, midway between the City and the Courts at Westminster, both pleasant and convenient. The Charterhouse School, where Steele and Addison met, and Thackeray learned his first lessons in that social life which he has painted so truly and forcibly, reminds us of the site where stood the house of the Carthusians. But no Order possessed a more delightful dwelling than the Knights of St. John, whose Priory, nestling in rich woodland and surrounded with the bright embroidery of gardens, lay at Clerkenwell, a mile beyond the north-western angle of the wall.

The founding of a Saxon church to St. Peter on a thorny island in the Thames began the town of **Westminster**, which took its name from the position of its nucleus with regard to St. Paul's. The famous Abbey and no less famous Hall lift their carved wood and sculptured stone about two miles west of the City, from which gardens and orchards once divided them. Before the day of Whittington, William Wallace had heard his doom within the Hall; and while the worthy mercer lived, the noblest of the Lollards, Sir John Oldcastle, was there condemned to fire. But its part in the tragedies of English history had scarcely yet begun. The splendour and grandeur of the Abbey Church, with its bell-towers, chapels, and almonries, exceeded all our modern notions of ecclesiastical pomp. St. Peter having been a fisherman, the high altar often groaned with heaps of salmon, presented in offering by his brethren of the net, who plied their calling in the estuary of the Thames. Ninety-seven towns

and villages and more than twice as many manors belonged to the Abbey. Little wonder then that a sleek butler of the place in the reign of Edward III. had grown so wealthy, that he built, out of his private purse, a handsome gate-house and a portion of the Abbey wall.

Smithfield (Smooth Field), situated just outside the north-west corner of the city wall, afforded a pleasant walk for summer evenings, and a level sward for horse-races, tournaments, and duels. There too was held the great live market for oxen, sheep, and pigs. Two unpleasant memories of this old time attach themselves to St. Giles's, a country village to the west. A hospital for lepers, whom stringent civic laws kept beyond the gates, stood there; and in 1413 the public gallows, transplanted from the Elms in Smithfield, reared its ghastly framework by the hospital wall. The gallows afterwards travelled further west to Tyburn; but dirt, disease, and sin have ever since been settling down with darker blight upon this ill-fated spot, once bright with daisies and crystal springs. Scattered all round the City by the Thames were villages of various names: the huts of many clustered round a well. Such were Clerkenwell and Camberwell.

Let us try to picture a **day's life** in that old London, whose landmarks, as seen by Whittington, I have thus described. When the bell of St. Paul's began at six o'clock to ring the hour of Prime, the markets woke into the active bustle of business. At Queenhythe and at Billingsgate boats with fresh fish and vessels with foreign merchandise paid their customs, and landed what they bore. The wharfs groaned under quarters of sea-coal, coombs of corn, trussels of leather, karks of nuts, codas of sulphur, karres of lead, ciphes of salt, stockfish from Pruz (Prussia), and a thousand other things whose names sound strange to modern ears. First to the markets, before Prime rang, came the stewards and cooks of the people of quality, who by civic law had the choice of the poultry, fish, fruit, and other delicacies exposed for sale. And no poor hawker or monger—then called *Re-grators*—durst fill his little basket until the substantial men had provided their dinners for the day. The hour of Tierce—eight in the morning—saw the markets pretty well cleared of all their perishable stuff. The tide of traffic was then flowing, full-stream, in Chepe and Cornhill. There stood the booths with their wares displayed in full view of every lounging. Velvets and silks for courtly dress—long-cloth dyed deep blue with woad—homespun goods and yarns—lay piled in rows to tempt the gallant, as he swaggered by with his cropped head and monster sleeves, or the simple country wench, who had jolted that morning in her father's cart from Islington, in company with a pile of the cheeses for which that Celtic hamlet was famed. Even then the distinction, drawn by advancing civilization between Ladies and Women, existed in full force. There, horned to the height of the fashion, minced along a dainty dame, on whose richly-furred robe the pelterer (furrier) had exhausted all his skill and used many skins of red polayne. Here trudged an ale-wife, shrill of tongue, whose homespun hood could boast no better lining than common budge, or

unshorn sheep-skin. Passing along the narrow straggling streets, the upper stories of whose timbered houses jutted over the path below, one might see through the openings in the booths workmen of various kinds and obsolete names, busily plying their craft. The Barber-surgeon relieved some poor fellow, who had caught a cold, of a bowlful of blood, which law compelled him to carry quietly away to the Thames. The Tapiser wrought with ready needle at some coloured pictures to hang a palace wall. The Spurrier and the Bladesmith filed and forged in hot haste for the coming tournament. Here was a yeoman cheapening a six-foot bow; there a dauber, brown with mud and straw, bargaining for one of those rough shaggy caps, then called "hares." Venders of "hot peascods," "strawberry ripe," "cherries in the rise," mackerel, oysters, and other perishable delicacies, which the hot midsummer sun had already rendered far from fragrant, stood out on the street between the kennels, deafening the ear with their mingled clamours. Through the din of these unwholesome scenes trudged the ballad-singer, who described the loves, happy or the reverse, of some Jenkin and Julian, then known to lyric fame. Suddenly a crowd appears round the corner of the street. A poor wretch, condemned for selling a putrid partridge or gambling with false dice or cutting a purse or telling a lie about the Mayor, comes past on a hurdle bound for the pillory. Every booth and stall sends out its little group of starers, although the thing often happens many times a day. The Heaumer leaves his half-made helmet; the Fripperer, his dangling old clothes; the Tawyer, his skins of snowy leather; the Malemaker, his saddlebags; the Fletcher, his arrows; the Cordwainer, his shoes; every man, his work, to cast a look and a jeer after the miserable creature, whose tight-fixed face will stream, an hour hence, with black mud and the yolk of rotten eggs. Every eye has followed the crowd, until it can be seen no more, and one tongue has uttered a fervent wish that a certain cheating baker, not far off, may soon be seen on a similar conveyance, with one of his bad loaves hanging round his neck,—when a startling cry strikes with electric speed through the row of loungers. From the projecting *solar* or upper-room of an armourer's house comes the frightful cry of "Fire!" frightful always and everywhere, but trebly so in a city built of wood and roofed chiefly with stubble, dry as tinder. In defiance of express law a fire has been lighted in a grate, standing close to a lath partition; which of course has soon burst into a blaze. The Bedel sounds long roaring blasts upon his horn. The neighbours rush bare-armed to the scene; for one house fairly on fire in mediæval London means a whole street or many streets laid in ashes. Thanks to the ever-ready barrel of water, which stands in summer before every door, and the ladder, which leans beside it, the fire is subdued before it has done much damage. Had the walls of the house—a newly-built one—not been of stone raised sixteen feet above the ground, and had its roof not been of tiles, hundreds would have slept that night without a roof or stick of household gear. In poor neighbourhoods, among old houses

five minutes of unchecked flame would set all efforts to quench it at defiance.

The **Londoner** in these times took care to amuse himself. He worked himself neither to death nor to lunacy. School-boys on Shrove Tuesday turned the class-room into a cock-pit. When there was ice on the city moat or the swamp of Moorditch, skates of bone carried rejoicing crowds in swift curves over the surface. There were city tiltings, and boat-jousts upon the summer stream. And on many a fine afternoon archery practice was laid aside, and a gay stream went flowing southward over London Bridge to witness the bear and bull-baiting in the Southwark Rings. These afternoons often wound up in the taverns of Eastcheap, or wherever the projecting ale-stake with its dangling bunch of green leaves flung out the tempting sign. In times when a gallon of wine cost threepence, and a gallon of ale one penny, men drank heavily; and the goblets of turned wood, which did duty in the drinking-houses for our modern glasses, stood seldom empty and seldom still. Drunkenness indeed was at this time a national vice; and grey tipplers, like old Falstaff, rolled heavily home every evening from the Red Lion or the Boar's Head. The ringing of the Curfew at twilight from some tall steeple was the signal for closing every tavern door. After that time no one dared to be abroad in the streets, except a great lord or some of his household with a pass. The watchmen of the ward then came out with flaring pots of burning tar, hung at the end of long poles; and, if in any dark nook they chanced upon lurkers or brawlers, away these went to that round prison in Cornhill, known as the Tun. Motley indeed was the gathering raked up every night from the streets of the sleeping city, to be locked in that dark and fetid place. Thieves and other bad characters were there; but of the working-men, who found their way to the Tun, the great majority belonged to three classes.—sailors, waggoners, and city apprentices.

HOUSE OF YORK.

	A.D.
EDWARD IV. (son of Richard of York),.....	began to reign 1461
EDWARD V. (son),.....	1483
RICHARD III. (uncle),.....	1483-1485

CHAPTER I.

EDWARD IV.

Towton.
The private marriage.

The great quarrel.
Warwick in exile.
Edward's turn.

Barnet Heath.
Pecquigny.
Edward's death.

THE bloodiest battle in the War of the Roses was fought in the first month of Edward's reign. Bent upon recovering the kingdom, if possible, by one effort, Margaret caused her captains to face the foe at **Towton**,* eight miles from York. Sixty thousand soldiers **March 29**, followed her banner under the command of Somerset and **1461** Northumberland. To these were opposed almost fifty thousand adherents of the White Rose, the main body being commanded by Warwick. The first arrows left the string about four o'clock in the afternoon. It was then snowing in the face of the Lancastrians, who, blinded by the flakes, shot short of the opposing lines. Darkness fell upon the armies locked in deadly fight; dawn broke upon their ranks still struggling in the deepening snow. A fresh body of Yorkists, coming up at noon under the Duke of Norfolk, decided the day in favour of Edward. Such a slaughter had never piled an English battle-field before, for more than thirty thousand dead found there no winding-sheet but the silent crystals of the snow. Margaret carried her unhappy husband away to seek hospitality in Scotland.

Three years then passed without a battle. Margaret left no resource untried to restore the fallen fortunes of her son. When she thought herself sufficiently strong with money from Burgundy and troops from Scotland, she faced Edward's men once more. Lord Montague, Warwick's brother, scattered a large division of her army on Hegeley

* *Towton*. The battle was fought on a heath between the villages of Towton and Saxton, three miles south of Tadcaster.

Moor* (April 25, 1464); and then, falling upon the main body at Hexham,† broke it with a sudden charge (May 8). Henry lurked about the borders of the Lake country, until nearly a year after the fight of Hexham he was seized, while sitting at dinner in Waddington Hall in Yorkshire, and was carried to the Tower of London. Warwick caused his feet to be bound with thongs to his stirrups—an act of needless brutality.

All seemed fair and bright in Edward's prospects, when a speck began to rise, which speedily overshadowed the throne with a portentous cloud. Out hunting one day near Stony Stratford, he saw at the Duchess of Bedford's a beautiful young widow, the **Lady Elizabeth Grey**, whose husband, a Lancastrian knight, had fallen in the second Battle of St. Albans. She was a daughter of the hostess, who had taken Sir Richard Woodville as her second husband. Edward fell hopelessly in love, and a secret marriage (1464) soon followed. Out of this marriage grew a rupture with the greatest soldier in the land. The Greys and the Woodvilles, crowding round their relative, whom the passion of a fickle King had raised to the splendour of a throne, began to aim at privileges long monopolized by the great family of the Nevilles. It soon happened that a young lady of considerable fortune was courted simultaneously by Warwick and the Queen. Warwick sought her for his nephew; Elizabeth for her son. The Queen bore off the prize. Red rosebuds began to grow on the Ragged Staff, which had borne white blossoms for twenty years. There was another matrimonial difficulty. The Duke of Clarence, Edward's brother and then (for the two ill-fated princes were not yet born) heir-apparent to the throne, took the liberty of marrying Isabella, the daughter of Warwick. This bound Clarence and Warwick together very closely; and they plotted against the King.

In 1469 a band of insurgents marched out of **Yorkshire** towards the south, bent upon crushing the relations of the Queen. There is little doubt that Warwick's hand guided this movement; for the destruction of the Greys and the Woodvilles formed the dearest wish of his heart. A royal army fled before the rebels at Edgecote;‡ Earl Rivers and John Woodville, the father and the brother of the Queen, lost their heads at Northampton; and Warwick found himself the jailer of King Edward, made captive near Coventry. A hollow reconciliation followed. Edward regained his freedom and crushed a Lincolnshire rising on the field of Erpingham in Rutlandshire. But these skirmishes only foreshadowed the later and more serious breach, which tore asunder for ever the King and the Kingmaker.

Embarking at Dartmouth with Clarence, Warwick sailed to Calais, but found the cannon pointed towards his ships. Then steering for Harfleur, he received a welcome from the Admiral of France. Louis

* *Hegeley Moor*, in Northumberland, eight miles west-north-west of Alnwick.

† *Hexham*, a market-town upon the Tyne, twenty miles west of Newcastle.

‡ *Edgecote*, in Northamptonshire, six miles from Banbury, near the source of the Cherwell.

XI., a crafty intriguer, set himself, through fear of an English invasion, to the difficult task of reconciling **Margaret of Anjou** to the powerful Earl, who had dethroned her husband, and exiled herself and her son. The management of Louis brought about a marriage between Margaret's son, Prince Edward, and Warwick's daughter Anne. Edward had a sterling friend in the Duke of Burgundy, who sent him instant news of every movement that Warwick made; but so wrapped was the English King in revelry that he neglected to take the precaution of watching the seas, over which the expected invasion was to come. They landed near Plymouth (September 13, 1470); and, in less than a month, Edward, having sailed from Lynn with no money and only the clothes which he wore, was obliged to run in on the Friesland sands near Alkmaar.

This raised Henry from a cell in the Tower once more to a perilous mockery of kingship. From October until March we may call him monarch. Margaret and Warwick busied themselves, as did Edward over the water, in preparing for the bloody struggle. Landing at **Ravenspur**, Edward met an army under Warwick and Clarence near Coventry, and a battle seemed imminent. But Clarence and his men, suddenly changing the colour of the rose they wore, carried their pennons into the ranks of the invader,—an unexpected blow which made Warwick shrink from an encounter in that place. There was then nothing to keep Edward from seizing London, which he did amid great civic rejoicings. The decisive fight took place at **Barnet**, eleven miles from London. The offered mediation of Clarence met from Warwick a contemptuous rejection. Beginning before dawn on Easter Sunday morning, the battle raged in a thick mist till ten. The Kingmaker, fighting on foot, struck his April 14, last blows on this field, where also fell his brave brother 1471 Montague. The dead captains lay naked in old St. Paul's, where a crowd of citizens gathered to look their last on the man with whom English Feudalism died. Warwick was buried at Bisham Priory in Berkshire.

Margaret and Prince Edward landed at Plymouth on the very day of Barnet; and, twenty days later, her army of Frenchmen was scattered at **Tewkesbury*** by the Yorkist King and his brothers. Then indeed brave Margaret's heart was wrung, for the son, whom she loved so well, died in the victor's tent, first smitten on the mouth by the gauntleted fist of Edward, and then pierced with swords, probably those of Clarence and Gloucester. The wretched Henry, round whose cell the echoes of war had so long been ringing, died, or rather *was found dead*, in the Tower a few hours after the slayer of his son entered London in triumph. His wife lingered for five years in English prisons, living on five merks a week, and then, through the bounty of Louis XI., passed to her native land, where she died eleven years after the murder of Prince Edward.

King Edward's people flourished in spite of his debauched life, for

* *Tewkesbury*, in Gloucestershire, on the Upper Avon, ten miles from Gloucester. The battle was fought in Bloody Meadow, half a mile to the south.

the voluptuary was certainly not a weakling. A war with France, ending in the gold-bought Treaty of **Pecquigny** (1475),* and the murder of his brother Clarence, formed the most notable events in the last eleven years of his reign. Clarence, whose alliance with Warwick had never ceased to rankle in his royal brother's mind, so far forgot prudence as to blame the King in public for killing one of his friends, whom a priest, when under torture, had named as a worker of magic. Found guilty by the Lords of necromancy and treason, the Duke passed into the Tower, whence he never came alive. The common story that he was drowned in a barrel of wine may be true.

The bloated debauchee who wore the English crown, once the handsomest gentleman of his time, died after a short illness in 1483, and his remains rest under a gorgeous tomb in Windsor.

The name of **William Caxton** is associated with an event, the greatest not merely in the reign of Edward IV., but in the whole mediæval history of England, for in the year 1474 he SET UP A PRINTING PRESS IN THE ALMONRY AT WESTMINSTER.

Caxton was then probably sixty-two years of age.

He had begun authorship, so far as we know, before he knew anything of printing. Joining the household of the English bride, who came over to Bruges in 1468 to share the coronet of Burgundy with Duke Charles, he resumed at the request of this lady a translation of a French "History of Troy," which he had begun as a mere pastime. At Cologne he probably learned to print; and then in 1471 he brought out this book—a translation into English of *Recueil des Histoires de Troye*, the work of Raoul le Fevre, Duke Philip's chaplain.

Within the next three years he removed to Westminster, where he lived in a three-storied house called the Reed Pale, on the north side of the Almonry. There was published *The Game and Playe of the Chesse, translated out of the French*, notable as being the first-fruits of the transplanted Press. There his press clanked for seventeen years; and there, after his death in 1491, Wynkyn de Worde and Richard Pynson conducted the printing business in the English metropolis.

EDWARD IV., THE ROSE OF ROUEN (1461-1483).

Married ELIZABETH WOODVILLE OR GREY.

A.D.

- 1461. *Battle of Towton*, March 30. Henry, Margaret, and their son flee to Scotland.
- 1464. *Battles of Hegeley Moor and Hexham*, disastrous to the Lancastrians.
- 1465. Betrayed by a monk of Abington, Henry is sent to the Tower.
- 1466. Quarrel between Edward and Warwick. The latter unites with Clarence, a discontented brother of the King.
- 1469. Rising of peasantry in Yorkshire. Battle of Edgecote, which places Edward in the hands of Warwick.
- 1470. Rising in Lincolnshire. Battle of Erpingham or Lose Coat Field. Warwick and Clarence, escaping to France, unite with Margaret. They land at Plymouth, September 13. Flight of Edward from Lynn to Holland. Restoration of Henry for the winter.

* *Pecquigny*, or *Picquigny*, a village on the Somme, nine miles from Amiens.

1471. Edward lands at Ravenspur, March 14.
Battle of Barnet; Warwick slain, April 14.
Battle of Tewkesbury, May 4. Murder of Prince Edward (son of Henry). Supposed murder of Henry in the Tower.
1474. INTRODUCTION OF PRINTING BY CAXTON. Publication of "The Game and Playe of Chesse."
1475. Invasion of France by Edward. Treaty of Pecquigny.
1478. Murder of George Duke of Clarence.
1483. Death of Edward IV., aged forty-one.

CHAPTER II.

EDWARD V.

Gloucester's life.
 When Edward died.
 Earl Rivers.

Stony Stratford.
 Perils.
 Hastings killed.

A sermon and a
 speech.

RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, whom his enemies surnamed Crookback, because, owing to a withered arm, one of his shoulders rose a little higher than the other, was twenty-nine years of age when his brother Edward died. Born in 1452 at Fotheringay Castle in Northamptonshire, he had gone after his father's death at Wakefield over to Utrecht, where he had received his education under the eye of the Duke of Burgundy. He shared in the honours and profits of his brother's elevation to the throne, and took part also in the reverses of that brother, when the Kingmaker drove him in sudden flight to Flanders. At Barnet he led a division of the White Roses. At Tewkesbury he aided his brother Clarence, according to the popular story, in stabbing to death the young son of Henry; and, a year later, he married the Lady Anne Neville, whom his dagger had made a widow.

When King Edward died, Gloucester was guarding the Scottish border, sword in hand. He certainly cannot then have been attracted by the glitter of the crown; for his earliest act, after hearing the sad news, was to perform at York a funeral service for the dead King, exacting at the same time from all the nobility of the north an oath of allegiance to the boy-successor. This oath he was himself the first to take. The **Duke of Buckingham**, a nobleman of the first rank and influence in England, then began to act the part of tempter, by plying Richard with secret messages and promises of aid.

Young Edward, a boy of thirteen years, was living at Ludlow Castle under the guardianship of his illustrious uncle, **Earl Rivers**, and other relatives of his mother. Rivers deserved the trust committed to his care. To the graces of a courtier and the renown of a gallant knight he added a strong love for literature. Sailing in 1473 to the shrine of St. James in Spain, he had beguiled the tedium of the voyage with a French book, *The Dictes or Sayenges of Philosophers*, which took his fancy so strongly that he lost no time in

translating it into English. Caxton printed the work four years later at the Almonry; and in accordance with the custom of the time, the noble author presented a copy to the King.

Unhappily Rivers had fixed his heart upon that which really was the right of Gloucester—the direction of affairs while the King remained a minor. This ambitious desire led the Earl to send Edward off towards London before his uncle could arrive at Northampton. Such a step alarmed Gloucester, who, penetrating its purpose, locked the Earl into the inn at Northampton, where they all—Gloucester, Buckingham, and Rivers—had supped and lodged a night. Then advancing to **Stony Stratford**,* the two Dukes arrested Lord Richard Grey and old Sir Thomas Vaughan, both adherents of the captive Earl, and officials in the household of the youthful King. The royal boy himself cried bitterly, when he saw the strange faces round him; but tears had no power to melt the resolve of his captors. This occurred on the last day of April; on the 4th of May a crowd of citizens in official red and violet velvet welcomed him to the capital.

Gloucester then received the **Protectorship**, not the higher step for which he had hoped—the Regency of England. He stood in a most difficult and perilous position. The Lord Hastings, who had gladly seen Rivers, against whom he bore many grudges, seized and imprisoned, stood up to confront Gloucester as the champion of the boyish King. For Hastings had many memories of kindness done by the dead father to bind him to the living son. Gradually a gulf widened between the Protector and Hastings, whom a common dislike of Rivers had drawn together at the first. Self-defence probably urged Gloucester to the desperate measures he took. For the coronation of the King, which would in all likelihood strip the Protector of power, was arranged for a certain day. And Gloucester knew the history of his own name too well to forget how perilous it had proved in two cases to be a Duke of Gloucester and uncle of a King.† He therefore resolved not to await the attack, but to strike the first blow.

Having attached to him, by grants and promises and hopes, four great noblemen—the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Northumberland, Lord Howard, and Lord Lovel—he proceeded to decided action. The death of Hastings was the first stroke. When Gloucester went to the Council-chamber in the Tower on the morning of the 13th of June, he seemed in the best of temper, and asked the Bishop of Ely to send him some strawberries from that prelate's garden at Holborn. But an hour later, between 1483 A.D. ten and eleven, he came in with a changed face, frowning and biting his lips fiercely. Baring his withered arm, he charged the Queen and Jane Shore with having wasted his body by means of witchcraft. "If they have done so," said Hastings, "they be worthy of punishment." The word stung the Protector to fury. As he smote the table with his hand, a cry of treason arose outside the door, and men

* *Stony Stratford* on the Ouse in Bucks, seven miles north-east of Buckingham.

† See pp. 163, 188.

in armour poured violently in. **Hastings**, arrested on the spot, was carried out to the green in front of St. Peter's Chapel,* and was there beheaded on a plank of wood which was lying by chance on the spot. There was then no drawing back. More crimes must follow. The little Duke of York, taken from his mother, joined his brother in the Tower. And about the 24th of June, Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan perished by the axe at Pontefract Castle, a place already stained with historic blood. Some verses written by Rivers under sentence of death breathe a spirit of gentle resignation.

A sermon at **St. Paul's Cross**, by an Augustine friar, Dr. Shaw, who was brother to the Lord Mayor, and a speech by Buckingham, delivered a day or two later, prepared the minds of the citizens for hearing that the Protector had seized his nephew's crown. A rabble of five thousand men from Wales and Yorkshire, who assembled in rusty armour in Finsbury Field, gave a military sanction to the usurpation of the Duke, who became King on the 26th of June. He grounded his claim upon the flimsy allegations, that his brother Edward had stood contracted in marriage to Dame Eleanor Butteler, a daughter of old Shrewsbury, long before he married Elizabeth Grey; that therefore the second marriage was null, and its issue illegitimate; and that Clarence having been attainted, he, Richard, was next heir to the crown.

CHAPTER III.

RICHARD III.—CROOKBACK.

A dark story.
Buckingham's re-
volt.

Dressed alike.
The Benevolence.
Milford Haven.

Redmore Field.
Richard's char-
acter.

RICHARD III. began his reign by a royal progress through the centre and north of England. While the usurper was thus engaged, a horrid whisper began to circulate through the land. It was said that the young sons of **Edward IV.**—little Edward and his brother York—were dead. A groan of execration burst from the people at the news. A few clung to the hope that the tragic story was untrue; and with such cunning had the plans of the murderers been laid, if murderers there were, that no decisive contradiction could be given to this slender hope. All the continent of Europe and almost all the island of Britain believed Richard to be the murderer. Sir Thomas More's account of the murder, accepted by Shakspeare as the basis of his great historic play, is well known. Floating rumours spoke of a

* *St. Peter's ad Vincula*, lying north-west of the White Tower and dating as far back as Edward I., contains the dust of some of the most celebrated men and women beheaded in England. All must remember Macaulay's noble eloquence in describing Monmouth's interment there.

ship at the Tower wharf, which bore the children to some foreign port; and upon such slight foundations conspiracies built themselves in the following reign.*

Before this dark story began to spread, Richard had received word of a plot, in which **Buckingham** took a leading share. The rumour proved true. No very satisfactory account can be given of the causes which led to this sudden change. Some delay in granting him the lands of Hereford, and some slights, which the "dual fop" thought he had received on the coronation day, seem to account partly for the rupture. At all events Buckingham, who had long been wearing what he called "a painted countenance," left Richard at Gloucester, and went into Wales to collect material for a war. But Richard was no sluggard in any crisis of affairs. As soon as he knew that Buckingham had begun warlike preparations, he filled all the passes leading from Wales to England with armed men and drew a line of steel along the whole extent of the border marches. Meanwhile the rebel Duke had sent over to Bretagne, where the exiled Earl of Richmond lay, urging him to make a descent upon southern England, in support of the rising in Wales. Buckingham forgot the uncertainty of autumn weather among the hills. A rain of ten days flooded the Severn so that he could not cross. His Welshmen left him. He fled to Ralph Banaster at Shrewsbury, on whose friendship he thought he could rely. But Banaster could also wear a painted face. Betrayed to the Sheriff of Shropshire, and caught lurking in a clump of wood with a coarse black cloak wrapped about him, Buckingham was brought to Salisbury and was there beheaded on a new scaffold in the market-place (November 2, 1483). Richmond, who had sailed across from Bretagne and lay at anchor in Plymouth Sound, shook out his sails when he heard this news, and went back to Vannes, to bide his time.

The troubles of King Richard now grew rapidly to a crisis. His son Edward, in whom his heart had centred all its hopes, died after a short illness in 1484. At the Christmas revels of that year two ladies appeared in modish dresses of similar shape and colour. They were Queen Anne and the Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward IV. The gossips of the court and city took note of this little circumstance and gave it a meaning, which the sudden death of Anne, a little later, seemed to verify. We have no proof that Richard caused her to die; although there is little doubt that he would probably have married his niece, in order to repair the broken stem of the White Rose, had not Ratcliffe and Catesby spoken boldly out and forced him to make a public declaration that he cherished no such immoral project. He had no resource now but to prepare and wait for the battle, which the coming summer was sure to bring.

Richard cast from him the last rag of his popularity, when he revived the Benevolence or forced loan, which his brother had in-

* In the reign of Charles II. (1674) men, digging below an old stair in the Tower, found the bones of two small human bodies, which were thought to be the remains of the Princes. King Charles caused them to be buried in the chapel of Henry VII

vented, and which he had himself abolished in the palmier days of his usurpation. The nobles did not then care how soon Richmond came to release them from the tyrant. Deep and wide the plot spread among the leaders of the English aristocracy; but the secret defection of Lord Stanley, a rich landowner in Cheshire, did more to weaken Richard's cause than any other loss.

Sailing from Harfleur to Dalle on **Milford Haven** with a force of a few thousand men, Richmond landed on the Welsh soil, to which his ancestry and his name endeared him. He was **Aug. 1,** then thirty years of age—of a quick grey eye and flowing **1485** yellow hair. Moving with rapid steps towards Shrewsbury, **A.D.** he gladly saw the banner of a noted Welsh soldier, Rice ap Thomas, whom he specially dreaded, advancing to join his ranks. From Shrewsbury to Stafford, from Stafford to Lichfield, from Lichfield to Tamworth, from Tamworth to the decisive field the army of Richmond proceeded. Richard, who had taken his first stand at the central position of Nottingham, partly surprised by his rival's swiftness of approach, and partly wrapped in contempt of a man who possessed no warlike training, delayed until it was too late the necessary preparations for the impending struggle. The army therefore, on whose valour or fidelity his hopes of victory rested, was huge indeed in size, but certainly not sound in heart. The battle took

Aug. 22, place on **Redmore Field.*** Rising with shattered nerves **1485** from a bed, round whose unrest spectres had seemed all **A.D.** night to crowd, he arrayed his forces, placing his archers in the van, with a solid square of infantry behind, and cavalry upon the wings. A crown glittered on his helmet, as he rode along the lines of his three-and-twenty thousand men. Richmond did his best to spread out his little force of five thousand in an imposing front. A large morass lay between the armies; of this the Earl took advantage to defend his flank. After some archery and cannonade, Stanley charged the royal lines; and Northumberland, with one-third of Richard's force, drew out from the battle and stood still. The remainder of the fight resolves itself into a desperate dash of Richard upon the knot of men that encircled Richmond. Piercing the Earl's standard-bearer with his couched lance, and unhorsing a second knight of twice his weight, he strove, sword in hand, to hew his way through the living rampart that defended Henry Tudor. It was vain. New waves of warriors flowed in round the gallant dwarf; the flash of his sword, as it rose and fell, played like lightning in the centre of the press; but at last he sank under many wounds.

Thus with a flicker of uncommon brilliance went out a soldier's life. The victor, crowned with the battered diadem, which had rolled from Richard's head, went to spend the night in Leicester. A little later, there came in from the sodden field a naked corpse, flung over a horse's back, and all covered with gore and clay. This was Richard's entry: a humble grave in the Grey Friars' Church received his in-

* *Market-Bosworth* is in Leicestershire, thirteen miles west of the county town. *Redmore Plain*, the scene of the battle, lies a mile to the south.

sulted body. The Battle of Redmore, like all the battles of the Roses, was chiefly an aristocratic fight. The nobility did not like Richard, for he violently opposed some of their feudal customs—especially that of dressing their retainers in a distinctive livery. His regal vanity stung their self-esteem. So there grew up against him a coalition, of which the five great pillars were the two Stanleys, Shrewsbury, Northumberland, and the Welshman Rice. No man has ever been so maligned. Even little accidental peculiarities—such as his trick of biting his under lip in a thoughtful mood—were aggravated into signs of an intensely ferocious disposition. The tradition that he was born with teeth supplied material for a similar belief. He had the characteristic virtues and failings of the princely line, whose royalty died with him. Though bloody and faithless, he had yet, to counterbalance these qualities, a decision in purpose and a promptitude in action, which neither of his brothers and few of his ancestors possessed. The great crime—charged on his memory—*has never been distinctly proved*. Let us charitably give him the benefit of a doubt. Dying, as he did, in a blaze of valour, which contrasted strongly with the safe inaction of Henry Tudor, he worthily represents the fiery feudal Chivalry, who rode with the Conqueror at Hastings, followed the Lion-heart to Palestine, charged with the Black Prince at Crécy and Poitiers, and hewed each other to pieces with suicidal blades upon the reddened snow of Towton and the opening blossoms of Barnet Heath.

EDWARD V., (April 9—June 25, 1483).

Only twelve years old.

A. D.

1483. Execution of Hastings and Rivers. Committal of Edward and his brother York to the Tower by the scheming Gloucester, June 26. Gloucester with pretended reluctance takes the crown.

RICHARD III. OR CROOKBACK (1483–1485).

Married ANNE NEVILLE, DAUGHTER OF WARWICK AND WIDOW OF PRINCE EDWARD.

A. D.

1483. Supposed murder of the Princes in the Tower by order of their uncle Gloucester. Oct.—Revolt and execution of Buckingham, by whose aid Richard had obtained the crown.
1485. Landing of Richmond at Milford Haven. Battle of Bosworth or Redmore in which Richard III. is slain, aged thirty-three (August 22).

TUDOR PERIOD.

(1485 A.D.—1603 A.D.)

HENRY VII.began to reign	^{A.D.} 1485	MARY (half-sister).....	^{A.D.} 1553
HENRY VIII. (son).....	1509	ELIZABETH (half-sister)....	1558-1603
EDWARD VI. (son).....	1547		

CHAPTER I.

HENRY VII.

Pageants.
Propping a throne.
The first peril.
Lambert Simnel.
Battle of Stoke.
Three great voyages.

Perkin Warbeck.
Descent on Deal.
In Scotland.
Over the Border.
Lands in Cornwall.
A true wife.

Beaulieu.
Prison and death.
At Oxford.
Lymington and Calais.
Thistle and Rose.
A lucky trip.

Henry Tudor* drove in a covered coach to the entrance of St. Paul's, a few days after the Battle of Redmore. He came to lay on the high altar his three standards, emblazoned with a strange trio of figures—St. George, a red dragon, and a dun cow. There were shows and feastings, but a plague, called the Sweating Sickness, put a sudden stop to these. Seized with a scalding perspiration and a pain like fire in head and stomach, its wretched victims flung off their clothes, and died within twenty-four hours. In eight days London lost two Mayors and six of the Aldermen, who, but a little while before, had ridden out, sprucely dressed in civic violet, to meet the new King at Hornsey Wood.

Henry, who had been a fugitive or a prisoner ever since he was five years old, found no rest now for many years. For the great bulk of the English people still wore the White Rose in their hearts, and the Anglo-Irish loved the flower with a yet deeper love. Edward, Earl of Warwick, the son of Clarence, pined in the solitude of a Yorkshire

* The name Tudor, written *Tydder* by contemporary chroniclers, became connected with the royal line by the marriage of Margaret Beaufort, descended from John of Gaunt, with Edmund Earl of Richmond, son of Owen Tudor and Catherine, the French widow of Henry V.

manor-house; Henry thought the Tower walls a safer place for the young Plantagenet. Desirous to plant his throne upon **firmer foundations**, Henry obtained an Act of Parliament, which declared that the inheritance of the crown rested in his most royal person and in the heirs of his body. He procured a Bull from the Pope, cursing all who might rise against his rule. He made several new peers, and filled the Privy Council with his closest friends. He followed a royal fashion of France by appointing fifty archers to protect his person, under the old name of Yeomen of the Guard. And, by his marriage with **Elizabeth of York**, the daughter of Edward IV., he engrafted one of the chief surviving branches of the White Rose-tree upon the rooted stem of the Red Flower. These five acts of policy hedged his throne, if not with divinity at least with the semblance of security.

He then went upon a progress through the land, prepared to conciliate and cajole. His first peril met him between Lincoln and York. Lord Lovel, one of Richard's chief advisers, attempted to seize him near Ripon, and would probably have succeeded, but for the timely arrival of the Earl of Northumberland with a formidable force. Lovel escaped to Flanders, but one of his accomplices suffered death at Stafford. York, Worcester, Gloucester, Hereford, glittered with the allegorical figure-groups, with which a city then loved to greet a sovereign. At Bristol however, the second sea-port in the country and the city of William Canyng, a merchant whose opulence and generosity rival those of Whittington, the civic rejoicings and the royal bounty reached their height. While bakers' wives rained wheat from upper windows, and "olifauntes" bore upon their backs towers filled with puppets smiting bells, the King, pitying the silence which had fallen upon the once busy quays, encouraged the citizens to build new ships and promised them all the aid that he could give. The one drawback to the people's joy was the notable **absence of Queen Elizabeth** from these brilliant scenes. A petty jealousy, or rather a petty fear, made Henry keep his Yorkist wife in the background. Even the birth of a Prince, to whom was given, in allusion to his father's Welsh lineage, the name of mystical King Arthur, could avail little to dissolve the barrier, which severed Henry and Elizabeth. He knew that, though its petals had fallen, the White Rose had not yet lost its thorns; and he dreaded them.

The **Simnel imposture** was the second peril that menaced the Tudor throne. There dwelt on the Continent a watchful and untiring foe of the Red Rose—the Juno of this English Æneas, an English princess of the Plantagenet line,—Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy by marriage and by birth the sister of our Fourth Edward. A priest of Oxford, named William Symonds, having conceived the idea that young Warwick might be personated, chose a joiner's son, fifteen years old, to act the part. The boy **Lambert Simnel** therefore appeared in Ireland, well schooled in the talk and demeanour necessary to give a colouring of truth to this silly claim. Ireland rose at once in his cause. The Duchess of Burgundy had already declared her resolve

to give him aid. Henry did the simplest and most natural thing in the world, when he led the *real* Warwick through the streets of London in view of all the citizens. This in our day would have broken the bubble at once. But a procession through Cheapside, four hundred years ago, was not heard of in Lancashire or Ireland for many weeks; nor could the story, even when it reached these remote places, be relied on with any safety.

We have heard of Lovel's flight. John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, to whom, as a sister's son, Richard had bequeathed the crown, though apparently on good terms with the Tudor, secretly left the English court for that of Burgundy. The two nobles, supported by the Dowager of Burgundy, soon anchored in Dublin Bay with a force of two thousand German soldiers, led by Martin Swart a captain of renown. Simnel joining these allies with a host of Irishmen, armed with knives, the entire army crossed the sea, and landed at Furness* on the coast of Lancashire. Taking Kenilworth as a central station, Henry watched the approach of the rebel force. It moved at first toward York; but the leaders, finding their hopes of a rising grow very faint, faced round and hastened toward the Trent. The decisive battle took place at **Stoke**.† Henry left the Earl of Oxford to contest the three hours' strife. The Germans and the Irish

June 16, vied with each other in valorous deeds—in vain. Swart and
1487 Lincoln fell; Lovel disappeared. Symonds went to a prison,

A.D.

out of which he never came; and Simnel, puppet of an ambitious and intriguing faction, found a peace in turning royal spits and feeding royal hawks, that the crown of a divided people could never have given.

During the interval, which elapsed before the appearance of a more interesting claimant of the crown, Henry engaged in a **French war** undertaken in defence of an injured princess of Bretagne. The English King, remembering how kindly the western province had sheltered him in exile, could not for shame's sake refuse to aid Anne in her struggle with the grasping King of France. But the collecting of money for the war was the only part of the affair, into which Henry entered cordially. He invested Boulogne; but soon concluded a treaty, paid for in ready money by the cunning King of France, who well knew the avarice of his English cousin.

But these events dwindle into absolute insignificance, before **three achievements**, that mark the last decade of the fifteenth century. While Henry was marching to Boulogne, Columbus knelt on the shore of Guanahani. Five years later, Sebastian Cabot, a young Bristol man of twenty, saw the coast of Labrador from the deck of the weather-beaten *Matthew*. And in the same year (1497), a Portuguese sailor rounded the pointed promontory of Southern Africa. Let these achievements stand in naked grandeur, undraped by circum-

* *Furness* a promontory and lordship in Lancashire, between the Duddon Estuary and Morecambe Bay; noted for its splendid abbey.

† *Stoke*, or *East Stoke*, is a village on a hill above the Trent, four miles south-west of Newark in Nottinghamshire.

stances or decorative detail, for they widened the theatre and multiplied the means of human action incalculably.

A handsome adventurer landed at the Cove of Cork about the time that Henry was concluding his French war. Dressed in fashionable silk and telling a romantic story of his escape as a child, he easily induced many to believe that he was the Duke of York, son of Edward IV. and heir to the English crown. But the Simnel affair had taught the Irish people caution. The mob hurrahed, and some nobles bent the knee, but there was no White Rose frenzy in the land. A message from France drew **Perkin Warbeck** to Paris; but, the treaty of Estaples intervening, the French King deserted him at once. He found his way to the court of Burgundy, whose Duchess still hated the Tudor usurper. There the "White Rose of England," guarded by thirty halberds, dwelt for a time. From Flanders bales of cloth passed in a constant stream to England, and bags of wool came back. It was easy therefore to establish a correspondence with the scattered relics of the Yorkshire faction in England. A plot was formed; but Henry countermined it. He shut the English market in Antwerp, and opened one in Calais. And, bribing Sir Robert Clifford, the leading agent of the White Roses, he so prepared his plans that he pounced swiftly and surely upon the nest of plotters. Three of them suffered death. And, upon the same charge, conspiracy in favour of Warbeck, died Sir William Stanley, who had opposed Richard on the field of Redmore, and had helped his noble brother in placing Henry on the throne. In the suggestive fact that Sir William forfeited 40,000 merks and a rental of £3000 a year, some historians find the main reason of his execution.

Perkin then made a sudden swoop on Deal. He landed some hundred men on the shore, but the Kentish men drove them fiercely back, taking many prisoners, whose corpses soon **1495** swung gibbeted by the sea. After a stay in Flanders he **A.D.** visited Ireland a second time, to little purpose. He then passed over to Scotland, where he found a welcome and a wife.

Much had happened lately to irritate the neighbour nations. Sir Andrew Wood, a sea-captain of Largo, had defeated English sailors twice within the Firth of Forth, and had hauled his battered prizes at the stern of the *Flower* and the *Yellow Carvel* into the roadsteads of Leith and Dundee (1489). And **James IV.** knew that his English cousin was exciting plots against his person and his throne. So Warbeck received a hearty welcome, and sat, with the honours of a rightful prince, at tournaments and banquets. James permitted him to marry Lady Catherine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntly and a near kinswoman of his own. And, when from the untiring Duchess of Burgundy there came some money, arms, and men, the Scottish King crossed the Border with his guest. Perkin failed to kindle a rising in his favour. His motley troops did nothing but quarrel and rob, wherever some incautious yeoman had left his cattle in field or byre. Without firing a shot or striking a blow, except at one another, the bonneted moss-troopers and their foreign aids shrank

back behind the Cheviots and the Tweed. Henry had gone to his people for money to meet this peril. Cornwall savagely resisted the impost, and an excited crowd bristling with rusty spears and flaming with the fiery speeches of a blacksmith from Bodmin, showed itself on Blackheath. Henry, who won all his victories by deputy, sent Oxford and Daubeney to attack the rebel mass; and the royal officers gained an easy victory. But Celtic valour showed itself in the hopeless struggle, which strewed the ground with two thousand Cornish dead. Meanwhile King James had entered England a second time. The approach of Surrey caused him to retreat. Feeling then that Perkin's cause was hopeless, and dazzled by the glittering bait, flung out by Henry, of a marriage with the English princess Margaret, James resolved to send the Yorkist adventurer to seek assistance elsewhere.

Perkin, bandied from court to court and baffled in all his ambitious schemes, had found a jewel in his wife worth many crowns, if he had known how to prize its value. She left her country and her home to follow him; through perils by water and land she clung to him, all the more fondly no doubt, when he tossed a wreck upon the sea of life. The hardships and escapes of his third attempt to rouse the Irish people did not daunt her heroic heart. She crossed with him to Cornwall, where he made his final and fatal attempt, and waited at Mount St. Michael, to hear that her Richard had won his crown at last; for, gentle soul, she must have been the truest believer in his royal blood. Marching from Bodmin, where he had assumed the kingly style of Richard IV., he found the gates and guns of Exeter too strong for the unarmed undisciplined rabble that he led. He hurried on to Taunton, where a royal army lay camping in the Dean, and there he disgraced himself by a sudden flight. From the wife that clung to his broken fortunes, and the men that had risked their lives in his cause, he stole in the dark, and raced away at the full speed of a gallant horse to the sanctuary of Beaulieu in the New Forest. In the morning the rebels found themselves without a leader, and the captive wife found herself compelled to consider her husband a coward.

I need not dwell upon the rest of Perkin's story. Riding behind Henry through London, he passed to the Tower and back again to Westminster, where he lived for a while in honourable custody. An attempted escape, which carried him as far as the Priory of Sheen,* created an excuse for rougher treatment. Shut into the stocks at Westminster and Cheapside on two successive days, he there read a confession, embodying that view of his early life which suited Henry best. The Tudor's policy, which led him to work out his schemes darkly and alone, has added greatly to the mystery hanging round the story of this young man. There seems little doubt that the printed copy of this confession in the stocks was altered before it reached the public. It is said to have contradicted itself in part. Its purport ran much as follows:—He declared himself to be the son

* Priory of Sheen, a Carthusian monastery in the parish of Richmond in Surrey.

of John Osbeck and Catherine de Faro, people engaged in trade at Tournay in Flanders; that he learned Flemish at Antwerp and English at Middleburgh; that he became a servant to Sir Edward Brompton's wife, with whom he went to Portugal; and that thence he passed to Ireland, where his silk doublet and striking mien made people mistake him for a prince, thus originating the notion of an imposture. Committed after this degrading exposure to the Tower, he found there poor young Warwick, whom life-long imprisonment had made almost imbecile. "He could not tell a goose from a capon," says an old chronicler. It soon happened that a shoemaker's son and an Augustine monk formed a plot together in Kent, by which the former personated Warwick, and the latter in a sermon announced the escape of the prisoned heir. Henry's hand fell quickly on the crude imposture; but the discovery of a plot among the keepers of the Tower to set Warwick and Warbeck free, led him to meditate upon a surer way of breaking for ever these last thorns on the White Rose. He took no long time to make up his mind. Indeed, some think he had been endeavouring to entangle his prisoners in such attempts at escape as might give him a reasonable excuse for putting them to death. Perkin was hanged at Tyburn on the 23rd of November 1499; and on the following day poor Warwick's crazed head, still bright with youth—for he was only twenty-nine—rolled from the block on Tower Hill.*

While Perkin Warbeck was playing out the last scenes of his ambitious rôle, **Thomas Wolsey**, a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, was engaged in teaching classics to the sons of the English nobility. He was then Master in the preparatory school attached to his College. Born at Ipswich in 1471, this son of "an honest poor man," whom common rumour called a butcher, had attained the degree of Bachelor in his fifteenth year—a feat which won for him the distinctive title of the Boy Bachelor. As the friend of Erasmus, he aided that distinguished Dutchman in promoting the new study of Greek. To his fellowship and his mastership was soon added the Bursary of Magdalen; and in this capacity a little cloud gathered round his name. Prompted by that love of architecture which distinguished all the celebrated priests of the Middle Ages, he added a tower of chaste and delicate beauty to the college chapel; and, it is alleged, made use of the college funds to pay the masons, who raised this memorial of his splendid tastes.

The Christmas of 1499 led him to the household of the Marquis of Dorset, whose three sons studied at Magdalen School. So grateful did the Marquis feel to the careful tutor of his sons, that the rectory of Lymington in Somersetshire soon rewarded him. The next step of his promotion led to the household of the Archbishop of

* The faithful wife of Perkin Warbeck remained in the court of the Queen, wearing a name, "The White Rose of England," which fitted her better than it fitted her husband, to whom it had been formerly given by the Duchess of Burgundy. When time cured her grief, she married Sir Matthew Cradoc of North Wales, and after a quiet life was buried in the old church of Swansea.

Canterbury, where he acted as domestic chaplain, though still drawing the revenue of his deserted cure. Upon the prelate's death, Sir John Nanfan, who found the duties of the **treasurership of Calais** pressing too heavily on an aged frame, invited him to be his chaplain and assistant. Accepting the offer, Wolsey made this post a stepping-stone to fortune and royal favour; for Nanfan was so pleased with his deputy's tact and energy that he recommended the young priest to the notice of Henry VII.

Now certain of his throne, the King began to frame plots and make bargains for strengthening that royal seat. Marriage was the means he chose. To Spain, then a leading state in Europe, his eyes naturally turned first. In 1501 Arthur, Prince of Wales, was married in St. Paul's to Catherine of Arragon, the fourth daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. The death, some months later, of the bridegroom, a mere boy in years, did not break the tie, for the girlish widow was at once betrothed to the heir-apparent, Henry. Another marriage, fraught with deeper and more lasting results, took place in 1503, when the **English Princess Margaret** rode over the Border into Scotland, to meet a royal husband. Little did the fair girl dream on that bright day at Lamberton, where Surrey gave her to the courteous keeping of the Scottish Lords, that, a very few miles off in space and not a dozen years in time, there lay a tract of crimsoning heather, called Flodden Field, where Surrey and King James should meet in fight, and one of them should die. And quite as little did she dream that a completed century should see another James—great-grandson of herself—sitting on the throne of the double kingdom, *two* no more. Fox, Bishop of Winchester, who held the Privy Seal, and Sir Thomas Lovell, Master of the Wards, attracted Wolsey especially, as being the men who were deepest in the royal confidence. The court he paid to them bore speedy fruit. A delicate business then in hand—a negotiation of marriage between the King (whose Yorkist wife had died in 1502) and Margaret of Savoy, the only daughter of the Emperor Maximilian—required a man of quick brain and ready tongue. Both Fox and Lovell at once named Wolsey to the King, who, taking no man's word when he could judge for himself, held a conversation with the chaplain. Wolsey received instructions to go to Bruges. Leaving Richmond, where the King was staying, at four o'clock one Sunday, he boated down to Gravesend that evening, rode across Kent to Dover through the darkness, caught the passage-boat in time, was at Calais by noon on Monday and at Bruges the next morning. His audience with the Emperor was short and pleasant. The same evening saw him in the saddle: when the gates of Calais were unbolted on Wednesday morning he rode in, and found the boat in which he had crossed just loosing her cables to return. By ten he was at Dover, and snatched a few hours' rest at Richmond on the very same night. On Thursday morning, when the King saw his chaplain enter the presence-chamber and kneel, he angrily asked what such delay meant. Letters from Bruges in reply to his message silenced him: to his amazement he

found that Wolsey had been there and back. Although the treaty of marriage ended in nothing, this speedy trip laid the foundation of the envoy's fortune. None could better appreciate the value of combined quickness, wit, and energy than the first of our royal Tudors. This service, which formed the principal public matter in which Wolsey took a share during the reign of Henry VII., 1508 procured for him the wealthy **Deanery of Lincoln**, a post A.D. next in emolument to the mitres of the Church. Rich prebends followed. And soon an event occurred, which opened the way to the highest honour, wealth, and influence: Henry the Seventh died in 1509.

The laws of the first Tudor King have received unmerited praise. Of these the principal was the **Statute of Fines**, passed in the fourth year of his reign, which has been looked upon by many as a deep device for breaking the power of the extravagant nobles. But this law was a copy from one of Richard the Third's, and, instead of permitting owners to break the entail of their estates, enacted only "that a fine levied with proclamations in a public court of justice shall after five years, except in particular circumstances, be a bar to all claims upon lands."* The principal troubles of the reign, apart from those connected with the White Rose faction, arose from excessive taxation. The people paid Benevolences continually. Archbishop Morton's dilemma—which caught the splendid as well as the parsimonious man by asserting that the former must be rich to support so great an establishment, and the latter must be rich by continual saving—silenced the merchants, and extracted the coins from their purse. Two lawyers—**Dudley**, a man of good family, and **Empson**, the son of a sieve-maker—raked up all the forgotten and obsolete charges on an old feudal estate, and hunted out offences of the most shadowy sort, that they might have a pretext for extracting money from a rich man. It is therefore not wonderful that the strong-boxes of Henry VII. should have groaned with the weight of nearly two million pounds.

HENRY VII. (1485-1509).

Married ELIZABETH OF YORK.

A.D.

1485. Richmond succeeds under the title of Henry VII.

1486. The rival Roses united by the King's marriage.

Appearance of Lambert Simnel in Ireland.

1487. Battle of Stoke (June 16), by which Simnel's imposture is crushed.

Building of the "Great Harry."

1488. War in Bretagne.

1492. Henry invades France. Peace of Estaples.

Death of Caxton the printer.

Appearance of Perkin Warbeck in Ireland.

Discovery of America by Columbus, whose brother Bartholomew had been already in England, exhibiting charts of the Atlantic.

* Hallam's "Constitutional History."

1495. First invasion of Warbeck at Deal. Easily repelled.
 1496. His reception in Scotland, where James IV. entertains him royally. Invasion of England on the north to no purpose.
 1497. A Cornish insurrection. Warbeck lands there. Besieges Exeter, but deserts his army, is taken, and imprisoned.
 The voyages of the Cabots, who discover Newfoundland
 Vasco di Gama doubles the Cape.
 1499. Executions of Warwick and Warbeck.
 1502. Marriage of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., to James IV. of Scotland—a wedding which leads to the Union of 1603.
 1504. Dudley and Empson become infamous by their extortions.
 1505. The Duke of Suffolk's plot.
 1509. Death of Henry VII. of gout and consumption, aged fifty-four.

CHAPTER II.

HENRY VIII.

Revels.	Wolsey at home.	Tyndale's pen.
A French war.	Dark hints.	Ruin of the Monasteries.
Flodden.	The Divorce broached.	Pilgrimage of Grace.
Cardinal and Chancellor.	Blackfriars.	Trial of Lambert.
Silver and red.	<i>Miserrimus</i> .	Iconoclasm.
The plain of Ardres.	Leicester Abbey.	The Six Articles.
Execution of Buckingham.	The Christian Brethren.	Solway Moss.
<i>Fidei Defensor</i> .	Cranmer, Cromwell, and	Henry's Books.
Playing for a tiara.	Latimer.	Anne Ascue.
Scene in the Commons.	Fisher and More.	Earl of Surrey.

Henry VIII., only eighteen when his father died, afforded bright promise which was not realized. His handsome figure caught the eye at once; his gallant bearing in the tilt-yard and the hunting-field kindled admiration. He played and sang delightfully; spoke three languages besides his own; had studied medicine, theology, ship-building, and gunnery. Such a prince—gay, young, and filled with a love for the subtleties of Thomas Aquinas—became easily a puppet in the hands of Wolsey. To the influential post of Almoner, which Dean Wolsey received upon the accession of the King, were soon added the house and gardens of Empson beside the palace of Bridewell in Fleet Street, the rectory of Turrington in Exeter, the chancellorship of the Garter, the clerkship of the Star Chamber,* with ecclesiastical honours and emoluments too numerous for mention.

* The Council of the King, usurping, under the shadow of a parliamentary sanction, an arbitrary and tyrannical jurisdiction in criminal matters, used to meet in a room at Westminster, called the Star Chamber, either from the gilded decorations of its roof, or from the Jewish *starra* (corrupted from the Hebrew *chetar*, a covenant) which were piled on its shelves. Hence the name of a very odious instrument of despotism, of which the Stuarts made terrible use. Though the origin of the Court is commonly ascribed to the Act passed in the third year of Henry VII., we must rather view it as an adaptation of political machinery in use long before that date; in fact, as the old *Concilium Regis* in a new disguise.

While Wolsey was mounting the ladder of fame with rapid steps, Henry, bewitched by the present of a **golden rose** perfumed with musk, had become embroiled in a war with France, undertaken in behalf of Pope Julius II., whose pontifical robes could hardly hide the more natural cuirass of the soldier. An English contingent went to Spain, but Ferdinand proposed to use the troops furnished by his English son-in-law in forwarding his own schemes upon Navarre: they therefore came home in disgust. Next year dyed land and sea with gallant blood. On St. Mark's Day (April 25th, 1513) brave young Edward Howard, Surrey's son, sailed into Brest harbour with some slender galleys, and tried in the face of a furious fire to cut out the anchored vessels of the French,—a wonderful act of daring, which, however, was not destined to succeed. Leaping with a few kindred spirits on the deck of the French admiral, Howard died fighting like a lion, flinging overboard with the last exertion of his failing strength the gold whistle and chain, which were then the badge of an English admiral. The incessant roar of English guns on the batteries of Calais announced on the last day of June that King Henry had landed in France. Pliable Wolsey, to whose care the commissariat had been not unwisely intrusted, showed his pleasant face among the crowd of courtiers round the youthful invader. The little town of Terouenne first occupied the attention of the English army. During the siege of many weeks the Emperor Maximilian arrived, without an army, to serve under Henry's banner as a volunteer. A visitor of another sort—the Lyon-King-at-Arms of Scotland—then came to announce that James of the Iron Belt was about to invade the English realm, prompted by the hope of saving France from a peril which then seemed deadly. A collision between the French and the English armies took place at Guingette, beginning and ending in a charge and a retreat of the French cavalry. When Henry bantered some of his prisoners, they laughingly replied that it was only a **Battle of Spurs**; and ever since this name has been applied to the skirmish. After Terouenne yielded, Tournay undrew its gatebolts—a circumstance in which Almoner Wolsey had some little interest, for Maximilian made him bishop of the vacant see. Thus ended Henry's utterly useless and very costly campaign.

Meanwhile a great disaster had fallen upon Scotland. Crossing the Border with an army of more than thirty thousand men, King James, after taking Norham and other keeps, encountered an English army, led by old Surrey, in the hollow below **Flodden Hill**, a spur of the Cheviot range. Descending from their strong position on the lofty slope, the Scots rushed under cover of a great smoke from their blazing huts, to seize another hill at Branxton, towards which the English were hastening, and which lay between the Scots and Scotland. So near did the armies come in the race, that a battle was inevitable. At four o'clock on that bloody Friday afternoon the cannonade began. The long pikes, led by Huntly and Home, had pierced the ranks of the Cheshire men, who fought on the right of the English line; and the Macleans and

Sept. 9,
1513
A.D.

the Macleods of the Scottish right had with reckless bravery dashed their own array to pieces on the serried lines in front. But the great and decisive shock was the meeting of the centres. The reader of "Marmion" does not need to be told of "the dark impenetrable wood" of Scottish spears, which resisted, though with ever decreasing ring, the charges of the English knights and the arrows thick as snow, and which dissolved in flight only when the September night flung its pall over the pierced body and gashed skull of a fallen King. The saddest and bloodiest field that Scotland ever saw! King James, his illegitimate son, twelve earls, fifteen lords and heads of clans, and eight or nine thousand common soldiers, the flower of Tweeddale and the Lothians, lay stark and ghastly by the Till. In very truth, as that sweet moan of Scottish melody puts it, "The flouirs o' the forest were a' wede awa!" No spoil of the battle-field was more prized by the victorious English than the Scottish cannon, which appear—especially a set called the Seven Sisters—to have surpassed any artillery of which the English could then boast.

The crafty King of France, Louis XII., having undermined the league against him, broke it up. Henry ceased from war, and gave his pretty sister Mary to be the bride of the elderly monarch. The interest of English history then began to centre more completely in the person of Thomas Wolsey. He became **Archbishop of York** in 1514, and in the following year Leo X. made him a Cardinal. Nor

was it only in the Church he acquired power. The Lord
1515 Cardinal of York climbed to the woosack too, receiving from
 A.D. the King the office of Lord High Chancellor of England.

Little wonder that these splendours somewhat turned his brain, when he found sovereigns, like Francis I. of France and Charles afterwards Emperor of Germany, showering compliments and gifts upon his head.

A view of Wolsey in the meridian of his splendour, after Leo in 1516 had made him **Legate**, may serve to fix the image of the man more distinctly in the mind. Clad in the robes of a cardinal, crimson satin or fine scarlet cloth, with a tippet of fine sables round his neck, and a round pillion lined with black velvet on his head, he went, smelling at an orange filled with aromatic vinegar, through the crowd of humble suitors who thronged the ante-chambers of York Place.* First in the procession before him went the Great Seal; then, borne by a bare-headed gentleman, followed his Cardinal's hat, which had been escorted from the Continent with extraordinary pomp, and was worshipped like an idol by his servile train. Two great crosses of silver, two pillars of the same metal, and a great mace of silver gilt ushered him to the portal, where his mule, adorned with gilt stirrups and trappings of red velvet, waited to receive its gorgeous load. Thus in state he passed, daily during term-time, from his palace to Westminster Hall, pacing in the centre of a

* York Place, afterwards known as Whitehall (probably from the colour of the stone used in some additions) was the residence of the Archbishops of York from 1243 to the fall of Wolsey. It continued to be a royal palace until destroyed by fire in 1691.

quartette of footmen, with gilt pole-axes upraised—provoking from the lips of the many foes, whom his glittering arrogance had made, words akin to those which Shakspeare gives to angry Surrey, “Thou scarlet sin.”

When the legatine authority had made Wolsey supreme over the Church in England, his eye fixed itself steadily upon the tiara as something now almost in his grasp. His principal hope rested in Charles, who became Emperor in 1519; and with consummate skill he moulded Henry to agreement with his views. Francis of France, the gallant rival of the Emperor, was bidding with all his might for England’s favour, and Wolsey, giving him some outward countenance at first, induced Henry to meet him, on what has since in history borne a gorgeous name—“**The Field of the Cloth of Gold.**” At this splendid pageantry of a fortnight’s duration, which lighted up the plain of Ardres* with the united blazonry of two great courts, nothing struck the French so much as the royalty of the Cardinal of York, with his silver emblems of authority and **1520** his immense retinue in showy scarlet. The hawthorn and **A.D.** the raspberry, emblematic of the two neighbour nations, intertwined their leaves and branches on a mound for fourteen days, while tiltings, mummings, banquets went on round their thorny stems. But scarcely had the leaves of the plucked-up boughs shrivelled into brown, when every trace of the friendliness, which the meeting was intended to foster, passed from Henry’s mind. From Ardres he went straight to Gravelines to visit the Emperor Charles, in return for a flying visit which the Emperor had paid a little while before. Wolsey managed this.

The seizure and execution of the **Duke of Buckingham** stained the succeeding year. He was a gallant nobleman, whose chief crime seems to have been that the purest blood of the Plantagenets ran in his veins. On one occasion he held the basin for the King to wash, and when Wolsey impudently dipped in *his* hand, he spilled the water on the Churchman’s shoes. Slighter causes have slain a man. Inveigled up to London and charged on the evidence of some household spies, he was condemned to die; and so, on Tower Hill, “the long divorce of steel” fell upon the neck of brave meek Edward Stafford, once Duke of Buckingham.

All Germany had now for four years been ringing with the note of the opening **Reformation**. The Theses on the gate of Wittenberg Church—the disputation in the hall at Leipsic—the blazing Bull at the Elster Gate of Wittenberg—had done their work, and Martin Luther stood confessed in the gaze of Europe as the champion of a pure faith and an open Bible. It was not to be expected that the royal theologian of London and his priestly governor—the Cardinal of York—could see these things unmoved. A volume soon appeared, entitled *Assertio Septem Sacramentorum adversus Martyn Luther, &c.*, which Henry owned to be from his pen. A splendidly bound copy of the work was handed to the Pope in full conclave of cardi-

* Ardres, in Pas-de-Calais, is now a station on the railway from Calais to St. Omer.

nals by Dr. Clark, the English Ambassador at Rome. Delighted with aid from a quarter so influential, Leo deposited the treasure with ceremonious care in the library of the Vatican, and rewarded the royal author with the title of **Fidei Defensor**.

Wolsey sought the **Popedom**, resting his hopes chiefly upon the aid of the Emperor Charles. A chance came, when Leo died in December 1521. But Charles proved false, and his tutor Adrian was elevated to St. Peter's chair. The Emperor indeed wrote a Latin letter to his ambassador at Rome, desiring him to use his utmost efforts for the English candidate. Wolsey got twenty votes, but he needed twenty-*six*. The Cardinal of York got rid of his chagrin as he best could. Within two years the dream revived, and again Wolsey thought of Nicholas Breakspear and an English Pope. But again the prize was lost, the imperial faction lifting one of the Medici to the coveted throne under the title of Clement VII. This second foil turned the heart of the duped Cardinal against the Emperor's interest. The treaties between Henry and Charles snapped; and new ties bound the former to Francis, who had for years been engaged in a struggle with his imperial neighbour.

In 1523 the English House of Commons presented an unwonted scene. Wolsey and **Sir Thomas More**, the Speaker of the House, came into direct collision. Henry's purse running low, he had recourse to the nation for money, exacting huge sums under the delicate name of "loans." Wolsey, having browbeaten the Convocation of Clergy into compliance with a sweeping demand, entered the Commons in the full blaze of his scarlet and silver pomp. In a long speech he demanded the enormous sum of £800,000, to be raised in four years by a tax of one-fifth on all the lands and goods of the realm. No one spoke. "How say you, Master Marney?" he asked, turning to a leading commoner. Marney was dumb; and so were all. As a last resource, the Lord Cardinal appealed to More, officially the mouthpiece of the House; and he, sinking on his knees, *did* speak, but only to support the steady stillness of the benches, and to declare, with a sparkle of his golden humour, that "Except every one of the silent statues around could put into his own head their several wits, he alone was unfit to make answer to his grace." His grace left the chamber with suppressed rage. The debate went on for days. Again the scarlet pageant entered the House; but the members held firmly to their resolve of holding no debate in presence of the Cardinal. Ultimately the tax was greatly reduced; but even that could scarcely be wrung from the reluctant people.

Wolsey's household surpassed in magnificence that of any earlier English subject. Five hundred servants waited on his nod, many of them being of noble blood. A gentleman in damask satin, with a gold chain round his neck, presided over the spits and stewpans of his grace's kitchen. Another directed the arrangements of the stables. The barges, gardens, larder, wafery, bakehouse, cellar, wardrobe of beds, and other apartments had separate sets of officials, who ate and

drank of the best and wore garments of silk and gold. **York Place** was his London residence; but he built and furnished a yet more splendid mansion at Hampton.

He never forgot the cradle, in which his greatness had been nursed. The University of Oxford received many tokens of his affection. Beginning, in his zeal to purify the Church, that dissolution of the monasteries, which another afterwards completed, he applied the funds of the richest among the houses which he suppressed to the establishment of Christ Church College, one of the most distinguished foundations by the Isis. He also founded a Latin school in his native town; and in a letter to the masters, published in the form of a preface to Lilly's Latin Grammar, he sketched out a curriculum, which clearly shows by its methodic sense and minuteness of detail that the Lord Cardinal of York had not forgotten his days of drill in the school-house of Magdalen.

Meanwhile the European drama, in which the King of France and the Emperor played leading parts, was unfolding its scenes. Francis lost all but honour (as he said himself) at the Battle of **Pavia** (1525); and the Emperor, two years later, caused the sack of Rome and the imprisonment of the Pope. The latter formed a good ground for Wolsey to wreak his vengeance on the prince, who had duped him in the matter of the Popedom. Accordingly the Spanish alliance was broken; a league, cemented by the Cardinal's efforts, united the Kings of France and England; and warlike operations were begun.

But now arose on the horizon a speck, which soon darkened all the sky of Wolsey's life. The Bishop of Tarbès, engaged in negotiating a marriage between the Princess Mary, Henry's daughter, and a son of the French King, suggested some **1527** doubts as to the legality of the marriage from which the **A.D.** girl had sprung. For eighteen years Henry and Catherine had lived in wedlock. It happened that there was among the attendants of the Queen a maid of honour, who had spent many years in France. This was **Anne Boleyn**, daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn and Elizabeth Howard, a lady of the ducal house of Norfolk. The King fell in love with her; and this passion hardened all his discontent and dislike into a resolve to obtain a divorce from his Spanish wife.

Wolsey heard of this resolve shortly before he went upon that splendid embassy to France, which resulted in the treaty already named. With an eye still fixed on the tiara, he promised the French King that *his* sister-in-law Renée should fill the place of the divorced Queen. When Henry heard of the new matrimonial alliance arranged for him, he declared that no French princess was needed, since Anne Boleyn, and no other, should be his second wife. This brought Wolsey to his knees. But no entreaties or arguments could move the King. All the splendid dreams of heresy trampled out, monasteries purged, the Papacy restored, and the Crescent shorn of its light, in which Wolsey had been revelling at the prospect of the coming change of Queens, melted into air.

Everything then turned against the unhappy Cardinal, who strove in vain to stem the tide. Pope Clement, placed "between the hammer and the forge," dreaded the loss of Henry's favour, and the anger of the Emperor who was the nephew of Queen Catherine. Delay seemed his only safety. But the blame of this delay fell heavily upon Wolsey, although that poor priest burned with a fever of desire to have the matter settled. Henry stormed at him. Anne learned to hate him. And Catherine knew that in his brain the fatal divorce-idea was first hatched. Thus, pierced with his own dart, Wolsey spent many torturing days. To add to his misery, news came from Italy of a great French army wasted away before Naples by hunger and disease; and the consequent ruin of all ambitious hopes, which he had built upon the French alliance.

After long delay Cardinal Campeggio, appointed by the Pope to try the **Divorce Case** in conjunction with Wolsey, arrived in England. The popular mind was in a ferment against Wolsey, for the danger of an interruption of the Flemish trade—menacing the comfort, nay, the safety of a thousand English homes—loomed in the immediate future. Campeggio came to hear but not to decide the case.

Within the great hall of the Black Friars' Monastery the two Cardinals sat enthroned, supported on the right hand by the

June 21, King, on the left hand by the Queen whom he wished to
1529 disown. Henry answered to the calling of his name. But

A.D. Catherine, who had already appealed against the judgment of the Pope, instead of answering when her name was pronounced, knelt at the feet of her husband and drew a most touching picture of her meek submission to his will and her fidelity to the marriage-vows spoken between them. Then rising, she bent before the King and walked out of the room, resolved never, in person or by proxy, to face the court again. The prejudged trial went on without her; and all was ready for the Legate's decision, when, in spite of Wolsey's urging and Henry's peremptory demands, the old Italian refused to pronounce a judgment and adjourned the cause until the beginning of October. The secret of his intrepid speech lay in the fact that, a month earlier, Clement had concluded a treaty with the Emperor, which enabled him to act independently of Henry's rage.

This sealed Wolsey's doom. A Parliament was summoned. At Grafton in Northamptonshire, where Henry and Anne Boleyn were staying for a time, the Cardinal saw for the last time the King, whose splendour he had almost outshone. On his return to London the Duke of Norfolk and the Duke of Suffolk, armed with a royal order, took the Great Seal from his keeping, turned him out of York Place, and gave him the strongest possible hints that his country seat of Esher near Hampton Court was the fittest covert for his fallen greatness. From Esher the trembling letters of the old man, who signed himself most truly **Miserimus**, pierced the hearts of some friends like Gardiner and Cromwell, whose fortunes he had built up in his days of pride and power. Henry did not all at once sever the

ties that bound him to his old companion and minister of so many years. When the King's Bench, founding the judgment on the Statute of Provisors, convicted Wolsey on the ground that he had got Bulls from Rome while assuming authority as a Papal Legate in England, the King granted him a pardon, and sent some physicians of the court to cure him of a low fever. Another effort of his numerous enemies started an impeachment of forty-four articles against him in the newly assembled Parliament. One charge related to the use of *Ego et rex meus* in his despatches, as if assuming an equality with the master whom he served. The eloquence of Thomas Cromwell, formerly secretary to the fallen Cardinal, and one who loved him dearly to the last, gave this cruel Bill a mortal wound. It passed the Lords, but perished in the Commons. Wolsey was ordered to retire to York, where a welcome flung a parting gleam of light upon his broken life. He had never yet been installed in the cathedral of the northern capital. It had been neglected in the whirl and glare of courtly life. And now a day was fixed for the ceremony, and preparations were made for the needful pageantry. The final blow came before the appointed day. While he was sitting at dinner in the house of Cawood near York, the Earl of Northumberland came to arrest him for high treason. Northumberland, who had been a page in the Cardinal's household, felt that he had slain the fallen statesman, when he touched him and spoke the terrible words of the arrest. The Yorkshire peasants wept, as the sick old man, scarcely able to sit his mule, went slowly amid his guards towards the south. An attack of dysentery delayed him at Sheffield Park for eighteen days. Entering **Leicester Abbey** one evening late, the light of torches lending a flush to his white worn face, he said to the Abbot, "Father, I am come to lay my bones among you." It was true. A relapse of the same disease, acting on a frame broken with anxiety and grief, wore his life away. He died at eight on Monday evening, the 28th of November 1530, being then in his sixtieth year. With his failing breath he lamented his neglect of God's service, and charged the King to depress in time "the new pernicious sect of Lutherans."

1530
A.D.

Sir Thomas More had already received the Chancellorship, and a new Ministry had settled into place; the Duke of Norfolk being President of the Council, the Duke of Suffolk Vice-President, and above them both *Mistress Anne*. A jocular touch the last, from a French pen, but still a truth!

Even before the occurrence of those political events, which snapped the bonds linking England to St. Peter's chair, a little band of tradesmen and students, known as the Association of Christian Brethren, spoke words and read books of heresy (so-called) in London and the university towns. Such a man was Thomas Bilney, "little Bilney" of Cambridge, who first led Hugh Latimer, the greatest of the English Reformers, to seek the truth. Such men were John Frith and William Tyndale. Such men, though of weaker mould, were Garrett, Dalaber, and Clarke, who kept the New Testament hidden, at the

risk of stake and fagot, beneath the flooring of their rooms. Every one of these died a martyr's death.

That severance of England from Rome, which the Divorce Case began, was completed by the Acts of that memorable Parliament, which, meeting first in 1529, continued to sit for fully seven years. The most prominent enactments of this momentous period were the abolition of *Annates* or first-fruits in 1532—the forbidding of appeals to Rome and the appointment of prelates by any but the King (1533)—and the recognition in 1534 of Henry Tudor as “the only **Supreme Head** on earth of the Church of England,” this title being an echo of what was professedly the voice of the convoked clergy.

Thomas Cranmer now appeared upon the historic stage. Three years sufficed to raise this man from a tutorship at Cambridge to the see of Canterbury. A single sentence, spoken at a supper table in Essex within hearing of Secretary Gardiner and Almoner Fox, won for him the notice of the King. The universities of Europe were, at his suggestion, appealed to on the point, “Whether or no a man may marry his brother's wife?” The result proving favourable to the wishes of the royal inquirer, Cranmer began to rise by rapid steps. When Warham died, he rose at once to the Primate's chair, to the sacred duties of which he was consecrated in March 1533. Anne Boleyn, whom Henry married that year, looked kindly on one to whom she partly owed her crown. And in return the prelate, who owed his mitre chiefly to her, pronounced her to be the lawful wife of his royal patron, and with public pomp placed the crown upon her head. Divorced Catherine, lying sick and sad at Ampthill near Dunstable, could only raise a feeble protest. “Nan Bullen,” as the people called her rival, soon becoming the mother of a little girl who was christened Elizabeth, glittered away the fleeting months of her splendour.

A poor **nun of Aldington in Kent** used, during the recurrence of severe fits of epilepsy or some similar disease, to scream out broken words relating to the topics of the day. Some monks, who saw with dread the Protestant tendencies of the divorce (Catherine **1534** being a Catholic and Anne a Lutheran), interpreted her madness into prophecy. The King had better beware. If he put away Catherine, death horrible and mysterious would seize him in seven months, and his daughter should reign in his stead. Among those entangled in the pitiful affair were Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More, ex-chancellor of England. The nun, Elizabeth Barton, being arrested with six of her associates, suffered death at Tyburn. Three men took a special share in the unravelling of the imposture. Of Cranmer I have just spoken. Cromwell and Latimer were the other two.

Thomas Cromwell, a native of Putney and traditionally a blacksmith's son, acquired his sharpness and knowledge during some rambling years of mercantile life on the Continent. From his desk in a factory at Antwerp he travelled into Italy, where he saw life and studied men. Wolsey, who never lost a chance of adding men of capacity to his train, made Cromwell his solicitor, and kept the young

man in constant employment. If Cromwell, as has been stated by Foxe, saw the sack of Rome in 1527, it must have been during a temporary visit to Italy, of which we have lost the record. He was Wolsey's servant at that date. When the Cardinal fell, Cromwell clung to the hand whose kindness he had felt; but this feeling did not prevent him from entering the service of the King. *His* lucky advice, compact as Cranmer's, was that the King should shake off all Roman trammels, and declare himself the sole and supreme Head of the English Church. Upon this the fabric of his fortunes rose.

Yet more remarkable was the last of the three, that son of a Leicestershire farmer, whose language never ceased to smack of fireside wit and the broad English humour of men familiar with the mattock and the plough. **Hugh Latimer**, born about 1472, studied at Cambridge, where some sparks of a great light, beginning to burn in Germany, fell upon his young heart, and never were extinguished there. From his Wiltshire pulpit he spoke bravely out, and there were many who hated the intrepid seeker after truth. But Cromwell shielded him, introduced him to the notice of Queen Anne, and ultimately put him in the way of receiving the mitre of Worcester, which he began to wear in 1535.

The question of the Headship caused the death of Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More. For both refused to take the oath of supremacy devised by the Parliament in the end of 1534. They stand out among the crowd of Catholic martyrs, who sealed with their blood their conscientious adherence to a shaking system. After many months of imprisonment in the Tower old Fisher lost his head; which went to the ghastly spikes of London Bridge. Fourteen days later, on the same deep-dyed spot on Tower Hill, **Sir Thomas More** ended a life, whose lustre of gentle wit and deep learning is somewhat dimmed with the shadow of that persecuting spirit, which blackened all the struggle of the time (July 6, 1535). Margaret Roper, his favourite daughter, rescued his head from the usual place of exhibition, and kept it to be buried in her grave. Henry had as yet done nothing so shocking to the mind of Europe, and the Italians, especially, vied in heaping angry words upon his name. There was then in Italy a young Englishman of brilliant talents, Reginald Pole, the grandson of Clarence, whose timely flight from England had saved his head, for he too had opposed Henry's anti-papal movements. This eloquent priest, of whom we shall hear again, added the music of his voice to the letters of the scholarly Erasmus in mourning the fate of a man so gentle, wise, and witty as the author of *Utopia*.

About this time two very restless portions of the realm pushed themselves into prominence. **Ireland**, desolated by the feuds of the Butlers and Fitzgeralds, broke into a rebellious condition, the flame being fanned by Roman Catholic influences from abroad. Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, a son of that old Earl of Kildare who had favoured the White Rose impostures of the previous reign, headed the insurgents. With difficulty the rising was crushed, Silken Thomas and his five uncles suffering death on Tower Hill (1537). A

lighter hand fell on the principality of **Wales**. Its numerous petty lordships, once independent and unruly, were bound closely to the English throne. English laws henceforth governed all the mountain-land, and members were elected by every Welsh shire, and one borough in every shire, to sit among the English Commons (1536).

It is now time to notice that event, without which the Reformation would have been incomplete. The **translation of the Bible** into English had been going on through all these changes. John Wycliffe's version had grown too antiquated for popular use. With the memories of his Cambridge friendships and the troubles of his tutorship in Gloucestershire yet fresh about his heart, William Tyndale set out for Germany to talk with Luther, and, supported by the kindness of a good London merchant, Humphrey Monmouth, he was able to complete at Antwerp a translation of the *New Testament*. It appeared in 1525 or 1526. And in spite of fine, imprisonment, disgrace, and fire, the book made its way into English homes. The *Pentateuch* and *Jonah* followed from the same laborious pen, before that terrible day at Vilvoord, when Tyndale was strangled and burned at the stake (1536). His great associate in this work, whom stake and fagot spared to see the Anglican Church fixed firmly on its blood-cemented base, was Miles Coverdale, an Augustine monk of Cambridge: he, having first given valuable aid to Tyndale, issued, the year before that martyr's death, a folio volume, dedicated to King Henry, which contained the entire Bible, printed in the English tongue.

The same year (1536) which saw Tyndale die, witnessed on English soil the death of divorced Catherine at Kimbolton, and a more terrible scene on Tower Green opposite St. Peter's Chapel, when **Anne Boleyn**, convicted of adultery, perished miserably by the headsman's axe. Henry had made a great mistake in the choice of his second wife, who left him, like his first, a daughter, but, unlike that spotless Spanish Queen, a sullied memory and fame. Anne was beheaded on the 19th of May: next morning Henry took **Jane Seymour** to be the partner of his throne. She too favoured Protestantism; but the short duration of her married life prevented her influence from being very deeply felt. Giving birth to a son, Prince Edward, on the 12th of October 1537, she died about twelve days later. Henry had at last an heir, but his wife's place was a third time vacant.

Following out the policy of Wolsey, from whose thoughts nothing was further than the wish to be classed among the abettors of the English Reformation, Henry, with the strong and willing aid of Cromwell, began to attack those monasteries, which studded all the land. We must not, however, give Henry too much credit for this much-needed reform. Anger and avarice were probably the main-springs of the **dissolution of the monasteries**. The work proceeded by degrees. In 1536, after a visitation under the auspices of Cromwell, who played the part of King's Vicar, three hundred and eighty of the smaller establishments, whose revenues did not exceed £200 a year, were abolished; a proceeding which poured into the purse of the King money to

the amount of £100,000, with the prospect in addition of £32,000 a year. The Commons naturally demurred at this abolition, bad as the suppressed houses were; but a hint from royal lips to some of the leading members touching the safety of their heads silenced all opposition to the Bill. It was almost the last Act of this memorable Parliament, which had begun its sittings in 1529.

So great a ruin shook every corner of the land. For the monastic system, the steady growth of nearly a thousand years, had struck its roots deep into English soil, and had woven its tendrils close round the heart of English life. Little wonder then that there should be much sorrow and suffering over all the country, when the axe began to lop away the ancient tree. Rebellion was in that age the necessary consequence of great discontent; the people had only one way of speaking to the throne. Not satisfied with the destruction of the minor monasteries, the King and his leading advisers compiled a "mingle-mangle or hotch-potch," as Latimer called it, which the nation were to accept as the condensed doctrine of the newly founded Church. The Scriptures were to be the great rule of faith: the three creeds, Apostolic, Athanasian, and Nicene, ranking equal to them in authority. No images were to be worshipped. Many saints' days, especially such as fell in harvest-time, were to be kept no longer. Instead of seven sacraments, only three—Baptism, the Supper, and Penance—were to hold their ground. But Auricular Confession and the Real Presence were guarded, as sacred strongholds of faith, with the most terrible penalties. With Purgatory Henry did not know what to do. This mingled creed, embodied in the **Bishops' Book** (1537) and pressed with all the force of a Tudor will upon the nation, acted upon the smouldering anger of the people, like oil on dying flames. Lincolnshire began to frown. The entire north rose in rebellion. Forty thousand angry farmers and ploughmen, under the leadership of Robert Askew, swept the basin of the Ouse, with banners displaying the dying Christ and sleeves marked with the emblems of his wounds. Calling their advance *The Pilgrimage of Grace*, they occupied York, Hull, and Pontefract, resolved to root out the heresies lately planted in the land, to restore the abolished monasteries, and to place the Catholic Church upon its old basis in England. The stormy November and a flood in the Trent ruined their plans. Martial law being proclaimed from Tweed to Trent, hatchet and rope began their deadly work. Most notable of the men, who fell for their share in this misguided movement, were Lord Darcy, executed on Tower Hill, and Robert Askew, slain at York.

The trial of **John Nicolson** or Lambert, a priest, who kept a school in London, exhibits dramatically Henry's idea of how the Head of the Church should act. This brave man, who could not believe in the real presence of Christ's body and blood **1538** in the sacramental elements, confronted the King and bishops **A.D.** at Westminster Hall one dull November day in 1538. Cased in white silk, Henry, no longer the slim athlete of the Cloth of

Gold days, sat under a canopy to pronounce judgment on the case. The sun sank and torch-light reddened the oaken rafters of the Hall, before the talking of the prelates ceased. Lambert would not bend from his belief. "Fellow, wilt thou live or die?" roared Henry. "My soul I commit to God," said the schoolmaster, "and my body to your Grace's clemency." "Then must thou die." And die he did in the red flame at Smithfield. The reek of men like Lambert, as was said of Patrick Hamilton, infected all it blew upon.

To avoid recurrence to the subject, I may finish here the subject of the **monastic suppressions**. The piles of delicate stone-work, enriched with the thoughts of architect and sculptor, which ever since the Conquest had been growing up in beauty over all the land, were levelled, unroofed, or turned into stables and pig-sties. Choice pictures, in whose tinted forms glowed the spirit of Italian art, shrivelled in the flames. Stained windows became splinters of coloured glass. Sweet bells, that had sprinkled the air at prime and sunset with music, were melted down or sold. Iconoclasm reigned supreme. But six bishoprics—Westminster, Oxford, Peterborough, Bristol, Chester, Gloucester—grew out of the ruined heaps of the English monasteries. As schools, hospitals, centres of agricultural progress, lodging-houses for the traveller, these monasteries had been of much service to the country. Their fall accordingly left serious gaps, which it took a considerable time to fill. Much suffering and consequent discontent occurred among the humbler classes of the people, as the result of the violent, though necessary, change.

Henry had thrown himself back into the hands of the Roman Catholic party, had called the Duke of Norfolk to lead the
1539 House of Lords, and, under the especial guidance of Gardiner,
 A.D. Bishop of Winchester, had issued Six Articles, whose results stamped them with an awful name,—**The Bloody Statute**.

They ran as follows :—

1. The Eucharist is really the present natural body and blood of Christ, under the forms, but without the substance, of bread and wine, which are transmuted by the act of consecration.
2. Communion under both kinds is not necessary to salvation.
3. Priests cannot, by the law of God, marry.
4. Vows of chastity, whether in man or woman—priest, monk, or nun—must be observed.
5. Private masses must be retained as essential.
6. The use of auricular confession is expedient and necessary.

These edicts passed easily through the Convocation and the Parliament. Immediate death by flame formed the penalty attached to disbelief of the first. Doubt or breach of the other five or any one of them amounted to felony, but death was not to be inflicted for the first offence. Latimer and Shaxton resigned the mitres of Worcester and Salisbury, in disgust at the passing of the Act. But Cranmer held his crozier tight. That article, which referred to marriage touched him nearly, for he had a German wife and many children. He seems to have fought keenly in committee against the passing of

the statute, and especially against its third enactment. But when he saw that Henry stood firm, he sent his wife and children to Germany, and kept them there, while the King lived.

Let us turn to Cromwell now. Especially hateful to the Catholic party, owing to his active share in the dissolution of the monasteries, he saw with alarm their growing influence at court. A Protestant wife for his royal master seemed the only way of turning the current that had set in. Henry had meantime been looking about for himself. A witty Duchess Dowager of Milan received the honour of an offer; but, being provided with only one head, which she could hardly spare, she declined with thanks. At last Cromwell suggested as a fitting wife **Anne**, the sister of the Duke of **Cleves**. Hans Holbein, to whose pencil we owe many portraits of the Tudor time, and who had some time ago abandoned his native Germany for more profitable England, went over to paint the lady's portrait. Henry liked the picture and agreed to marry the original. But when at Rochester he caught a glimpse of the large fair placid Dutchwoman, who came to share his crown, his corpulent sides shook with rage against all the devisers of the match. He married her (January 5, 1540), but in less than six months, she exchanged the perilous title of "wife" for the safer complimentary formula, "the King's dearest sister by adoption," being divorced and pensioned off in favour of **Kate Howard**, a niece of Norfolk, whom His Grace the King met at the dinner table of the Bishop of Winchester. Before Henry married his fifth wife, Cromwell troubled his councils no more. When the various charges of heresy and usurpation, raised against him, took a definite form, he demanded a trial before his peers, and it was denied to him. A Bill of Attainder without any trial—a method of procedure which formed part of the despotic supremacy established by Henry with the aid of Cromwell and the Parliament—slew the Vicar-General. He knelt at the block on Tower Hill on the 28th of July 1540. Eleven days later Kate was queen. We may fitly close her short and sullied story by saying that she too perished by the headsman's axe in February 1542. The King's last wife, **Catherine Parr**, widow of Lord Latimer, survived her royal consort.

During all the later years of Henry's reign the country was entangled in war with Scotland and with France, two lands which were, at this period of history, bound together by the closest ties. For Scotland yet lay under the spiritual dominion of Rome. The outbreak of war may be ascribed chiefly to the intrigues of Cardinal Beaton, whose name overshadows many pages of Scottish story. Puffed up by a slight success at Halidon Rigg on the Border, King James V. of Scotland collected ten thousand men (1542), pushed them across the Border under the leadership of an unskilled man called Oliver Sinclair, and heard, a few hours later, how his great host had been scattered on **Solway Moss*** by a handful of Cumberland farmers. The news killed him. He died at Falkland in the following month,

* *Solway Moss*, a bog in Dumfries-shire, between Gretna and the Esk.

leaving his French wife, Mary of Guise, to bring up the infant Queen, who was only a fortnight old.

France having deep sympathies with Scotland just then, England joined the side of the Emperor, and war, smouldering at first, soon broke into a flame. An English contingent went over to fight the French in Flanders. In the following year (1544), English soldiers took Boulogne. Just then however the Emperor Charles found it convenient to bring *his* share of the war to a sudden close. The **Peace of Crepy*** was signed between him and Francis (September 19, 1544); and Henry stood alone facing France.†

Bent upon reducing her neighbour to submission by one tremendous blow, France prepared a huge armament for the invasion of the island. From the Seine to the Solent came two hundred ships and sixty thousand men. But England was ready. Lord Lisle's flag streamed from the top-mast of the *Great Harry*, round whose giant hull clustered about sixty sail. At first the light French **1545** galleys, carrying a long gun at the bow, crippled the English ships severely. But a landing in the Isle of Wight was repelled with ease. The French fleet dropped aimlessly away to Selsea Bill. An indecisive conflict took place at Shoreham,‡ and during the darkness of the night that followed, the French ships, which a hot month at sea had turned into pest-houses of disease, sailed away home. The English fleet had also suffered from the ravages of sickness.

Meanwhile how did the Reformation proceed? We have heard of the Bishops' Book. **Another volume** appeared in 1540 under the name, *The Necessary Doctrine and Erudition of a Christian Man*, in which the *seven* sacraments were once more enjoined. The third edition of this book, published in 1543, is known as *The King's Book* because Henry wrote the preface. A step towards the great literary work of the next reign was taken, when in 1544 the Litany began to be spoken in *English*.

In 1544, Person, Testwood, and Filmer were burned at Windsor in terms of the Six Articles. But the martyrdom, which excites deepest interest, is that of **Anne Ascue**, a lady of Lincolnshire, who, disowned by her husband and her father for clinging to the truth, used to read the Bible aloud in the aisles of Lincoln Cathedral to all who chose to hear. Arrested in London and committed to Newgate, she quailed not a jot. When on trial at the Guildhall, she put her views on the Real Presence in a shape so plain, that sentence of death followed at once. "That which you call your God," she said, "is a piece of bread: for proof thereof let it lie in a box three months and it will be mouldy. I am persuaded it cannot be God." She was burned with three

* *Crépy* (or *Crespy en Valois*), a town thirteen miles south of Compiègne in Oise.

† It is worth notice that *shells* made their first appearance in warfare during the reign of Henry VIII. They were the invention of a French engineer in that King's service.

‡ *Shoreham*, a town in Sussex, twenty-four miles east by south of Chichester. The old port lies a mile inland.

others in front of St. Bartholomew's Church on the 16th of July 1546. In Scotland too the fagot blazed. On the previous May-day George Wishart, whom the faithful Knox used to attend sword in hand, as he preached the gospel, was gibbeted and burned before the old Castle of St. Andrews. David Beatoun watched his death-throes from a window. Before the month was out, a roaring mob of the burghers rushed at the loud clang of the alarm-bell up to the castle wall, and saw there the dead body of the Cardinal hanging "by the tane arm and the tane foot." With Beatoun perished the Papal cause in Scotland.

A conspiracy, in which the prominent actors were the Duke of Norfolk and his son, the **Earl of Surrey** of poetic fame, disturbed the last days of Henry's life. Norfolk was the leading Catholic nobleman in England. It was easy therefore to suppose him plotting for the restoration of Papal power. The acts of Surrey were more open. Entitled as a collateral descendant of the Plantagenets to bear the arms of England in the second quarter of his shield, he suddenly assumed in the *first* quarter those heraldic symbols, which belonged only to the heir-apparent of the throne. He thus aimed at supporting his father's claim to the Protectorship, when death might strike the King. Convicted of treason, he was executed. Norfolk lay in prison; but the death of Henry in 1547 saved him from the block.

HENRY VIII. (1509-1547).

Married, 1. CATHERINE OF ARAGON; 2. ANNE BOLEYN — *beheaded*; 3. JANE SKYMOUR; 4. ANNE OF CLEVES; 5. CATHERINE HOWARD — *beheaded*; 6. CATHERINE PARR.

A.D.

- 1510. Wolsey appointed Royal Almoner.
- 1511. Henry joins the coalition against France.
- 1513. Battle of Guinette, August 16.
Battle of Flodden, September 9.
- 1514. Wolsey raised to the See of York.
- 1515. Receives a Cardinal's hat and a seat on the Woolsack.
- 1517. Luther's Theses published at Wittenberg.
- 1518. Wolsey made Papal Legate.
- 1519. Francis I. and Charles V. both court Wolsey and the English King.
- 1520. *The Field of the Cloth of Gold*, followed by the private interview at Gravelines.
- 1521. The title *Fidei Defensor* conferred on Henry by the Pope.
- 1526. Probable publication of Tyndale's New Testament in English.
- 1527. Rise of the Divorce Question. Wolsey in a dilemma.
- 1528. The martyr Hamilton burned at St. Andrews.
- 1529. *The Court of Campeggio*. Disgrace of Wolsey and elevation of More to the woolsack.
- 1530. Death of Wolsey (November 28) at Leicester Abbey.
- 1532. Resignation of More. Cranmer becomes Primate instead of Warham.
- 1534. *Act of Supremacy passed*, which finally severs England from Rome. The Barton imposture.
- 1535. Executions of More and Bishop Fisher.
Miles Coverdale completes his translation of the whole Bible.
- 1536. Legislative union of England and Wales.
Suppression of the monasteries begins.

1537. A rebellion in the north called the Pilgrimage of Grace.
 1538. Trial of John Nicolson or Lambert for alleged heresy. He is burned at Smithfield.
 1539. Suppression and plunder of the monasteries completed.
 Enactment of *The Bloody Statute* or *Six Articles*.
 1540. Execution of Thomas Cromwell (July 28) on Tower Hill.
 1542. The Scottish army under Sinclair routed on Solway Moss. Death of James V. in consequence.
 1543. Publication of *The King's Book* with a preface by Henry. It enjoined the acceptance again of the Seven Sacraments, and was the third edition of the *Necessary Doctrine and Erudition*.
 1544. Peace of Cr py between Charles V. and Francis I., leaving Henry alone to fight with Francis.
 The Litany first spoken in English.
 1545. French and English ships exchange shots in the Solent.
 1546. Anne Ascue burned, July 16. Conspiracy of Norfolk and Surrey. George Wishart burned at St. Andrews.
 1547. Execution of the poet Surrey, January 21.
 Death of Henry VIII. (January 27) at Westminster, from the effects of an ulcer in the leg. He was fifty-six years old.

CHAPTER III.

EDWARD VI.

The Protectorate.
 Pinkie Clough.
 Seymour of Sudleye.

Popular discontents.
 Fall of Somerset.

The English Liturgy.
 Jane Grey.

THE **Protectorate** began. The Earl of Hertford, uncle of the young King, became Duke of Somerset. The other leading names in the Council were Archbishop Cranmer; Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, now made Earl of Southampton; and Lisle, now made Earl of Warwick. Everything smiled on the **Reforming movement**. The popular spirit showed itself at once in the removal of pictures, the breaking of images, and the whitening of painted walls. Ridley, the Principal of Pembroke Hall at Cambridge, spoke against images in churches and the use of holy water. Archbishop Cranmer ate meat in Lent in the public hall of Lambeth Palace. The peasantry of the land, however, as is always the case, accepted the change of creed more slowly. They had sorely felt the fall of the monasteries. The purification of the churches seemed to them at first but a part of the same apparently mischievous movement.* Among other necessary innovations a Book of Homilies, for the instruction and direction of the more ignorant clergy, was compiled under Cranmer's superintendence.

The **marriage of young Edward** with little Mary of Scotland had been a favourite project of the dead King, who with his failing

* The words Pagan (from *pagus*, a village), and Heathen (from the wild heaths of Northern Germany) illustrate this slow spread of religious change in country districts.

breath desired Hertford to carry it out, if possible. The match had been accepted by the Scottish Assembly of 1543, but France had interposed to prevent a union so hurtful to herself. Somerset now advanced those claims to the sovereignty of Scotland, which, two centuries earlier, had brought infinite woes on both lands,—a piece of policy which made the completion of the marriage treaty impossible but by force. Mustering a force of fourteen thousand foot, four thousand horse, and fifteen cannon at Berwick, the Protector crossed the Tweed, and, advancing within sight of the fleet, which moved abreast of his march, saw the Scottish tents whitening the bank of the Esk at Musselburgh. Forgetting differences of creed and race, all Scotland had mustered to keep unbroken the ancient freedom of the realm. Too confident in their numbers, the Scottish army crossed the river in hopes of cutting off the retreat of the English by occupying the ridges in their rear. But Somerset was too quick. He took the hills himself. Then the Battle of **Pinkie Cleugh** began. The English cavalry, charging over **Sept. 10,** a wet ploughed field, were broken by the line of Scottish **1547** pikes. But the pikemen, rushing in pursuit of the retreat-**A.D.** ing foe, were met by a rain of matchlock-balls, and arrows, which stopped, disordered, and turned them. Down came the reformed cavalry with irresistible force, and bore them back upon the bodies in reserve. The Regent Arran struck spurs and rode away. In a few minutes the whole slope on both sides was covered with the flying wreck of the great Scottish army. The dress of white leather or fustian, in which all, high and low, came to battle, made every fugitive a conspicuous mark for the sabres of the pursuing horsemen. The victorious Protector went back to England, crowned with empty honour. The Scots lost Pinkie, but they kept their Queen.

While these events took place in Scotland, the Homilies and Injunctions were working their way among the English clergy. From two prelates, Bonner, Bishop of London, and Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, they met with special opposition. Both men were committed to the Fleet Prison. The meeting of Parliament in November 1547 was the signal for a great change, which **annulled the Bloody Statute**, and those equally odious enactments, framed in the reigns of Henry IV. and Henry V. against the Lollards. The sting was broken in such measures as the Act of Words and the Act of Supremacy, offences against which had been raised in the late reign from being simple misdemeanours to be treason or felony.

A great danger menaced the Protectorate in the plotting of the Protector's brother, Lord **Seymour of Sudleye**, High Admiral of England. This rash and profligate man married Catherine Parr, after she became Queen Dowager, although he had long been looking on the Princess Elizabeth as a fitting wife for an ambitious man. Catherine's sudden death gave him another opportunity of seeking Elizabeth's hand, which he did eagerly and craftily, preparing at the same time for extremities by casting cannon and round-shot and intriguing with the Master of the Bristol Mint for a supply of coin.

The seizure of the King's person was among his schemes, in the formation of which he sought the aid of the pirates, who infested the English Channel. When it was found that remonstrance availed nothing, a swift blow was struck. A Bill of Attainder having passed the Lords, the conspirator was brought to the block in March 1549.

Insurrectionary movements in the country districts troubled this reign. The agitation, caused by the fall of the monasteries, still continued to excite the peasant. The silver coinage was abominably debased, and "the bad money drove out the good." Rents were raised to more than double their former rate; and where once several active and happy cotter households had been, now a solitary shepherd and his dog could alone be seen. Grazing became the great object of the landowner, who often evaded the law by driving a single furrow through his acres and then swearing that it was still under the plough. Latimer, who came out of prison upon Henry's death, being himself a yeoman's son, sympathized deeply with the labouring poor, and uplifted his eloquence in their behalf at Paul's Cross. His famous sermon of the Plough struck at the very root of the evil. Away in Cornwall and Devon the grievance assumed a religious phase. The new English Liturgy, prepared by Cranmer and sanctioned by the Parliament, excited the first rising in the west. Read for the first time on the 9th of June 1549 in all churches, it was heard with especial dislike in the little village of Sampford Courtenay among the Devon moors. Next day the villagers forced their priest to say mass in Latin. The movement spread. The rebels demanded a return to the ancient forms of worship, insisting that the Bible and all English Scriptures should be destroyed. The army of insurgents, gathering round Exeter, cut the water-pipes and opened fire with their small cannons. For many weeks the Mayor held out under the pressure of famine. But the advance of Lord Russell and Lord Grey from Honiton, and their victory over the insurgents at the village of St. Mary's Clyst, raised the siege and broke the strength of the rebellion. In the east, at Wymondham in Norfolk, the rising took another shape, agricultural distress being there the leading grievance. **Robert Ket**, a tanner of Wymondham, headed the rebels, whose camp was upon Mousehold Hill. There under an oak-tree the tanner administered justice, and preachers addressed the crowd, while all round in the turf huts the peasants made merry over roast venison and poultry. Twice Ket took Norwich. But the most ambitious man in England came down to crush the rebellion, which he did with an unsparing hand. This was John Dudley, who had been Lord Lisle, was now Earl of Warwick, and was fated to die Duke of Northumberland. His father, Empson's colleague in extortion under Henry VII., had perished on the scaffold. The rebels left their camp for the open field, and thus rushed on certain doom. The *Lanz-knechts* of the royal army shot too steadily and true for undrilled masses to withstand. A few were hanged on the oak. Ket and his brother, having been previously examined in London, met a similar fate, the one at Norwich, the other at Wymondham.

Between the Protector and the Council a bad spirit had long been growing. His haughtiness vexed the men, with whom he was in daily association. **Somerset House**, rising on the ruins of churches, excited much invidious remark, as its costly stonework grew, while English greatness was crumbling and English wealth was running low. A party, of which Warwick was the soul, was formed against him in the Council. And, when to the perils of a civil war, there was added the danger of losing Boulogne and the miseries of an imminent French war, his administration broke suddenly down; and he was sent to the Tower, after having held the reins as Protector for almost three years (1549).

A short time afterwards an Act of Parliament stripped him of the Protectorate, and obliged him to give up a portion of his accumulated wealth amounting to £2000 a year. He then obtained his freedom, hampered with a condition, which forbade him to come to court without leave.

In the following March the French received Boulogne in return for four hundred thousand crowns; and the danger of a war being over, English statesmen had time for reforms at home.

There was indeed great room for reform in the **religious spirit** of the time. Bets were made and duels fought in the aisles of St Paul's. The clatter of horse-hoofs echoed to the fretted roofs, and in the churchyard close by the frequent report of hand-guns, then a new invention, told that the sportsmen of the day were contesting their pigeon-matches among the graves. Learning declined in the universities. In the country, stewards, huntsmen, gamekeepers crowded the pulpits, to which they had been promoted by careless or interested patrons. These were glaring evils; and it took all the sturdy eloquence of Latimer and men like him to combat their growth.

We now reach the close of **Somerset's career**. The struggle became a duel between him and Warwick, who to unbounded ambition added a harder and less scrupulous mind. A conspiracy was formed for the arrest and imprisonment of the ex-Protector's rival. One Palmer disclosed it to the Earl, who began to countermine the plotters, and wrought so stealthily upon the boyish mind of Edward, that Somerset was suddenly arrested and sent once more to the Tower, this time to exchange his cell for the scaffold. Brought down by water at five o'clock on a December morning to Westminster Hall, the Duke of Somerset took his place at the bar at nine. The Londoners, who loved him dearly, thronged every avenue, and filled the air with curses against Warwick, who had lately become Duke of Northumberland. Treason and felony were the charges. Twenty-six peers, with Winchester as High Steward, formed the tribunal. The verdict was—guiltless of treason but guilty of felony. The sentence was death. On the 22nd of January he knelt, about eight in the morning, on the scaffold at **Tower Hill**, and **1552** then, raising his handsome face, he addressed the crowd. **A.D.** When his head had fallen, handkerchiefs were dipped in his blood to be treasured as memorials of one, who had aimed at noble

ends and fallen short through lack of strength, who in a situation of less responsibility would probably have earned a better fame than that of a well-meaning and good-natured spendthrift.

During the enactment of this tragedy Cranmer in the quietude of Lambeth Palace had been steadily progressing with the translation of the **Liturgy**. I may here borrow the words of one who has, with patience beyond praise, cleared away much error and misconstruction from this complicated chapter of English history, and has sprinkled the blossoms of a delicate fancy along the thorny path he asks us to tread. Froude writes thus of the Liturgy :—

“As the translation of the Bible bears upon it the imprint of the mind of Tyndale, so, while the Church of England remains, the image of Cranmer will be seen reflected on the calm surface of the Liturgy. The most beautiful portions of it are translations from the Breviary; yet the same prayers translated by others would not be those which chime like church bells in the ears of the English child.....

“From amidst the foul weeds in which its roots were buried, the Liturgy stands up beautiful, the one admirable thing which the unhappy reign produced. Prematurely born, and too violently forced upon the country, it was, nevertheless, the right thing, the thing which essentially answered to the spiritual demands of the nation. They rebelled against it, because it was precipitately thrust upon them; but services which have overlived so many storms speak for their own excellence and speak for the merit of the workman.”

This great work of moulding the **Anglican service** was finished in 1552. It began with the Primers of King Henry VIII.; the Litany came then; then the First Communion-Book; the Prayer-Book of 1549; and lastly the completed ritual. The creed of the Reformed English Church was at the same time digested into Forty-two Articles.

The intrigues of **Northumberland** occupy the rest of the reign, deriving their chief interest from the gentle girlish figure, that formed at once their centre and their victim. Jane Grey, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, was the great-grand-daughter of Henry VII., and, if the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth remained illegitimate, and the little Queen of Scots were passed over, she came next in order of succession to the crown. Modest and accomplished to a degree even now rare among ladies, this girl of fifteen loved a book and a quiet nook for study better than the noisy glitter of fashionable life. When married to Guildford Dudley, Northumberland's fourth son, she begged that, as she was so young, she might remain in her mother's house a while. With bitter tears she found herself obliged to exchange retirement for the perilous pursuit of a crown which she did not desire. The news came that Edward, her dear fellow-student, was dead and had bequeathed to her the throne. Worn out with consumption, and attacked under the treatment of a nameless woman with inexplicable symptoms, such as the loss of his nails and then of his toe and finger joints, the gentle boy had breathed his last on the 6th of July 1553.

EDWARD VI. (1547-1553).

A. D.

1547. The King being only ten, the government was vested in a Protector (Duke of Somerset, his uncle) and a Council of twenty-eight.
 Battle of Pinkie near Musselburgh, September 10.
1549. Plots of Seymour of Sudley, High-Admiral. Executed, March 20.
 The Norfolk rising under Ket the tanner.
 Fall of Somerset's government. Sent to the Tower, he gives place to Dudley, Earl of Warwick and afterwards Duke of Northumberland.
1552. *Execution of Somerset on Tower Hill*, January 22.
 Completion of the Anglican Liturgy.
1553. Marriage of Guildford Dudley and Jane Grey.
 Death of the boyish King, aged sixteen, at Greenwich.

CHAPTER IV.

MARY I.

The Spanish Match.
 Arrival of the Legate.

The Lighting of the Fires.
 Latimer and Ridley.

Cranmer.
 Loss of Calais.

Lady Jane Grey then began her ten days' reign. Proclaimed in London amid the silence of the citizens, she lingered on the very steps of the throne, while Northumberland was striving with the energy of despair to accomplish the object, for which he had been scheming so long. But popular feeling ran too strong. He went to prison and Mary ascended the throne. On the 19th of July the London streets pealed with every sound of gladness, as she was proclaimed Queen at the cross of Cheapside.

During the late reign Mary had steadily defied every effort to bend her rigid Romanism. Now, exalted to a throne, she changed that passive energy into active hostility to Protestantism.

She set free Gardiner, Bonner, Tunstall, Day, and Heath, consigning to prison in their stead Ridley, Latimer, Cranmer, and other Reformers. Gardiner became Chancellor. It was a necessary act to remove **Northumberland** from the stage. Recanting his Protestantism and kissing the cross which he had marked in the sawdust, he lost his head on Tower Hill, the sons of his victim Somerset looking on among the crowd.

An Englishman, whose eloquent pen had often assailed Mary's father from beyond the Alps, now comes prominently upon the scene. Immediately after Mary's accession **Reginald Pole**, whom residence had made half Italian, received from the Pope his commission as Legate to England. A secret messenger from Rome had an audience of the Queen, who told him that she meant to contract such a marriage as would strengthen the Roman interest in her realm, and that her heart was unalterably given to Papacy. Before this emissary left England the Mass had been restored, and in the ruder districts of the land had been received with joy.

The **marriage**, which was to rebuild Roman Catholicism in England, owed its first proposal to the Emperor Charles. He had a son, Philip, only ten years younger than the withered woman on the English throne. Mary had Spanish blood in her veins. The union of England with Spain and Flanders would quite overshadow their presumptuous neighbour France.

Discontent, fomented secretly by France, broke into **rebellion**. Sir Peter Carew, failing to raise the Devonshire men, fled to France. Sir Thomas Wyatt, the son of Surrey's poetic friend, met at first with some success. While he was traversing in Kent almost the same road which had led Tyler and Cade to bloody graves, the Duke of Suffolk, Jane Grey's father, made a fruitless attempt at Coventry. Finding the passage of London Bridge impossible, Wyatt led his diminished force to Kingston, crossed the Thames with little trouble, and entered London, where his straggling files were cut in two and himself was caught as in a trap. This insurrection caused many deaths. Jane and her husband suffered first. Her father soon followed. And Wyatt did not escape his doom. The Princess Elizabeth too was involved in considerable danger. Had the rising been successful, she would have been made Queen. It was therefore necessary in the eyes of Mary's supporters that she should be arrested and imprisoned. Accordingly that portal of the Tower, called **Traitor's Gate**, which frowned above the Thames, shut behind her with ominous clang. In two months the popular feeling obliged her jailers to remove her from the Tower to the pleasant solitude of Woodstock.

Then the **Spanish bridegroom** sailed into Southampton Water, his hatchet face as yellow as his hair and beard from the combined effects of sea-sickness and the fear of a French surprise. No cannon boomed on the Solent, lest the hostile cruisers might hear. **July, 1554** Landing in silence, he rode through heavy rain to Winchester, where Mary waited his approach. The betrothal **A.D.** was then completed by the marriage ceremony; and what seemed the strongest link in the new Roman chain was welded with apparent firmness. The husband hung for a year about the English court, disliked and disliking.

During this year Cardinal Pole, the **Papal Legate**, arrived in England by way of Dover. As he swept in a stately barge, decorated with a silver cross, from Gravesend to London, his enraptured Italian suite discovered that the river was miraculously flowing backward to bear them to their destination. They were not used in the Tiber to the ebb and flow of the tide. At Whitehall Stairs, Pole found himself in the arms of the King and Queen, who started from the dinner-table to embrace one only less sacred in their eyes than Pope Julius himself; and, somewhat later, he took up his quarters in **Nov. 30, 1554** Lambeth Palace, Cranmer, whose pall was destined for his sacred shoulders, then lying in one of the Tower cells. **A** week afterwards, in the hall of the Palace amid a crowd of Englishmen and Spaniards, this Cardinal, whose face told of his descent from the Plantagenets, pronounced over the heads of the

kneeling sovereigns, while sobs shook the Queen's breast, the words of the **absolution formula**, which took England back into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church.

The free spirit of the laity, growing for nearly thirty years, could not be wholly repressed. The Acts of Henry VIII., against the Papal power, were indeed all swept away at once, chiefly through the endeavours of Gardiner. But in two things the court party met with decided opposition. They could force the Commons neither to permit the coronation of Philip, nor to cut off Elizabeth from the succession.

All was now ready for the lighting of the fires. **Rogers, a Canon of St. Paul's**, and Hooper, the charitable Bishop of Gloucester, appearing in a Southwark church before Gardiner, Bonner, and others, refused to recant and received sentence of death. Rogers had been in Newgate; and Hooper had been lying on rotten straw in a fetid ward of the Fleet for many months. Rogers was the first to die. Twice he begged to see his wife; twice this sad consolation was denied him. He saw her, with nine little ones clustered at her skirts and a tenth upon her breast, as he went to his baptism of fire in Smithfield, and heard cries of joy burst from a heart which forgot its deadly ache in its noble pride and its exalted faith. **Hooper** was carried down to Gloucester; and there, in an open space opposite the college, the fagots were

Feb. 4,
1555
A.D.

piled round him on a wet and stormy morning in February. The wind howled a requiem in the naked branches of an old elm-tree, under which he had often preached. It was now thick with people come to see him die. The gunpowder, fastened to his limbs, did not stun him with its explosion. The wet wood could scarcely be kindled. The wind blew the flames aside. It was a frightful scene of slow torture. Yet he never flinched, although three-quarters of an hour passed before he died. Rowland Taylor, rector of Hadleigh in Suffolk, was burned the same day on Aldham Common. Before this awful year—1555—had reached its middle, several other names were added to the list. Ferrars, Bishop of St. David's, suffered in the market-place of Caermarthen; and Cardmaker, Prebendary of Wells, who had weakly yielded to the first gust of the storm, fed the flames in Smithfield. But the crown of martyrdom was not monopolized by the priesthood. The laity, especially the trading classes, bore noble witness to the truth. William Hunter, a London apprentice, who had been detected reading the Bible in Brentwood Church, and an upholsterer named Warne, who accompanied Cardmaker to the stake, wrote their names imperishably on the roll of English martyrs. While fires like these were sending up their smoke to heaven, Mary's cup of misery was rapidly filling to the brim. Her eager hope, nay expectation, of bearing a child melted into disappointment and despair. She was forced to release Elizabeth from custody at Woodstock. And her husband Philip, who presented that compound not uncommon—of frosty stateliness with revolting sensuality—left her at the request of his father, in

Feb. 9,
1555
A.D.

whose breast the thought of abdication had latterly been growing strong.

There yet remained in prison three of the Reformers, all of whom are central figures in the changeful drama. Pole issued a Commission to try **Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley**, who were forthwith brought to Oxford and there confronted with a tribunal of three Roman Catholic bishops. Cranmer, "in a black gown and leaning on a stick," appeared first before the altar of St. Mary's Church. Charged with heresy and treason, the Primate resolutely denied the authority of the Bishop of Rome, answering all the taunts of the Queen's proctors with calmness and point. He went back to his cell in Bocardo prison. Ridley and Latimer were tried in the Divinity School. The ancient blood-rusted weapon of King Henry's reign was levelled at these lives. Questioned as to their belief in the Real Presence, both distinctly spoke what their judges looked upon as deadly heresy. In that plain and striking language, which made Latimer's sermons the most powerful engine of the English Reformation, the martyr, trembling with eighty years, spoke out his mind: "Bread is bread, and wine is wine. It is true that there is a change in the sacrament, but the change is not in the nature, but in the dignity." Pole thought to convert these men by the arguments of a Spanish friar. The attempt was vain. On the 16th of October the two men came out of prison to their death; Ridley carefully dressed in a furred black

gown, a furred velvet tippet, and a velvet cap; noble old
 Oct. 16, Latimer, just as he had appeared at the bar, in threadbare
 1555 Bristol frieze and head wrapped in handkerchief and night-
 A.D. cap. Ridley, stripping off his gown and tippet, gave little
 keepsakes to all his friends—a new groat to one, nutmeg and
 slices of ginger to others, his watch to some special favourite. When
 Latimer cast aside his worn dress, he had a shroud, white and new,
 below. Kind hands hung bags of gunpowder round the necks of
 both. Then was heard the snapping of the kindling boughs, from
 amid which these noble prophetic words of Latimer went sounding
 through the air: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley. Play the
 man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in Eng-
 land, as I trust shall never be put out." The old man perished first,
 stunned by the shock of the merciful powder. Poor Ridley felt the
 fire, smothered under a weight of sticks, crawling slowly round his
 legs, and burst into piteous cries of, "Let the fire come to me; I can-
 not burn;" upon which one of the guards thrust his bill under the
 wood and raised it to admit the air. Then at last came the tardy
 explosion, and the charred trunk hung dead upon its chain.

The mild and timid **Cranmer**, who, though not the greatest of the English Reformers, may be justly called the Father of the Anglican Church, saw from his prison window the smoke of Ridley's martyrdom. This was part of a scheme to frighten him into a recantation. Ceaselessly the talking of Soto, a Spanish friar, sounded in his ears; and hopes were excited that the lonely prisoner was giving way. He *did* give way at last. Sentenced by the Pope and degraded in the

Cathedral of Christ Church, where Bonner himself scraped the fingertips which had been anointed with holy oil, the Archbishop returned to his cell, to read a long and violent letter from Pole, in which hopes of life and freedom were held out to him, if he would recant. With mind and body both unstrung by the harassing proceedings of the day, he pondered on the cunning words of the Legate; and within a few days after his trial he signed five papers of submission, in the last of which he denounced Luther and Zuinglius, accepted the Pope as head of the Church, and declared his belief in the Real Presence, the Seven Sacraments, and Purgatory. A month went by, and the court made no sign. Then Pole brought him a paper, drawn up in all likelihood by the Legate himself, and couched in the most humble words. This sixth submission Cranmer also signed. And yet he was to die. It was well for the memory of the weak old man that his enemies stooped to such a ruthless trick. He had now a chance of washing off this sorry stain. On the morning of **March 21,** Saturday, the 21st of March 1556, the rain fell so heavily **1556** that the execution sermon could not be preached in the open **A.D.** air. Cole, the Provost of Eton, mounting the pulpit of St.

Mary's, tried to explain why the Council had decreed that a man should be burned after recantation. The blame of the matter was laid at Cranmer's door, as the chief setter forth of heresy in the Church. Cranmer spoke when Cole had finished; and to the last moment it was expected that in view of death he would cling to his recantation. Imagine the dismay of all, when these words fell on their ears: "And now I come to the great thing that troubleth my conscience more than any other thing that ever I said or did in my life, and that is the setting abroad of writings contrary to the truth, which here I now renounce and refuse, as things written with my hand contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and written for fear of death to save my life.....As for the Pope, I utterly refuse him, as Christ's enemy and Antichrist, with all his false doctrines; and as for the Sacraments, I believe as I have taught in my book against the Bishop of Winchester." Rudely stopped and hurried to the stake, a quarter of a mile off, where Latimer and Ridley had died, he there gave further witness of the sincerity of his last words, by holding the hand, which had written the submissions, in the rising flames that it might first be punished. Next day Pole became Archbishop of Canterbury.

Plots like those of Wyatt and Carew continued to convulse the land. Sir Henry Dudley, a cousin of Northumberland, formed a conspiracy to set Elizabeth on the throne. It was discovered, and crushed. A buccaneering descent of Sir Thomas Stafford upon Scarborough came to a similar end. Meanwhile the foreign policy of the English Court was becoming every day more hopelessly entangled. Philip, who spent a few spring weeks of 1557 in England, was pushing his wife into war with France. Nor was an occasion wanting, for an attempt, aided by Protestant refugees from England, had been lately made by the French upon Calais. The declaration of war with

France embroiled England with the Pope, who, in defiance of all remonstrance, removed Pole from his high place as Legate, and appointed in his stead Peto the Greenwich Friar.

The first great operation of the war was the Battle of **St. Quentin**,* in which the soldiers of Philip completely overthrew an army led by the Constable of France (August 10, 1557). The English were not present at the battle, but they helped to storm and plunder the town of St. Quentin a few days afterwards.

The solitary remnant of English rule in France was now to belong to England no more. When the frosts of January had turned the marshes, which girdle Calais on the land side, into sheets of ice, the Duke of Guise, who had been quietly concentrating his forces on the important trio of towns—Calais, Hammes, and Guisnes—which lay by the Channel shore, made a rapid movement on New Year's Day 1558 towards the centre of attack. There were only a few hundred men and very little food within the English lines. The sluices and dykes had fallen into disrepair; and Lord Grey, the governor, dared not resort to the expedient of flooding the marshes from the sea, for the salt water would leak through the embankments into the cisterns of the town. Seizing the sand-hill called the Rysbank, which commanded the harbour and the town, the French opened a heavy fire upon Calais. Meantime all was hurry and blunder at home. Men mustered without arms; ships could not face the Channel waves; and,

1558 when ships and soldiers *were* ready, down came a storm which strewed the sea with wreck-wood. **Calais fell** on the 6th of January. The little garrison of Guisnes raised earth-works and returned the French fire till their powder ran short. Guise then offered easy terms, which the garrison accepted. To all the other miseries crowding round Mary's throne, this last and worst was added.

Seldom indeed has an English sovereign died amid thicker clouds. A foreign loan was again needed to fill the public treasury. The summer heat had brought a fever on the people. The fires had never quite gone out in Smithfield; and when Bonner (Gardiner had died before Cranmer) dared not light the pile in open day, he carried off his prey to Brentwood, and there the murderous flame stained the sky of night. The defeat of a French army on the sands at Gravelines, where English ships with their guns covered the charge of Egmont from the land, was but a brief and passing gleam of light. The French flag continued to float from the Rysbank. At last fever struck Mary, and fatally increased that dropsy which had caused her such pangs of disappointed hope. With her dying breath she expressed a wish that her sister should maintain the Roman Catholic religion (November 17, 1558). Reginald Pole died a few hours later than his Queen, just in time to escape the degradation which must certainly have befallen him under the sceptre of Elizabeth.

* *St. Quentin*, a town in the department of Aisne in northern France, lying midway between the Scheldt and the Oise, about eighty miles north-east of Paris

MARY I. (1553-1558).

Married PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.

A.D.

1553. Hugh Willoughby frozen off Lapland while trying the north-east passage to China.
 Ten days' demonstration in favour of Jane Grey. Mary proclaimed at Cheap-side, July 19.
 Execution of Northumberland.
1554. Insurrections of Wyatt and Carew.
 Executions of Guildford Dudley, Jane Grey, and her father Suffolk.
 The Spanish bridegroom arrives. *The marriage.*
 Cardinal Reginald Pole comes to England as Papal Legate, November 30. *England is formally received once more into the Roman Catholic Church.*
1555. Beginning of the Marian persecution. Rogers burned at Smithfield, February 4. *Latimer and Ridley burned at Oxford, October 16.*
1556. *Archbishop Cranmer, who was imprisoned in 1553, burned, March 21.*
1557. Defeat of the French at St. Quentin, August 10. The English allies of Spain helped, two days later, to storm the town.
1558. Capture of Calais by the Duke of Guise, January 6.
 Death of Queen Mary at St. James's of fever, aged forty-two. Pole dies at Lambeth within twenty-four hours.

CHAPTER V.

ELIZABETH.

Puritans.
 Cecil.
 Anti-Papal Policy.
 Dutch War.
 Drake's Voyage.

Mary Stuart.
 Trial and Death.
 Spanish Armada.
 The Game of Bowls.

The Fire-Ships.
 Earl of Leicester.
 Earl of Essex.
 Death of Elizabeth.

Elizabeth then passed from Hatfield* to the throne of England. In religious matters she would gladly have trimmed between Romanism and Protestantism; but her Council advised the establishment of a Protestant Church on such footing as might satisfy even the laxer adherents of the ancient faith. She ordered the English Liturgy of Edward to be read in the churches, and forbade the elevation of the Host. But at the same time she put a stop to the breaking of images, and, it is said, retained the crucifix and holy water in her private oratory. Two Acts, however, of her first Parliament (1559) placed the matter of the national religion beyond mistake. Having restored the anti-Papal statutes of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., which Mary had repealed, and having also annulled the edicts against heresy, revived by the late Queen, they passed, besides, the **Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity**. The former of these required every person who held any office to declare on oath that the Queen was the

* *Bishop's Hatfield* (taking its name from the Bishops of Ely, who had a palace there) is in Hertfordshire, nineteen miles from London.

only supreme governor in the realm, both in spiritual and temporal things. Heath, Archbishop of York, Bonner, Bishop of London, and Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, were the most notable of the fourteen prelates who resigned their mitres rather than take this oath. The Act of Uniformity insisted that all, under heavy penalties, should use King Edward's Book of Common Prayer. Thus melted the last hopes of Papal dominion in England. The Anglican Church assumed almost its present shape in 1562, when the Forty-two Articles were reduced to Thirty-nine.

But before many years had passed, a schism shook the newly-founded Church. **The Puritans** separated from the Establishment in 1566. My sketch of the English Reformation would be incomplete without some notice of the way in which the party sprang to being. During the reign of Edward VI. its outlines became distinctly visible. The publication in Germany of the *Interim* led some Protestant divines to England. Of these Martin Bucer was the chief. Becoming identified with Cambridge, he taught Puritanism there, as Peter Martyr had already been doing at Oxford. Hooper, who became Bishop of Gloucester in 1550, was the first English champion of Puritanism. In the vestment controversy he declared that he would neither have the Bible laid on the nape of newly-elected bishops, nor have them appear in square hat, tippet, and white surplice. When in the Oath of Supremacy he pointed out the word "saints" to the young King, Edward drew a pen through the letters. The sympathies of English Protestantism during Edward's reign leaned to the Genevan system, of which John Calvin was the soul.

The Marian persecution deepened the Puritan feeling; for a host of men left England to avoid imprisonment or death, and during their residence on the Continent they acquired, from intercourse with Calvin and his followers, those views of church government and church service which the Puritans have always advocated. Prominent among these exiles, whose head-quarters were at Geneva, was **John Knox**, the Reformer of Scotland, whom crafty Northumberland had vainly endeavoured to seduce by an offer of the mitre of Rochester. Foxe of the "Acts and Monuments," Coverdale of the English Bible, Grindal, Sandys, Bale, and Jewel went also to this school of exile. The accession of Elizabeth brought them back; but they had broken into two bands. **Frankfort**, the stronghold of the Moderates, had been pitted against **Geneva**, the stronghold of the Ultras. The Book of Common Prayer formed the battle-ground, and the Genevans published a Service-book for themselves. On their return to England the leaders of the Frankfort party received the sees vacated by the Marian prelates; and the Genevans, who first assumed the name of Puritans, remained nominally a portion of the Anglican Church, until the enforcement of the Act of Uniformity under the direction of Archbishop Parker obliged them to secede.

On Sunday, the 16th of May 1568, **Mary Stuart** crossed the Solway Firth in a fishing-boat, to find herself detained as a captive

where she had hoped to be welcomed as a guest. Her sorrows, her charms, the fact that she was heiress to the English throne if Elizabeth left no issue, wrought so powerfully upon the **Duke of Norfolk**, one of the first noblemen in England, that he sought the royal captive as his wife. Elizabeth in sarcastic words expressed her displeasure at the proposal. He would not listen to her arguments; so she shut him in the Tower. The movements of the English Catholics were watched eagerly at Rome. Stung by Elizabeth's obstinacy, Pius V. issued a Bull, excommunicating and deposing the heretic Queen. One Felton died for fixing this document on the gates of the Bishop of London's palace. Nothing daunted, Elizabeth replied by an Act declaring that all persons publishing a Bull from Rome should be guilty of high treason. Norfolk, released in 1570, after having given a written promise not to proceed with the contemplated marriage without Elizabeth's consent, enjoyed **1572** thirteen months of freedom, but was then brought to trial **A.D.** for having opened correspondence with Mary and having negotiated with the Pope and Spain concerning the invasion of England. He suffered death on the 8th of June 1572.

Although the Queen was not without a love for the picturesque worship of the Roman Catholic Church, her advisers inclined her to Protestantism of the less rigorous kind; and she refused to admit a Papal Legate into the kingdom. Having had the question of her supremacy settled by an Act of her first Parliament, she proceeded to exercise her spiritual authority by inflicting persecution on both Roman Catholics and Puritans. In 1568 Roman Catholics were banished from Court: some were imprisoned for hearing mass. A reaction, long working in the northern counties, swelled at last into revolt. The Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland carried the banner of **the Five Wounds** through Durham to Barnard Castle, where they turned at news of Sussex' approach and fled to Scotland, leaving their men to the executioner (1569).

The greatest of Elizabeth's statesmen was **William Cecil**, created Baron Burleigh in 1571. This cautious man, a native of Bourne in Lincolnshire, where he was born in 1520, attracted the notice of King Henry by the skill which he displayed in arguing with two Irish priests against the Papal Supremacy. He won the confidence of Protector Somerset, and in 1548 received his appointment of Secretary of State. The fall of that ruler flung a shadow on the fortunes of Cecil, who went for three months to the Tower. Regaining his freedom, he devoted himself to the improvement of the national finances. To him in a great measure England owed her merchant navy; for by taking their privileges from the merchants of the Hanseatic Steelyard, whose wharfs by the Thames monopolized nearly all the foreign trade, he induced English merchants to build their own ships and carry their own cargoes. His Protestantism did him no harm, even in the days of Mary; though as member for Lincolnshire, he spoke boldly in the Commons against some of the Bills brought in for the injury of Protestantism. Elizabeth's accession relieved him from

danger, and opened a field for the exercise of his genius. He induced the Queen to begin a system of rigid economy, which was scarcely ever relaxed. The crown debts—four millions, it is said—were paid, principal and interest. The debased coinage was purified. Secretary Cecil's chief man of business was a London merchant, called Sir Thomas Gresham, who devoted some of his gains to the adornment of London. He took a large share in the building of a Flemish-looking Bourse of wood and brick, with covered walks and convenient stalls, where the merchants met at sound of bell to transact their business: and, having induced Elizabeth in 1571 to visit it, obtained for it the name of the **Royal Exchange**.* That very year saw Cecil raised to the peerage, and to the illustrious post of Lord High Treasurer. Known henceforth as Lord Burleigh, he devoted the ripeness of his years to the development of that calm and far-seeing policy which won honour for his grey hairs. He had many foes, especially among those favourites whom the weakness of Elizabeth encouraged. But he kept the even tenor of his way unruffled to the last, enjoying his books and flower-beds whenever he could loose the chains of toil for a few hours. Gout at last wore out his strength; and in 1598 England lost a man who, by the steady force of common sense and quiet thought, achieved fame for himself and conferred on his country benefits that well entitle him to our gratitude.

Fewer words may dismiss Elizabeth's other ministers. **Sir Francis Walsingham**, a man who served more than once as Ambassador in France, became one of the principal Secretaries of State, and, as such, undertook for Elizabeth the management of that most unhappy business, the conviction of Mary Queen of Scots. It grates harshly on our notions of statesmanship to find Walsingham tampering with letters, employing spies, and giving bribes in the performance of his political duties. Born at Chiselhurst in Kent about 1536, he died in his house at Barn-Elms in 1590.

Chiselhurst also sent out a Lord Keeper of the Great Seal—**Sir Nicholas Bacon**, father of the author of the *Novum Organum*. Sir Nicholas never achieved greatness; but he agreed remarkably well with his friend and brother-in-law, Cecil, whose temper much resembled his own. Sir Francis Knollys, the Vice-Chamberlain, who was a good deal mixed up with the earlier imprisonment of Mary Stuart, and Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury and a special scourge of the Puritans, had also a share in the councils of Elizabeth.

The news of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew struck a pang of fear through all Protestant England. To many of the English prelates and statesmen there seemed to be no safety, unless poor Mary Stuart lost her head. Elizabeth had incurred the hatred of French Catholics by sending supplies of men and money to Condé, leader of the Huguenots. Receiving **Havre** in return, she thought to make a second Calais of the place; but she lost it in a little while. Slight as was her share in this movement, it now seemed sufficient to point

* This building was burned in the Great Fire of 1666.

her out as a victim of Catholic vengeance. But the fear proved fanciful.

In the affairs of **the Dutch Republic**, England, as the acknowledged champion of Protestantism, was perforce entangled. There among the fens Elizabeth came into collision with her arch-enemy, though quondam suitor, King Philip of Spain. So firmly did the Dutch believe in her wisdom, that, by advice of **1576** Orange, the sovereignty of the States was offered to the **A.D.** English Queen. She declined it. Then came the Union of Utrecht—and a lull. The murder of Orange in 1584 led to a second offer, urging Elizabeth to become sovereign of the States. Her refusal was softened by the aid she afforded against Spain. Her favourite Leicester took command of an expedition to the Low Countries, which possesses a mournful interest to the literary student, for there, in a skirmish near Zutphen, Sir Philip Sidney, then acting as governor of Flushing, met his death-wound (1586). Leicester, matched against Farnese, Duke of Parma and first captain of the age, made blunders till winter came, and then returned from among the martial merchants, whom his arrogance had annoyed and his incapacity enraged.

The impetus, given to **navigation** by the discoveries of Columbus, Cabot, and Vasco di Gama, displayed itself in the rapid growth of maritime enterprise. Hugh Willoughby went with three ships in 1553 to seek a passage to China by the Arctic Seas, and with the crews of two vessels was frozen to death in a harbour on the coast of Lapland. Richard Chancellor, the captain of the third ship, reached the White Sea, and having travelled on a sledge from Archangel to Moscow, obtained from the reigning Czar those rights of trading, which led in the next reign to the formation of the English Russian Company. The foundation of negro-slavery was laid by John Hawkins early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Martin Frobisher made three voyages in search of the North-West Passage. However, the desire to be rich, whether by the plunder of Indian villages or Spanish treasure-ships, by the discovery of new lands or the importation of new luxuries, guided the helm of every cruiser that left port, far more than any devotion to science or any purely patriotic desire to extend the bounds of empire.

Most notable of the Elizabethan sailors was **Francis Drake**, the son of a poor vicar, and born in 1544 about a mile from Tavistock.

Sailing from Plymouth in command of five ships, Drake crossed the Atlantic to Brazil, penetrated to the South Seas by the Magellan Strait, was driven in the *Golden Hind* to Cape Horn, captured many Spanish galleons in the Pacific, and made his way home by Java and the Cape of Good Hope. The entire voyage round the world occupied two years and ten months (December 1577 to September 1580).

Elizabeth dined with Drake on board of his victorious ship, which was carefully laid up in a creek at Deptford; and, when dinner was over, her royal hands conferred knighthood on the hardy mariner. When the timbers of the *Golden Hind* grew very frail, she was

broken up, and a chair, made from some of her best planks, was presented to the University of Oxford.

Meanwhile the **Scottish Queen** was expiating her folly at Tutbury,* where damp apartments crippled her limbs with disease. At last in Babington's conspiracy an occasion was found for wreaking on her the vengeance which had been gathering for years. Savage and Ballard, the latter a priest in soldier's dress, coming over to England, under Papal and Spanish influences, to assassinate Elizabeth, unfolded their project to Antony Babington, a young Catholic of gentle birth. Entering gladly into the plot, Babington widened the circle of murderers to six, and prepared to set free the Queen of Scots. But in the very heart of the plot Walsingham had his spies, and, when all was ripe, the leading conspirators were arrested, to meet a speedy death. Removed to **Fotheringay Castle**,† Mary soon heard that a Commission of forty-two had been nominated by the Queen to proceed with her trial. Walsingham, by use of a spy, got up a correspondence between the captive Queen and the exiles in France, and managed to have the letters conveyed by a brewer, who visited the castle with ale. He saw every letter, for Gifford, who had bribed the brewer, was in his pay.

Mary's Trial.—The first step taken at Fotheringay—on the 12th of October—was to place in Mary's hand a letter from Elizabeth, charging her with a share in Babington's plot. She declared that "she had excited no man against the Queen," and at first refused to be tried by the Commission. But the fear that absence might be construed into conscious guilt led her to alter this resolve.

1586 Copies of three letters, two from her and one from Babington, were entered as evidence against her; and statements, alleged to have been made on oath by Naue and Curle, her secretaries, supplemented these documents. Her answer was clear and simple. "She knew not Babington, and had not corresponded with him. Her letters, if she wrote them, should be produced in her own hand. If Babington wrote her a letter, it should be proved that she had received it. Her secretaries might have written," she said, "what she had never dictated. Where were they? Let them speak before her face." Her requests for the aid of counsel, for a trial in full Parliament, for an interview with Elizabeth, all met with a cold refusal. And on the 25th of October in the Star-Chamber at Westminster **sentence of death** was pronounced. Amid the clang of bells and the blaze of candles, which greeted this decision in London, there were many sorrowful hearts. There was some pleading for her life. Envoys from France and Scotland sued in vain, and after some delay Elizabeth signed the warrant, and commanded the Great Seal to be affixed. Next day she countermanded the completion of the deed; but it had already been done; and at the instance of Burleigh and the rest of the Council the warrant was at

* Tutbury, a strong place on the Dove in Staffordshire.

† Fotheringay Castle in Northamptonshire was destroyed by James I. after his accession to the English throne.

once sent off to Fotheringay. Carefully robed in black satin and lawn, with an ivory crucifix in her hand, **Mary of Scotland** walked calmly, about eight on a winter morning, into the hall of Fotheringay, where a low black scaffold had been hastily erected. The Tower headsmen in black velvet stood by. After a tearful parting from her old steward, Sir Robert Melville, a gold-laced kerchief was bound upon her eyes by her maid, and she bowed her neck upon the block. Three blows severed the neck. Her little pet dog crept in among the folds of her dress, and after death would lie only between the neck and the head.

Feb. 8,
1587
A.D.

Every reader of "Kenilworth" is familiar with Leicester's hope that he might become the husband of Elizabeth. The question of her marriage involved the statesmen of her reign in very complicated negotiations. Philip II. of Spain—his cousin Charles Archduke of Austria—the young Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III. of France—Eric King of Sweden, the son of Gustavus Vasa—all were suitors for her hand. But Charles of Austria and Dudley, who soon became Earl of Leicester, seemed to have a better chance than any of the rest.

Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was the grandson of that minister who helped to fill the coffers of Henry VII.—the son of that noble who smote down Protector Somerset and climbed to the Dukedom of Northumberland, whence his support of Jane Grey caused him to suffer a fatal fall. Elizabeth showed her fondness for Leicester so openly, that, when his wife Amy Robsart died suddenly at Cumnor, all England said that he had killed her to clear his way to the throne. How splendidly Dudley played the host at Kenilworth, when his royal mistress came on a visit to that noble place, needs not here be told. His marriage with Lady Essex, hidden at first from the Queen, roused her jealous anger; but the storm blew quickly by. He commanded, as we have seen, in the Low Countries with little credit to himself. When the Armada approached the English shore, he headed the infantry at Tilbury, and held the bridle of Elizabeth's charger, while the royal Amazon harangued the cheering troops. It was his last command. Sudden death smote him at Cornbury in Oxfordshire in the following September.

Philip II., King of Spain, whose sailors had lately beaten the Turks at Lepanto, whose soldiers had still more recently conquered Portugal, resolved upon the invasion of England.

For this resolve he had many reasons. In the first place England was the central rock of Protestantism. Mary Queen of Scots, the darling of the Roman Catholic cause, had been lately slain at Fotheringay. English ships had plundered his galleons. English soldiers had opposed his armies upon the flats by the Rhine and the Scheldt. The English stage had ridiculed the formal crop of his yellow beard and the starch of his Spanish manners. The English Queen had quite forgotten the stately protection which he had once or twice afforded her, when he lodged at Whitehall as the husband of her haggard step-sister.

As early as June 1587 a treaty against England was concluded between Philip and the Pope. Sixtus V. contributed bags of *scudi*. Venice and Genoa hired out their ships to the invader. He seized every boat of sufficient size in the harbours of the Sicilies, and filled the dockyards of Spain and Flanders with the incessant ring of the shipwright's hammer. Soldiers were enlisted in every part of his dominions. Nor was England idle in the face of the expected storm. Amid some feeble negotiations which came to nothing, Drake "sing'd the Spanish monarch's beard," as he humorously styled the destruction of more than one hundred ships in the Spanish harbours. An important though unexpected result of Drake's expedition was the death of the Marquis Santa Cruz, the best admiral in Spain, who, being prevented from accepting a challenge sent to him by the great English captain, vexed himself into a fatal fever. The vice-admiral, the Duke of Paliano, died almost at the same time, and the command of the Spanish fleet was given to the Duke of **Medina Sidonia**, who seems to have possessed little nautical skill.

In the summer of 1588 one hundred and thirty-two vessels rode at anchor in the Tagus, prepared for the destruction of the English throne. Almost half the fleet consisted of *galleons*, huge leviathans, whose wooden ribs were four or five feet thick, and round whose masts heavy cables daubed with pitch were twined to make them shot-proof. There were also *gallies*, in each of which three hundred slaves tugged at ponderous oars. And the smaller vessels—*zabraes*, *pataches*, *caravels*—swarmed thick between. Two thousand six hundred cannons of brass and iron, with corresponding ammunition; muskets, calivers, halberts, and partisans; carts and waggons; spades and baskets for the pioneers; horses and mules; with half a year's supply of biscuit, wine, cheese, and bacon, loaded every deck and hold. Besides eight thousand sailors and the galley-slaves, there was on board an army of twenty thousand men.

The Spanish plan was this:—While the **Armada** swept the Channel clear of English ships, the army, collected at Dunkirk by **Alexander Farnese**, Prince of Parma and Captain-General of the Spanish Netherlands, a man who deserves to be called the greatest soldier of the age, was to embark in the flat-bottoms prepared for the purpose, and under the convoy of the fleet to effect a descent upon the coast of Kent or elsewhere. A swift movement on London would then lay England trembling at the feet of Spain.

It speaks well for English patriotism that in this hour of extreme peril religious differences sank out of sight, and the nation stood up as one man to beat the invader back. Although Philip warred in the character of a Crusader fighting for the Romish creed, the Roman Catholics of England met him as a foe; and that, although the ashes of their friends still smoked at the stake, and their leaders were in nearly every case shut out from command by Protestant jealousy. **Lord Howard of Effingham**, the admiral who saved England from invasion, was himself a Roman Catholic. Economy had reduced the English navy to thirty-six ships; but ship after ship was added,

until one hundred and ninety-one vessels were ready for sea. The tonnage of these ships did not reach half that of the Spanish fleet; but in this, as will be seen, lay one cause of their victory. Every name of renown in the naval annals of the time may be read in the list of commanders who sailed with Effingham. The Dutch, who dreaded beyond all things a victory of Philip over England, sent their ships to aid the Protestant cause; but their share in the transaction was confined chiefly to blockading Parma at Nieupoort and Dunkirk. The English soldiers, amounting to one hundred and thirty thousand without the London levies, were arrayed along the southern coast and the estuary of the Thames. Milford Haven too had its guard. But the camp at Tilbury has associations that the others do not possess; for there the Queen, clad in armour and reining a gallant charger, reviewed the troops, and spoke stout words of trust in her subjects and disdain of her insolent foe.

The **Invincible Armada** left the Tagus on the 29th of May 1588. Off Cape Finisterre a storm sank four large vessels, and drove the rest, worn with wind and wave, to seek a shelter in Corunna and the neighbouring harbours. The news of the storm, which had smitten the Armada, excited some hope in England that there would be no attack during the present year; and Elizabeth bade Effingham pay off four of his best ships. He replied that he would rather keep them floating at his own cost, and sailed away across the Bay of Biscay to see whether the Armada was really disabled or not. Having found that the check was only temporary, he came back to Plymouth with all sails set, hurrying lest some of the fleetest Spanish ships might cut him off from the English shore.

And then was played on the **Hoe at Plymouth** that game of bowls, which fixes itself like a picture on the memory. We can see it all. The faint hazy blue of the July sky arching over sun-baked land and glittering sea,—the group of captains on the grass, peak-bearded and befrilled in the fashion of Elizabeth's day,—the gleaming wings of Fleming's little bark skimming the green waters, like a sea-gull, on her way to Plymouth harbour with the weightiest news. She touches the rude pier; the skipper makes hastily for the Hoe, and tells how that morning he saw the giant hulls off the Cornish coast, and how he has with difficulty escaped by the swiftness of his ship. The breathless silence changes to a storm of tongues; but the resolute man, who laded the *Golden Hind* with Spanish *pesos*, and cut the waves of every ocean round the globe, calls on his comrades to play out the match, for there is plenty of time to do so and to beat the Spaniards too. It is Drake who speaks. The game is resumed, and played to the last shot. Then begin earnest preparations for a mightier game—a nation's life the stake. Out of Plymouth along every road men spur for life or death, and every headland and mountain peak shoots up its red tongue of warning flame.

In the face of a strong gale the English ships made their way out of port, and on the following day (July 20th) the admiral saw a

July 19,
1588
A.D.

curving line of giant vessels spreading over **seven miles of sea**. He let the Spaniards pass and hung upon their rear, as they sailed up the Channel towards Calais. The *Disdain* (Captain Jonas Bradbury) fired upon a straggler. The *Ark Royal*, which bore Effingham's flag, attacked a monster galleon. The *Revenge* (Drake), the *Victory* (Hawkins), and the *Triumph* (Frobisher), fell upon the rearward line. Drake made a prize of a treasure-ship with 55,000 ducats. This success, and the experience of the fight, in which the tall Spanish ships had fired clean over the little English vessels, filled the hearts of the English crews with joy. But much was yet to be done. Howard went back to Plymouth for Raleigh and the Cornish divisions of the fleet.

On the 23rd there was a whole day's **fighting off Portland**, night and the want of powder for the English guns alone bringing the contest to a close. The 25th saw a similar scene with a similar result—the capture or crippling of Spanish ships—enacted off the Isle of Wight. English powder ran short again; and the Spanish admiral had fired all his heavy shot, most of which were now reposing at the bottom of the Channel. The Spanish fleet came to anchor off Calais on the 27th.

Sidonia's hopes now leaned wholly upon Parma; but that illustrious captain lay cooped in Flanders, with rotting boats, sick soldiers, and empty bread casks, watched moreover so closely by the Dutch, that, even if able, he could not safely have put to sea. There was sudden check-mate now. Seymour's squadron from the Flemish coast having run down the Strait to join Admiral Howard, the Armada must fight before proceeding to Dunkirk to Parma's aid. In fact the colossal fleet, with all its castellated hulls ranged like a line of fortresses, was now blockaded by one hundred and forty English ships, swift, light, and strong. That night (the 29th) a fearful cry, "**The fire of Antwerp**," rang from the Spanish line over the dark waters. Eight small ships, daubed with pitch and resin, and filled with explosive substances, had been steered by some daring Englishmen close to the floating castles. This stratagem broke the line. In the panic, which the fire and the frequent crashes struck through the Spanish fleet, many cut their cables; a huge galley ran against another ship and broke off its own rudder; all was confusion, and Sidonia's signal-gun was not heard, or taken only for another from the flaming ships.

Sunset had burned out over a solid wall of majestic vessels riding proudly at anchor; dawn glimmered upon scattered masts making for all points of the compass. The disunited limbs of the Armada fell an easy prey to the English ships, which during the next day took, sank, or drove ashore several Spanish vessels. The mass of the fleet fled northward at the bidding of the admiral, who saw no way home but round the northern coast of Scotland. Had the powder of the English not again failed, so many would not have escaped. The shores of Orkney, the coast of Norway, the Mull of Cantyre, the rocks of Ulster and Connaught have still their stories of Spanish

wreck-wood and the sailors who were cast dead or scarcely living out of the angry sea. A few ships, driven backward through the Channel, easily became the prize of the English and their friends. In the end of September Sidonia brought **three-and-fifty** weather-beaten and mutilated ships, scantily filled with ghastly sufferers, to an anchor in Santander Bay. His rival Effingham had long ago received the thanks of his Queen and the plaudits of his countrymen, and was then resting on his laurels, won at the cost of very little English life and not one English ship of any size.

Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, served under his father-in-law Leicester upon Dutch soil in 1586, a captain-general of cavalry, although but twenty years of age. When Leicester died, he secured the principal share of Elizabeth's favour, although she smiled too on Raleigh and Charles Blount. When in 1589 a fleet set sail from Plymouth under Drake's command to place Don Antonio of Portugal on his uncle's throne, Essex went to fight at Lisbon as a volunteer. He married Sidney's widow, a daughter of Walsingham. In 1591 he fought in France for Henry IV. During ten summer weeks of 1596 he reduced Cadiz to ashes. The following year saw him, with Thomas Howard and Raleigh, engaged in seeking Spanish treasure-ships instead of carrying out the stated object of his cruise—the destruction of a new Armada, which Philip was fitting out for the invasion of England.

It was an unlucky day for Essex when he landed on the Irish shore to measure his strength with the victorious rebel, **Hugh, Earl of Tyrone**. A peremptory order came from Elizabeth to depose the Earl of Southampton from the command of the cavalry—a post to which Essex had raised his friend. Then his army began to melt away. He faced Tyrone in Louth, merely to conclude a sort of shifting truce; and then without leave or notice he returned to London, and went boldly into the royal presence. Elizabeth received him quietly. It was evening before her rage burst out; and then it was such as her father might have shown. For nearly a year he lay sick and alone in prison, and then received freedom upon condition of showing his face no more at Court. The monopoly of sweet wines which had been a chief source of his income having expired, he asked for its renewal and was refused. Then he tried to raise the Londoners, going on Sunday the 8th of February 1601 with naked sword through the streets, followed by Southampton and other malcontents. Not a citizen took up the cry. Escaping by boat to his own house beside the Thames, he surrendered after a while, and with Southampton was committed to the Tower. **The trial of Essex** derives a peculiar interest from the fact that Francis Bacon, one of the Crown lawyers, whose duty it was to conduct the prosecution, had received many favours at the hand of the unfortunate Earl. Bacon has therefore received heavy blame for his share in the transaction; though how he could have saved the madman, rushing on his fate, does not appear. It is undoubted that Bacon leaned as lightly on the noble criminal as a due regard to the duties of his legal office would permit.

Convicted of treason and sentenced to the block, Essex closed his career at the age of thirty-three (February 25, 1601).

The voyage of Captain **Lancaster**, who left Plymouth in April 1591, followed the track of Vasco round the Cape, and reached Comorin in May 1592, may be considered as the opening of English history in India.

The celebrated **East India Company** sprang from an association formed in 1599, by which £30,000 were subscribed to send three merchantmen out to India. Expanding in the following year to an undertaking on a grander scale, the "Governor and Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies," got a charter for fifteen years from Queen Elizabeth, and spent more than £75,000 in ships, bullion, and goods. Surat, where a factory was founded in 1613, was the earliest centre of their mercantile operations.

The old Queen did not long survive Essex. The close of the Irish rebellion, achieved by **Mountjoy**, who inflicted a final defeat upon Tyrone and forced his Spanish allies into a surrender at Kinsale, cast a gleam of light upon the close of her life. But seventy years had nearly done their work, and the Queen was failing fast. And at last she was reduced to lie on cushions on the floor, her finger always in her mouth, and her eyes fixed in a rigid downward stare. Almost with her last breath she named her cousin of Scotland as her successor; and, when life had left her tongue, raising her hands above her head to signify a crown, she tried to convey to the councillors who stood round her bed, that to have a King in her royal chair was indeed her dying wish. Not many seconds after the last Tudor sovereign had passed gently out of life, the sharp clatter of horse-hoofs broke the morning stillness of the London streets. The sun had not risen on the 24th of March 1603, when Sir Robert Carey went spurring along the northern road, carrying the news to James of Scotland.

ELIZABETH (1558-1603).

Never married.

A.D.

1559. The first Parliament of Elizabeth, besides annulling the enactments of Mary, pass the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity.

1562. The Thirty-Nine Articles of the Anglican Church ratified.

Harve yielded to Elizabeth by the Huguenots. Lost next year.

1564. *Birth of Shakspeare*, who goes to London in '86 or '87.

1566. *The Puritan secession*, forced on by Archbishop Parker.

1568. Flight of Mary Stuart into England.

1569. Norfolk's offer of marriage.

The Banner of the Five Wounds erected in revolt in the northern counties.

1570. Pope Pius V. issues a Bull excommunicating Elizabeth, as his predecessor and namesake had already done.

1571. Cecil becomes Lord Burleigh and Lord High Treasurer.

1572. Execution of Norfolk and Northumberland.

Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

1576. Elizabeth declines the sovereignty of the Dutch provinces.

1577. Francis Drake begins his notable voyage round the world. He returns in 1580.

1581. Execution of Campion the Jesuit and others for conspiracy.
 1583. Desmond's rebellion in Ireland put down, the chieftain being slain.
 1586. The Babington plan discovered.
 Skirmish near Zutphen, where Sidney got his death-wound, September 22.
 Trial of Mary Queen of Scots at Fotheringay begins, October 12.
 Sentence of death pronounced at Westminster, October 25.
 1587. *Execution of Mary Queen of Scots*, February 8.
 1588. THE SPANISH ARMADA.
 May 29.—Leaves the Tagus for the first time. Driven back by bad weather.
 July 19.—Seen off Plymouth.
 July 20.—First shots fired.
 July 23.—A day's fighting off Portland.
 July 25.—Fighting off the Isle of Wight.
 July 27.—Armada anchors off Calais.
 July 29.—Scattered by fire-ships at night.
 July 30.—The final rout and flight.
 1589. Expedition under Drake to Portugal.
 1593. Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, rises in rebellion.
 1598. Death of Lord-Treasurer Burleigh.
 O'Neill gains a great victory at Blackwater.
 1600. First Charter granted to the East India Company.
 1601. Execution of Devereux, Earl of Essex.
 Enactment of Poor Laws.
 1602. The Irish rebellion crushed by Mountjoy.
 1603. Death of Queen Elizabeth, aged seventy, March 24.

CHAPTER VI.

MANNERS OF THE TUDOR PERIOD.

Dress and Manners.	The Lord of Misrule.	May-day and Morris.
The Gull's Hornbook.	Yule Log and Boar's	Head.
Aristocrats at Play.	Head.	Vigil of St. John.
The Kenilworth Pageant.	Evening Games.	Superstitions.

English society made rapid strides of improvement during the Tudor Period. The Elizabethan houses greatly surpassed those of Henry the Seventh's reign both in point of internal convenience and outward beauty. The furniture displayed increasing artistic taste—carved tables and buffets, richly ornamented clocks, and Turkey carpets for the covering of couches having become not uncommon in the mansions of the great. The beaux and belles of the earlier Tudor reigns loved the dress which the pencil of Hans Holbein,* a painter from Basle who settled at the Court of Henry VIII., has made familiar. The men, gleaming in red or blue velvet crusted with gold, clipped their hair but cultivated their beards, while their excessively broad-toed shoes vied in slashes and puffs with their doublets. The ladies, who shared the use of the "aygleted" Milan bonnet with the

* Arriving in England in 1526 with a letter from Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, Holbein started under royal patronage as a court portrait-painter. He died of the plague in 1554.

sterner sex, appear in the fashion of this time more staid and Quakerish than in the gorgeous days of Bess. This perhaps is owing to the fashion of wearing aprons, caps, and high square collars in the street. The accession of Anne Boleyn's daughter saw a change. The deforming cambric ruff with its glaze of yellow starch was worn by both courtiers and maids of honour. Fair-haired wigs—red being the favourite hue—perched upon the heads of maid and matron; and a sly peep at the little looking-glass, which dangled from the belt, was often needed to see that this questionable ornament was sticking in its place. String upon string of pearls hung in long loops from the neck; and when we picture rows of female figures thus bedizened, sitting outside the street doors, munching sweetmeats or smoking tobacco, as they watched the gallants strutting by in trunk-hose and corked shoes, or the heavy leathern portmanteaus upon wheels, which had just been introduced under the name of coaches, rumbling past with their human freight, we have a tolerable idea of lady-life in Elizabethan London. The black ugly teeth of English women—due to either or both of the habits just named—attracted especial notice from the chroniclers and foreign visitors of the time. A great novelty of the day was the use of rapier and dagger in duels instead of the old-fashioned sword and buckler. Unequal length of blade causing considerable odds in combat, it became necessary to fix a standard; and by a royal order citizens of station stood on certain days at the gates to break a piece off every blade which exceeded a yard in length.

The *Gull's Hornbook*, written by the dramatist Dekker, supplies us with a picture of **London life** in the opening of the seventeenth century. The morning toilet of the gallant—his lounge in the fashionable walk at St. Paul's Churchyard—his visit to the neighbouring book-stalls—his practice in the schools for dancing and fencing—the elaborate apparatus of his smoking machine, which he kindles in the smoking-ordinary—the eleven o'clock shilling dinner at the fashionable eating-house—the cards and pipes that followed—the stool upon the stage, where he smokes and makes audible remarks upon the actors—the revelries of the closing night, and the perilous homeward walk, at nine, through the dark thief-swarming lanes, lighted only by the rare and feeble glimmer of the watch-lantern, rise in succession as we read.

An evening or rather an afternoon party then amused themselves chiefly with music, dancing, and **games of various kinds**. Playing on the cittern or the virginals accompanied by the voice; dancing *corantos*, *lavoltas*, or that extremely rigid dance, called *pavo* or *pavin* after the solemn strutting peacock; varied with backgammon, shovell-board, and different games at cards, bearing such obsolete names as *maw*, *lodam*, *noddy*, *gleek*, sped the hours quickly on. In town the theatre was a great resort. From one o'clock till four, that is during most of the interval between dinner and supper, the flag on the roof of the play-house fluttered its gaudy announcement that the play was going on. Within, the groundlings roared and drank; and the gal-

lants, between their long whiffs, drawled across the stage to each other the fashionable talk invented or rather introduced by Euphues Lilly. A visit to the bear-garden, the bull-ring, or the cock-pit supplied townsmen with another excitement. The taint of savagery still lingered in the very highest classes of the nation; and some of the most delicate dames of the Court would, for a frolic, cross the bridge to Paris Garden in Southwark, pay their penny at the gate and their twopence for admission to the reserved seats, and there enjoy the leering of the pink-eyed bear, as he hugged the dogs to death, or shook his head all foul with gore and foam in the agonies of the cruel sport.

The **pageant** still continued to be not merely the delight of the citizens, as it still is, but the stated amusement of the Court. Of all the variegated shows which the time produced, the displays at Kenilworth in honour of Elizabeth's visit to Dudley were the most splendid. Tinselled pasteboard giants with real trumpeters inside greeted Her Grace as she neared the gate. A porter, dressed as Hercules, presented her with the keys. Then over the pool or moat came a mock Lady of the Lake, who made a little speech before the Queen crossed a bridge, glittering with classical gifts of the heathen gods—grain in silver bowls from Ceres, wine and grapes from Bacchus, instruments of music from Apollo, and so forth. What with music, fireworks, hunting, bear-baiting, pageants on the water with Arion singing on the dolphin's back, masques, banquets, and plays, it was not Dudley's fault if his royal Mistress lacked entertainment in his castle.

The approach of **Christmas** flung all England into a chaos of fun and mischief. In every great household, in every country parish, the people, intent on revelry, chose one of their number to be Lord of Misrule. From All-Hallow Eve to the day after the Feast of the Purification this leader headed a gang of mischief-makers, who abandoned themselves to the full swing of their riotous humours. Clad in green or yellow, with scarfs and ribands fluttering round them, jewels gleaming on hand and dress, and bright-coloured handkerchiefs, borrowed from their sweethearts, tied round their necks, they went, with hobby-horses and pasteboard dragons capering to the noise of drums and the squeaking of shrill fifes, right into the churches with hubbub and foolish songs. It mattered not how the parson was then engaged. His prayer or his sermon met with a sudden check; the congregation got up on the seats of the pews to gaze at the annual pageant, which gradually melted out of the church into the churchyard, to turn that quiet place into a scene of drunkenness and kindred vices. The leader of these riots often received clerical preferment at Court, being there called the Abbot of Misrule. The Scottish Abbot of Unreason, put down by Act of Parliament in 1555, was a dignitary of the same stamp.

But the **Christmas** that was kept in old English manor-houses at this time, for all its license and untamed riot, was a picturesque and hearty festival. With shouts of merriment on Christmas Eve the

huge Yule-log was dragged into the hall, wetting the rushes underfoot with the drip of its half-thawed icicles. Smoking torches flared red in the frosty air outside : within, the wide chimney gaped for its expected load, while on the antlered walls around, decked with the spoils and weapons of the green-wood, glittered the dark polished green of holly and ivy leaves, the former sprinkled thick with its coral berries. Next day, when the feast time came and the guests were seated, amid a braying of horns a stout cook staggered in, bearing on a silver dish the choicest fare of the Christmas table—a boar's head, garnished with sprigs of rosemary. What wealth of rich meats and delicate confections disappeared before the Christmas roisterers, who washed the solids down with muscadine and sweetened sack, or with that seductive creamy drink, poetically known as Lamb's Wool, in the compounding of which sound old ale, unlimited spice and sugar, and a roasted crab-apple played very prominent parts, while in the drinking of it a branch of rosemary to stir its fragrant depths was deemed essential by the toppers of the day ! While the squires thus regaled themselves, the nobles and the Queen kept more solemn but more splendid state, sweetening their dainty persons with rose-water before the meal began. It was the fashion of the table to wear the hat, which was gracefully doffed as each health went round. Meantime, the working men swilled *huffcap*, a kind of strong coarse ale, that made short work of the drinker's brain. At Christmas time many sports, forbidden at other seasons, could be indulged in. Thus, apprentices had then permission to play cards within their masters' houses. Every second house resounded with the noise of Hoodman's Blind (what we call Blind Man's Buff), Hot Cockles (the *Hautes Coquilles* of the French), and the spectral Snap-Dragon. On New Year's Eve an interchange of presents among friends was customary ; and the wassail-bowl was carried from house to house by young girls, who expected some money from every one that tasted the liquor.

The slaughtering of cocks at Shrove-tide—the games of handball played at Easter for tansy cakes—the rope-bindings of Hock Tuesday (the third Tuesday after Easter) were but so many interludes between the great Saturnalia of Christmas time and the scarcely inferior games and sports that ushered in an **English May**. At midnight, or a little after, on the first of May, all the young men and girls of the village or parish sallied out into the woods, where they plucked green boughs and twined the spring blossoms into brilliant wreaths and festoons. About sunrise they returned in procession, while many yoke of oxen, gaily dressed with flowers, dragged the May-pole to the place where it was to stand. This central standard of the sport streamed with ribands and kerchiefs of various colours, and was wreathed from base to summit with flowery branches. Round it the dance circled all day long in ceaseless waves, every band, as it wearied, being recruited or replaced by those who had been refreshing themselves in the arbours on the green. The London Maypole was set up on Cornhill, where it “towered high above the steeple

of St. Andrews." May-day was one of the great occasions, on which the **Morris-dancers** shook their variously toned bells, and the richly trapped hobby-horse ambled in his plumes and braveries. The chief characters suited to this time of greenwood sports were Maid Marian and Robin Hood, who were never absent from the frolics of May-day. The milkmaid's dance, with a weighty head-dress of silver tankards and cups, also belonged to this time of year. Midsummer Eve or the Vigil of St. John was kept by the lighting of bonfires. London, especially, on that night was all ablaze during the reigns of the earlier Tudors; for the streets were filled with constables and watchmen in bright harness, bearing lighted cressets—a most expensive civic display, which disappeared about the time of Edward VI. Thus Old England ran riot with pageants and junketings, wakes and church-ales, at the last of which the clergy broached barrels of strong liquor for sale in the churchyards.

Superstitions.—Every reader of the domestic annals of this time is familiar with stories of witchcraft, and the cruel means that were adopted to crush the unfortunate people, on whom age, ugliness, or some equally cogent cause had drawn down suspicion. Then too the astrologer plied his gainful trade, turning the golden lustre of the stars into lustre of an earthlier kind—the yellow light of chinking gold. And the alchemist had not yet suspended his wasting and vain search in the alembic and the crucible. Fairies danced under every green tree, and ghosts promenaded the churchyard from midnight until cock-crow. We can scarcely blame the thick-clustering superstitions of these ages gone, when we remember that they supplied Shakspeare with material for the weird incantations of "Macbeth," the "pale majesty of Denmark," the elfish fun and sweet poetic grace of the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

STUART PERIOD.

(1603 A.D.—1714 A.D.)

JAMES I. (son of Mary Queen of Scots),	began to reign	^{A.D.} 1603
CHARLES I. (son),		1625
COMMONWEALTH , during which Cromwell ruled as Pro- tector for five years (1653–58), began } ended }	1649 1660
CHARLES II. (son of Charles I.),		1660
JAMES II. (brother),		1685
WILLIAM III. (nephew), }		
MARY II. (daughter),..... }		1689
Death of MARY , WILLIAM left sole Ruler,		1694
ANNE (daughter of James II.),		1702–1714

CHAPTER I.

JAMES I.

The Main and the Bye.
Hampton Court.
The Gunpowder Treason.
King *versus* Commons.
Divine Right.

Hugh Middleton.
Death of Prince Henry.
Favouritism.
Visit to Scotland.
Last days of Raleigh.
The Elector Palatine.

Francis Lord Bacon.
Protest of the Commons.
Trip to Madrid.
Henrietta Maria.
Death of James.

RAISED to the English throne in preference to any of the living heirs of the Suffolk branch* by the force of a national feeling, which saw in such a choice the healing of ancient enmities, **James** nevertheless managed during his southward journey to incur contempt and dislike on every hand. He made women kneel before him, scolded his wife in public, rebuked soldiers for offending his royal eyes with the sight of cold bare steel, and flung curses in the broadest Scotch at those loyal peasants who drew near to see his Majesty in the hunting-field.

Secretary Cecil, son of Lord Burleigh, worked himself into the good graces of the King, much to the chagrin of Raleigh and other ambitious men. These baffled politicians joined some discontented

* It will be remembered that Henry VIII. executed a will, which left the crown, in failure of his own issue, to the heirs of the Duchess of Suffolk, his younger sister, in preference to the heirs of Margaret, his elder sister.

Catholics and Puritans in the formation of two plots, which had for their object the seizure of the King and his imprisonment, until a change of ministry and the establishment of toleration were wrung from him. Raleigh and Cobham took part in the "**Main**"—Markham, Watson, and Brooke directed the "**Bye**;" so the conspiracies were styled. Cecil kept abreast of the whole proceedings by secret spies. Raleigh was brought to trial in November at Winchester Castle, charged with treasonable plotting for the murder of the King, and the elevation of Arabella Stuart to the throne. The confession of Cobham formed the whole weight of the evidence against him. Edward Coke, who was then Attorney-General, wasted on the undaunted captive all the fury which he could muster. Defending himself with classic eloquence, he rejected a paper-accusation, as worthy only of the Spanish Inquisition, and demanded that he and Cobham should meet face to face. On that day Raleigh regained the popularity, which his eagerness for Essex' fall had cost him. Although three of the conspirators perished, Raleigh was committed to the Tower.

James had no affection for the Puritans. He had felt the strength of their independence in his northern kingdom, and now, when he found English bishops soft as silk beneath his touch, he resolved that the author of *Basiliicon Doron* and the pupil of George Buchanan should show the Nonconformist doctors of England what scholarship and theological controversy were like. The notable Conference at **Hampton Court**, which gave us the translation of the Bible ever since in use, was held in January 1604. Arrayed against 1604
four Puritan ministers were a King, a score of bishops, and a A.D.
crowd of courtiers. After hearing the royal logic, Bancroft, Bishop of London, blessed God on bended knees for such a monarch. Whitgift of Canterbury echoed the sentiment without assuming the posture of prayer. "I peppered them soundly," said poor conceited slaving James, "and they fled me from argument to argument like schoolboys."

This Conference soured Puritan loyalty a good deal, and, when in the following March the **first Parliament** of the reign assembled, symptoms of a great struggle began at once to manifest themselves. The Commons opposed the King about an election for Buckinghamshire, refusing to admit the Court candidate; and the matter ended in a compromise. They also grappled with the evils resulting from monopoly and purveyance, and, after the usual vote of tonnage and poundage to the King for life, said not a word of ready money. And, to prevent all mistake as to the position they took up at the opening of the struggle, a committee of the House prepared a document entitled *A Form of Apology and Satisfaction*, in which the privileges and liberties of the Commons were set forth and defended. There is, however, some doubt as to whether the Apology ever reached King James's hand.

The heavy persecutions, to which the Catholics were subjected, roused a spirit of revenge in many breasts, but the germ of the **Gunpowder Plot** first struck root in the heart of a gentleman named

Robert Catesby. In youth a renegade from Catholicism, he endeavoured in riper years to atone by fierce zeal for his temporary desertion of the faith, to which he had returned. His first accomplice was a gentleman of Worcestershire, named Thomas Winter. But one accomplice would not suffice. Winter, an old soldier, happened at Ostend to meet with a comrade, **Guido Fawkes**, whom he carried to London, and introduced to the prime mover in the plot. Thomas Percy of the Northumberland family, and his brother-in-law John Wright soon joined the band. In a lonely house in the fields beyond St. Clement's Inn the full horrors of the plot were revealed to the assembled gang. A solemn oath, sworn upon the Sacrament, of which they all partook at the hands of a Jesuit named Gerard, bound them never to reveal the secret, or rest until the object of the plot had been accomplished. Hiring, in the name of Percy, a house at Westminster, whose gable joined that of the Parliament House, they began to break a hole through the cellar wall. Another house at **Lambeth** across the Thames served as a secret store-house for wood and gunpowder. Through all the summer of 1604 they bore about the terrible burden of their meditated crime, checked for a time in their work by the Westminster house being chosen for the lodging of the Scotch Commissioners. Their number now was seven—Kay and Christopher Wright having become entangled in the scheme; and these seven, having victualled their hiding-place with dried meats, took pick-axe and mattock, and went resolutely to work once more on the masonry of the thick wall. Fawkes kept watch, and when he saw a passer-by, the work ceased at his signal, until all was safe. They wrought on through the winter, strengthening their hands by the admission of three men—John Grant, Robert Winter, and Bates, the servant of Catesby. One day a peal as of thunder sounded overhead. Fear turned into joy, when Fawkes came down to say that the dealer was selling off his coals, and that the cellar was now to let. Percy hired the cellar; thirty-six barrels of powder were carried over at midnight, and were laid there under a mask of broken sticks and blocks of wood. It was then May 1605. The autumn came and passed. King James, who disliked public business during the hunting season, prorogued Parliament from the 3rd of October to the 5th of November; a proceeding which for a time excited alarm among the conspirators, now increased in number by the adhesion of Sir Everard Digby, Ambrose Rookwood, and Francis Tresham. But it turned out that this alarm was groundless. Thomas Winter, visiting the House of Lords on the day of prorogation, saw the Peers chatting pleasantly and strolling about on the very spot, beneath which, separated by a few feet of lime and planking, lay the deadly barrels. At White Webbs near Enfield Chase the final arrangements were made. The actual deed—to be accomplished by a slow match and a train of powder—was allotted to Fawkes. If Prince Henry was blown up, and Prince Charles could not be seized, the Princess Elizabeth was to be proclaimed Queen, a Regent being appointed till she came of age. Then arose the great difficulty. Almost all had

friends—many had near connections in the doomed Parliament. Catesby's heart was flint. "If," said the hardened man, "they were as dear to me as mine own son, they must be blown up." Tresham, a man of softer mould, sent a warning to his brother-in-law, **Lord Mounteagle**. Digby also is thought to have warned his friends. As Mounteagle sat at supper, his page brought in a letter left by a tall man, who had gone away in the darkness without being recognized. Among other things the letter said, "i would advyse yowe as yowe tender your lyf to devyse some excuse to shift of your attendance at this parleament, for God and man hathe concurred to punish the wickednes of this tyme.....they shall receyve a terrible blowe this parleament, and yet they shall not seie who hurts them." This letter, received on the 26th of October, reached Cecil on the same evening. The King, hare-hunting at Royston, did not see it until the 1st of November. Meanwhile the conspirators knew of its delivery and purport; yet they persevered. Every day **Fawkes** went to inspect the cellar. All remained as yet untouched, and to all appearance unsuspected. A device of Cecil and Lord Chamberlain Suffolk made James believe that his royal brain had first penetrated the hidden meaning of the missive. Resolving, by Cecil's advice, to wait until the very last day, the Government did nothing until the 4th. Then Suffolk and Mounteagle, going to the vaults, found Fawkes there, looking, as he said, after his master's coals. They went away; but that night, when he came out of the cellar door to watch if any sign of danger appeared, a body of soldiers seized and bound him, and carried him off to the royal bed-room, where his stalwart frame and dark hardened face excited no small terror. He never quailed during the examination, regretting only that his work was left undone. The calm jaunty bearing of the man may be judged from his reply to a Scottish courtier, when asked for what so much gunpowder had been collected. "For one thing," said Guido, "to blow Scotchmen back to Scotland." The torture, afterwards applied in its cruellest form, extracted no confession from this man of iron, whose devotion in a worthy cause would have secured for him no trifling praise.

Nov. 5,
1605
A.D.

A part of the plan had been a muster of Catholic gentlemen at Dunchurch, **Sir Everard Digby's** country-seat, under pretence of a grand hunting-match. The arrest of Fawkes sent nearly all the plotters flying to this scene of action; but the arrival of these men served only to scatter the waiting guests of Digby. A house called Holbeach on the edge of Staffordshire was held for a time by some of the leading spirits of the plot against the attack of the Sheriff of Worcestershire, although the explosion of some powder crippled Catesby and severely scorched many of the rest. Catesby and Thomas Winter, fighting back to back, fell pierced by the same shot. Other bullets killed Percy and the Wrights. Tresham died in prison of disease; and all the rest went to that bloody death, which early English law had decreed as the fitting end of traitors. Of three Jesuit priests, Garnet, Greenway, and Gerard, who were entangled in the plot, the

last two escaped to the Continent; the first, tried for treason, went to the gibbet as the rest had gone. In closing this sketch of the Gunpowder Treason it is but right to say that the Roman Catholics of England, with the exception of the few madmen named, took no share in and had no sympathy with this nefarious plot.

A darling project of King James, which he tried hard to force upon the Parliament, was the complete **legislative union** of England and Scotland. In vain James declared that he would reside by turns in the two kingdoms, or that he would fix his Court at York as a half-way station. Quietly but steadily the Commons held their ground. Cecil, who became Earl of Salisbury in 1605 and Lord High Treasurer three years later, bargained a good deal about a sum of £200,000 a year to keep the King out of debt. And it was only by proposing to abolish such sources of revenue as wardship and purveyance that he could induce the Commons to listen to the matter at all. So bitter was the strife, that a whole session, the winter of 1610-11, passed without the enactment of a single law. Cecil died at Bath in 1612, before he had subdued the obstinacy of the Commons: and by his death James lost the strongest pillar of his throne. A little earlier (1610) the great champion of the Anglican Church—**Bancroft**, Archbishop of Canterbury—had also gone to the grave. It was he who in 1605 had presented to the Star Chamber that petition known as *Articuli Cleri*, in which heavy complaints were made against those writs of prohibition issued by the judges, whenever the spiritual courts exceeded their powers. The absolute power of the King to reform all abuse in Church or State was the reason assigned for seeking to make the Church independent of the Law. This doctrine of absolute power or Divine Right appeared among the definitions of a Legal Dictionary or *Interpreter*, published in 1610 by Dr. Cowell. The *Interpreter* was suppressed by royal proclamation.

Among these political struggles a great work of engineering had been gradually growing to completion. Hugh Middleton, citizen and goldsmith of London, undertook at his own expense to carry a supply of pure water into the heart of the city. Having chosen springs near Ware, he began to form a river-bed, thirty-seven miles in length; and continued the great work until his purse was empty. London would do nothing; but King James agreed to halve the cost, past and future, on condition of receiving half the profit. It was five years and five months from the cutting of the first sod until the water of the **New River** poured into the basin prepared for it near Pentonville—September 29, 1613. Middleton died in the reign of Charles I., a poor man, leaving his children poor; but his work exists to commemorate his fame.

In 1612 James lost his eldest son—**Prince Henry**, then eighteen, who had given early promise of talent. As the Prince grew up he showed a great inclination for warlike exercises, especially the management of artillery. But in the opening promise of his days, when his marriage was becoming a problem of the time, a putrid fever seized him, and he died.

The favourites of James, though worthless in themselves, derived some importance from the position which they held. After George Hume, Earl of Dunbar—Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery and Pembroke—and James Hay, Earl of Carlisle—had in succession enjoyed the royal favour, a handsome young Scotsman, named Robert Carr, attracted the notice of the King, and soon rose to be Lord Viscount Rochester and Earl of Somerset. But a poisoning case, in which he became the instrument of his wife's revenge upon Sir Thomas Overbury, created so terrible a disgust against him, that after having undergone a mock trial he was dismissed to the country with his guilty wife. Then George Villiers, most splendid of all the favourites—becoming Viscount Villiers, Earl, Marquis, Duke of Buckingham—rose from one glittering stage to another in a few years, retaining to the last his ascendancy over James, and exercising perhaps a stronger influence over young Charles, the heir-apparent to the throne.

The quarrel with the **Commons** became greater. A few men of Bacon's winning over, who, with the title of *Undertakers*, endeavoured to wield the Commons as the King desired, failed utterly in their design. Finding the obstinacy of the Parliament of 1614 unconquerable, the King dissolved it, following up this blow by the arrest and imprisonment of five leading members. He then flung himself on the charity or weakness of his subjects by reviving the old tax called *Benevolence*.

In 1617 James paid **Scotland** a visit. Three years earlier, John Napier of Merchiston, then a man of sixty-four, had given to all succeeding ages the ripened fruit of a life devoted to science, in his celebrated *Canon of Logarithms*. In Scotland James was occupied chiefly in attempting to model the Scottish Church according to the forms of the English Episcopacy.

Raleigh had during all this time been writing in the Tower for the instruction of his young friend and admirer Prince Henry. The death of that promising boy broke the captive's interest in his work. Upon Buckingham's accession to power the friends of Raleigh began to talk of a gold mine, which he had discovered during his visit to Guiana; and through Secretary Winwood the story reached the King. The objections of the Spanish Ambassador at first obstructed the affair: but ultimately Raleigh, released from prison, found himself again in command of fourteen ships (March 28, 1618). Sailing to South America, he entered the Orinoco, attacked the city of St. Thomas, where he found *two* golden ingots, and lost his son by a Spanish sword-cut. The fury of Spain knew no bounds; and Raleigh, arrested at Plymouth immediately upon his **1618** return, went from his ship-deck to prison and the scaffold. **A.D.** In Old Palace Yard, Westminster, he met his fate manfully, denying with his last words any share in the blood of Essex (29th October 1618).

About this time the **Thirty Years' War** began. The marriage of the Elector Palatine Frederick, one of the candidates for the

Bohemian crown, with Elizabeth, the daughter of English James, gave that monarch a personal interest in the issue of the war. But various political interests clashed with this personal feeling. Strongest of these was his desire to obtain a Spanish wife with a large dowry of pistoles for his son Charles; and Spain was naturally a keen supporter of the Catholic interest in the war. Roused to some show of action, he sent a few thousand men to the aid of his son-in-law, and he despatched ambassadors to various Courts. His daughter and her husband, losing the crown at which they grasped, lost also the Palatinate, and took refuge at the Hague.

Francis Bacon had now become Lord High Chancellor of England. Rivalling Edward Coke through all the changes of his legal career, the great philosopher and essayist had outstripped the great commentator at last. From the time that Essex had striven in 1594 to obtain the post of Attorney-General for his friend Bacon, and Coke had carried off the prize, the rivalry had been going on. Bacon, who managed after Cecil's death to creep into royal favour, received the seals as Royal Keeper in 1616, and, always extravagant, launched out into expenses greater than ever. During the King's absence in Scotland he played at royalty with all the pomp he could command. With a character like his, a man could scarcely escape the taint of corruption that lay upon the age. Weak, vain, fond of show, with an empty purse and unbounded opportunities of selling his decisions, Bacon trafficked in the profits of the Woolsack. The Commons of 1621 struck a blow at one of the giant evils of the age—the Monopoly System. Sir Giles Mompesson, licensed to sell gold and silver thread—for which he sold a copper counterfeit—and possessed also of the patent for permitting ale-houses, would have paid dearly for his fraud and violence but for his escape across the sea. His partner went to the Tower. Other impeachments followed, in which a bishop and a judge figured. Then came Bacon's turn; and he stood, abandoned by those before whom he had cringed. The King, the Prince, the Favourite, all let him go to his exile without a word. Charged before the Lords upon twenty-two counts at

1621 the instance of the Commons, he made submission, at first in
A.D. a general way, but afterwards under pressure with a distinct confession of particular acts, and on his sick-bed heard of the heavy sentence pronounced against him. He was to pay a fine of £40,000, to lie in the Tower during the pleasure of the King, and not to venture within a radius of twelve miles from the Court. The first two parts of the sentence proved nominal: James remitted the fine and released him in two days. But the remaining five years of his life display the pitiful spectacle of a fallen man—great even in his ruin, although not with the grandeur of goodness on his brow—struggling vainly to gain once more some slippery steps on the perilous ascent from which he had been flung. He had his books and his bowls at Gorhambury; his pen was feathered with an eagle's plume; his intellect had only ripened with his years. Why, instead of pestering the King for a Provostship of Eton, did he not resolutely sit

down to fill at least a second portion of the colossal outline of the *Instauratio*? We might have forgiven the repentant Chancellor many of his speculations, the time-serving courtier many of his airs, had the great philosopher flung the sunset of his splendid genius over a wider region of the universe of thought.

The negotiations for a **marriage** between Prince Charles and the Spanish Infanta excited fears in the House that the whole work of the Protestant Reformation might be undone, if Spain and England were thus united. Coke, now an opponent of the Court, proposed a petition against this match; and a storm of debate arose between the partisans of James and the members of the country party. The King wrote an irritating letter to the Speaker, commanding the House not to meddle with his "mysteries of State," nor to speak of the Spanish match. They remonstrated; he replied: **Dec. 18,** the matter grew worse. The spirit of the Commons rose; **1621** and on a day, famous in our Constitutional History, they **A.D.** recorded on the Journals of their House a **Protest**, (1) claiming their privileges and jurisdictions as an ancient and undoubted inheritance; (2) asserting their right to discuss with all freedom of speech all political questions affecting King, State, and Church; and (3) claiming for the House alone the right of impeaching or imprisoning a member for parliamentary offences. James rode to London in a fury; adjourned the House; called a meeting of Council, and in their presence erased the audacious words from the Journal Book. Then, dissolving Parliament, he sent several of the leading protesters—Coke among them—to prison. One or two of the lords went also to the Tower.

After all, the **Spanish Marriage** did not take place. Baby Charles and Steenie*—as the monarch called his son and his Prime Minister—putting on false beards and assuming the name of Smith, started, sorely to the sorrow of poor old royal "Sowship," for Madrid. The freak had its dangers as well as its charms. Crossing the Strait of Dover, they stayed a day or two in disguise at Paris, where they saw the young Queen (sister of the Infanta) and a bevy of pretty girls rehearsing a masque. One of these girls was afterwards the wife and fatal adviser of Baby Charles. Through France to Bayonne, over the shoulder of the Pyrenees, they made their way on mules to the Spanish capital. At first all seemed going well. The hopes of Rome rose high, for much depended on this Spanish marriage. Charles seemed enchanted with his fair-haired Donna, and she blushed like a rose as he passed her on the Prado. Presents rained upon the Smiths, and courtiers came flocking from England to form a princely train. The principal point striven for by the Spanish statesmen was a full toleration of the Catholic creed in England; but for this James could give only the security of his word. Several causes concurred to break off the match. The English favourite Buckingham and the Spanish favourite Olivares disliked each other, the starched *hidalgo*

* Buckingham got this name from his likeness to a picture of the martyr Stephen.

not being able to endure the flippant insolence of Steenie. The Papal Nuncio did not trust a personal promise from King

1623 James: and Charles did not really care much for the In-
 A.D. fanta. A pretended message from home afforded him a reason for return; and he left Spain with the distinct understanding that the marriage was to take place before Christmas. From March until September he had been lingering at the Spanish Court.

A Spanish War then began, the Commons voting £300,000 for its maintenance. And to widen the breach, a proposal emanating from France was cordially received in England, regarding a marriage between Charles and Henrietta, the sister of Louis. This threw the English monarch into fresh perplexity; for Richelieu contended stoutly for the toleration of the Catholic faith, and only six months earlier James and his son had together sworn that they would never consent to such a measure. The difficulty was at last surmounted by a secret promise from James utterly belying his public oath.

The last year of this reign was disgraced by the impeachment and condemnation for bribery of the Earl of Middlesex, Lord High Treasurer—a man not indeed guiltless of the crime laid to his charge, but deserving commiseration as a victim offered up to gratify the private grudge of Buckingham.

James the First died at Theobald's* on Sunday the 27th of March 1625. Drink and high living seem to have hastened his end. His disease was a complication of ague and gout. No countenance can be given to the hint that some remedies, suggested by Buckingham's mother, contained poison.

JAMES I., OR VI. OF SCOTLAND (1603–1625).

Married ANNE, DAUGHTER OF FREDERICK II. OF DENMARK.

- A.D.
 1603. Accession of James. Plots—the *Main* and the *Bye*—in favour of Arabella Stuart. Trial and imprisonment of Raleigh.
 1604. Conference at Hampton Court, out of which arose our translation of the Bible (published in 1611). The first Parliament of James prepares *A Form of Apology and Satisfaction*, setting forth their privileges.
 1605. THE GUNPOWDER PLOT DISCOVERED, November 5.
 1608. Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, becomes Lord High Treasurer. Puritans, persecuted by Bancroft, emigrate to Virginia.
 BIRTH OF JOHN MILTON.
 1609. The plantation of Ulster begun. Estates given to the corporations of London.
 1610. The publication of Cowell's *Dictionary or Interpreter*. Death of Archbishop Bancroft.
 1612. Deaths of Prince Henry, aged eighteen, and of Treasurer Cecil. The Brehon Law abolished in Ireland.
 1613. Marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to Frederick the Elector Palatine. Hugh Middleton completes the works of the New River (begun in 1608).
 1614. John Napier of Merchiston publishes his *Canon of Logarithms*.
 1616. *The death of William Shakspeare.*

* *Theobald's* in Hertfordshire was built by Lord Burleigh, and greatly improved by his son the Earl of Salisbury, who gave it to James I. in exchange for Hatfield House.

1617. King James visits Scotland, and tries to establish Episcopacy there.
 1618. Francis Bacon becomes Lord High Chancellor. THE EXECUTION OF SIR
 WALTER RALEIGH at Westminster, October 29. The Thirty Years' War
 begins in Germany.
 1620. The voyage of the *Mayflower* to New Plymouth, south of Boston.
 1621. IMPEACHMENT AND DISGRACE OF LORD CHANCELLOR BACON. Protest of the
 Commons, asserting their ancient right of free discussion. James removes
 the entry from the Journal of the House.
 1622. The first regular newspaper, *News of the Present Week*.
 1623. Visit of Prince Charles and Buckingham in disguise to Madrid. The Spanish
 Match broken off.
 1624. The Spanish War begins. Impeachment of Lord Treasurer Middlesex for
 bribery.
 1625. Death of James I. at Theobald's, of ague and gout, March 27.

CHAPTER II.

CHARLES I.

The Great Five.
 Three Parliaments.
 Petition of Right.
 Thorough.
 Slit and Branded.
 Hampden.
 The National Covenant.
 A Short Parliament.
 The Long Parliament.
 Strafford's end.
 The attempted Arrest.

Civil War.
 Edgehill.
 Chalgrove Field.
 Relief of Gloucester.
 Solemn League and Cove-
 nant.
 Death of Pym.
 Laud turns pale.
 Early Life of Cromwell.
 Member for Cambridge.
 Marston Moor.

Self-denying Ordinance.
 Naseby.
 The Scottish Camp.
 Rendevous.
 The Proposals.
 Explosive Elements.
 Preston Fight.
 Pride's Purge.
 The High Court of Jus-
 tice.
 The Scaffold.

WHEN Charles the First ascended the throne, there were living in the kingdom **five men**, destined to play leading parts in the great tragedy of the reign.

The oldest was **William Laud**, Bishop of St. David's—the son of a clothier at Reading in Berkshire. He was then in his fifty-third year. Entering public life under the patronage of Mountjoy, Earl of Devonshire, he had risen to be royal chaplain and Dean of Gloucester—had gone to Scotland with King James in 1617 to attempt the subversion of Presbyterianism—and had now worn the mitre for four years.

Younger by twenty years was **Thomas Wentworth** of the dark proud face and relentless lip. The son of a distinguished Yorkshire gentleman, the inheritor of an ample fortune, the husband of an Earl's daughter, himself a Cambridge man of great natural eloquence, trained by assiduous study of the best models, polished by foreign travel and intercourse with the leaders of the day, he seems to have been marked out very early in his career as one likely to become eminent in politics. When as yet he had scarcely reached the age of manhood, he was elected Member for the county of York. In that capacity he had

always hitherto voted with the country party, in opposition to the Court.

John Hampden, a gentleman of Buckinghamshire, sat in the first Parliament of Charles as Member for Wendover. He was then in the prime of life, having been born in 1594. His readings at Magdalen, Oxford—his studies at the Inner Temple—and his field-sports had hitherto chiefly occupied his mind and time.

Older than either of the last two men was **John Pym**, a lawyer of eminence, who had sat through many sessions as Member for Tavistock. His earlier life presents no feature of importance, beyond the fact that Pembroke College, Oxford, claims this gentleman-commoner as one of her greatest *alumni*. At the time of Charles's accession Pym was forty-one.

To the last and greatest of the five a fuller notice must be given. All but one of this cluster of celebrities lay in the grave before Oliver Cromwell rose to the surface of events. And for that old survivor, pitiless Laud, the fatal axe was already sharpening.

One of the first public acts of Charles was the completion of the **French Marriage**. In Dover Castle he met his black-eyed French wife, whose despotic tendencies gave so deep a colour to his actions. He then called his first Parliament (August 1 to August 12, 1625), having previously, however, given a glimpse of his policy by levying troops and raising money on his own authority. An unsuccessful expedition against the French Huguenots in Rochelle, and a failure at Cadiz showed clearly the incompetence of Buckingham as a War Minister. From his first Parliament Charles got no money; for, the unpleasant word "grievance" having mingled with their debates, he dissolved the sitting.

The second Parliament met in 1626, more than ever bent upon a stern reckoning with the favourite. The session having been opened on the 6th of February, the impeachment was put into formal shape. Eight managers, among whom were Sir John Eliot, Sir Dudley Digges, and John Pym, charged Buckingham at the bar of the Lords with thirteen distinct acts of corruption and bribery, and demanded that he should be sent to the Tower. Digges called him "a prodigious comet;" Eliot likened him to the infamous Sejanus. The King sent both orators to the prison, to which they desired to consign the hated Duke; but a gleam of sense or a twinge of fear induced him to unlock the prison door upon the refusal of the Commons to advance a step till righted in this matter. At the same time the monarch was deep in a quarrel with the Lords, two of whose number, Arundel and Bristol, he sent also to the Tower. The duration of the Parliament of 1626 scarcely exceeded four months (February 6 to June 15).

Among several illegal means adopted to supply the royal purse, the fiction of a general loan appears. This was the old Benevolence slightly disguised. A certain sum, to be repaid in eighteen months (a promise qualified by many *ifs*), was required from all, down to the poorest tradesman. Prominent among those who resisted this

illegal taxation was Sir Thomas Wentworth, whose zeal as a patriot led him to the Marshalsea prison, from which after six weeks he was sent to the Kentish village of Dartford. John Hampden also here made his first public move. Refusing to lend a farthing, and fearing, as he said, to incur the curse of Magna Charta, he defied the Privy Council, and was sent as a prisoner to the Gate House, and afterwards to a jail in Hampshire. King Charles, encouraged in his tyranny by Laud, who now wore the mitre of Bath and Wells, plunged deeper into that course of self-willed lawlessness, which cost him his head.

The insolence of Buckingham entangled England in a **French War**. **Rochelle**, the great fortress of French Protestantism, at that time was enduring a vigorous siege under the direction of Richelieu. The English Duke sailed in 1627 with a force to relieve the place; but his utter want of military skill made his attempt to seize the neighbouring island of Rhè* a disastrous failure. When he returned in November a warm welcome met him from his royal friend, but curses rose from every section of the people. Although it anticipates the order of events, I may here close the story of this man. Resolved in the following summer to wipe out the disgrace of Rhè, he collected a fleet and an army for the aid of Rochelle, and was at Portsmouth, ready to embark, when the knife of John Felton, an ex-lieutenant of the line, struck him dead in the hall of his own lodging (August 23, 1628). So bitter was the hatred felt towards Buckingham, that his coffin was secretly smuggled to the grave, lest the mob might tear the body limb from limb. Felton, who gave himself up at once, was hanged at Tyburn and gibbeted near the scene of his crime.†

A memorable Parliament, the third which the King had called, assembled on the 17th of March 1628. Sore need of money to carry on his wars and maintain his household, alone had compelled the King to call the House of Commons into session. They were not unwilling to give money; but they were determined to exact, as a due return, some strong security for the future. All the grievances of the time, especially the new grievances of billeting soldiers and ignoring the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, were denounced with the sternest words. 1628 Wentworth and Coke spoke strongly on the popular side; the latter, however, displaying some royal leanings. The fruit of this great debate was the celebrated **Petition of Right**—a bulwark of our liberties, which derived its peculiar name from its not being formally drawn up in the shape of an Act of Parliament. Four abuses form the foundation of this “declaratory statute.” These were, (1) the exaction of money under the name of loans; (2) the imprisonment of

* The island of Rhè or Rà lies about two and a half miles off the mainland of *Charente-Inferieure*, on the western coast of France.

† After Buckingham's repulse at Rhè, Richelieu, as is known to every reader of French history, built a mole, which prevented the garrison of Rochelle from getting supplies by sea. The expedition organized by Buckingham was after his death led to Rochelle by Earl Lindsey. But the English could do nothing to save the town, which fell in 1628.

such as refused to lend in this way, without assigning any cause for the arrest; (3) the billeting of soldiers on private persons; (4) the commissions to try military offenders by martial law. When the assent of the King to the Petition of Right was sought, he departed from the usual form, answering with Delphic ambiguity, "The King willeth that right be done according to the laws and customs of the realm; and that the statutes be put in due execution, that his subjects may have no cause to complain of any wrongs or oppressions, contrary to their just rights and liberties, to the preservation whereof he holds himself in conscience as well obliged as of his own prerogative." This cloud of words was far from pleasing to the

June 7, Commons, who, supported by the Upper House, requested a
1628 definite answer to their declaration of abuses. Charles at
 A.D. last yielded, and on the 7th of June the old French formula,
"Soit droit fait comme il est désiré," signified that the Petition had become law. In return for this statute the Commons proceeded to vote five subsidies, amounting to about £400,000.

In the following March a scene occurred in the Commons, very ominous of a future rupture. The King, in utter disregard of the Petition of Right, had continued to levy illegally—that is, without the authority of Parliament—the tax of tonnage and poundage, which the Commons were determined not to vote until a true redress of grievances took place. Soldiers also continued to intrude upon private houses. The innovations of Laud upon the established form of worship divided the attention of the House with the question of unlawful taxation. Sir John Eliot boldly took the Court to task. Sir John Finch, the Speaker, announced the King's wish that the House should adjourn. Nothing was further from the purpose of the country party, who maintained that adjournment was a question for themselves. Eliot asked the Speaker to read a paper addressed to the King, condemning the levy of tonnage and poundage. This Finch refused to do, upon which John Selden, a lawyer, known in general literature by his admirable volume of *Table-Talk*, administered to him a stern rebuke. The Speaker insisted that he had his Majesty's command to rise. Hollis and Valentine pushed the Speaker back into his chair, and held him there. Some one locked the door. The Speaker shed tears; while some of the most active members drew up three articles, condemning, as a capital enemy to the kingdom, any one who might introduce Popery or Arminianism, or aid in the exaction of the hateful tax. Hollis read these amid a tempest of cheering. In the midst of the tumult the King arrived, and sent Black Rod to call the Commons to the Upper House. Black Rod knocked to no purpose at the door. The members continued to pass their resolutions; and before the furious King could force the door, the House had adjourned and disappeared. The dissolution of this refractory Parliament followed at once (March 10, 1629). But dissolution did not slake the vengeance of the King. Nine of the principal actors in this scene were summoned before the Privy Council, and, upon their refusal to say a word regarding their conduct in the

House, they were committed to the Tower. Both sides were now fully addressed to the fight.

A period of **eleven years** elapsed, during which no Parliament met. The King abandoned himself to the direction of **Viscount Wentworth and Bishop Laud**. The former dates his fall from the summer of 1628. Attracted by a peerage offered by Buckingham, this great renegade carried his talents from the national side to the courtly ranks. There was no greater genius on the royal side; and, when Buckingham was dead, Baron Wentworth became a Viscount and Lord President of the Council of the North. Taking the great French Cardinal for a model, this English statesman formed a gigantic scheme of tyranny, to which he referred in his letters under the name of *Thorough*. In the northern counties, where he ruled as President of an arbitrary Court, called the Council of York, he gave vent to his despotism. But in Ireland, of which he was created Lord Deputy in 1631, the great experiment of "Thorough" was tried to the fullest extent. He established monopolies for his own benefit; made pikemen his tax-collectors; suffered none to leave the island without his permission; forbade the manufacture of woollen cloth, which as well as salt the islanders were forced to buy from Britain; and treated every man, who dared to show the least trace of an independent spirit with instant and savage cruelty. Thus, he seduced the daughter of the Lord Chancellor, and when that dignitary would not obey an insolent order about the disposal of his estate, he flung him from the Bench into a jail. Yet there is one gleam of light, although indeed it comes from a selfish speculation of the minister. Importing a quantity of good flax seed, he laid the foundation of the linen trade, in which certain parts of Ireland still excel. His colleague Laud was meanwhile engaged in directing the operation of the Star Chamber and the High Commission Court, to the origin of which I have already adverted.

In the year 1633 Charles, accompanied by Laud, went down to **Scotland** to beard the Presbyterians there. Edinburgh welcomed the Stuart with joy, which he graciously repaid by treating the Scottish Parliament like slaves, and setting up in the chapel of Holyrood a form of worship distasteful to the entire body of the people. On the return of the Court to Whitehall, Laud exchanged his mitre, as Bishop of London, which he had worn since 1628, for the Primacy of England, vacant by the death of Abbot.

Alexander Leighton, the father of the celebrated Archbishop, published a book, entitled *An Appeal to the Parliament, or Zion's Plea against Prelacy*. Summoned to the Star Chamber and there convicted (1630), he was whipped, pilloried, had his ear sliced off, his nostril slit, and the letters S. S. (Sower of Sedition) burned into his cheek; and then, after a week of pain and fever in jail, was again led out to undergo similar mutilation on the other side. Nor was this all. Scorched and bleeding he went back to prison, from which he did not come again, until the tyranny which crushed him had fallen before the growing power of the Puritans. For a somewhat similar

offence, the publication of a book against players, styled *Histrion Mastix*, William Prynne, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, received sentence in the Star Chamber also, and was cropped, slit, and branded after a like fashion, besides being fined £10,000 and flung into prison.

Hence it was that the **Mayflower** sailed over the Atlantic, bearing to a home in the trackless forests the Pilgrim Fathers, who preferred the dangers of the red man's knife to the more savage tortures of a persecuting priesthood. Hence it came that the third decade of this troubled century witnessed the foundation of nearly all the New England States on the American shore. Puritan blood was flowing to the West, weakening the mother-land by the loss of its strong currents.

Some expedient for supporting a standing army was necessary for the development of Wentworth's plans. In examining the State-papers of former times, Attorney-General Noy found some mention of maritime counties having been occasionally obliged to join the seaport towns in furnishing ships for the defence of the coast. With the aid of Chief-Justice Finch he expanded this idea into a scheme of taxation. Instead of fully equipped vessels an equivalent sum of money was to be paid—and that, not by the ports, or even by the sea-board shires, but by the inland counties also.

John Hampden had retired after the tumults of 1629 to his seat in Buckinghamshire. Thence he emerged at this crisis, to confront the instruments of tyranny. Upon Bucks, an inland shire, there was laid a tax of £4500. Twenty shillings of this fell to be paid by Hampden. Fortified by the opinions of the greatest lawyers in England, he resolved to resist the claim. In the Exchequer Chamber, before the twelve Judges of the land, the case, involving a

December deep principle of national freedom, came up for hearing in
1637 December 1637. Oliver St. John appeared for Hampden.

A.D. This sagacious lawyer leaned strongly upon *Magna Charta*, upon the famous statutes of Edward III., upon the fact that England was then engaged in no war,* and more than all, upon the Petition of Right. The Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General spoke mistily of records that supported the cause of the King, but depended chiefly upon the assertion that the King of England—an absolute prince—could do no wrong. After considerable delay the Bench of Judges, over whom presided Chief-Justice Finch, gave judgment against Hampden, seven voting for the King. But the sympathy of the nation was all on the side of the defendant.

Before the trial of Hampden came on, a spark had been kindled in Scotland, which produced a mighty flame. Not content with forcing bishops upon the Presbyterians of the North, Charles and Laud prepared a Liturgy, and ordered its use in the churches of Scotland. A crowd filled St. Giles's Church in Edinburgh one July morning. Judges, prelates, bailies, were all there, to pray in the fashion after Laud's heart. But, when the Dean in his snowy surplice opened the volume,

* The pressure of home troubles and the scarcity of money had before this time compelled Charles to conclude peace with Spain and France.

a shout arose; and a folding-stool was flung at the reader's head by a cabbage-woman of the Tron, named **Jenny Geddes**. This missile, luckily thrown too hastily for a good aim, was followed by a shower of stones. In vain the Bishop of Edinburgh, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, and others high in station tried to calm the tumult. It was only by force that the rioters could be made to leave the church; and when the Dean, on the shutting of the doors, proceeded with his reading, the words could scarcely be heard for the roars outside, and the battering on walls and doors. Some clergymen petitioned moderately enough against these Prayers, maintaining that they had received the sanction of neither Parliament nor Assembly. A great crowd of people came into Edinburgh, when the harvest was over, to offer the same reasonable petition against the Prayers. Charles removed the centre of government from Edinburgh to Linlithgow, and issued a menacing proclamation against the Presbyterians, who had flocked to the capital. Out of the crisis grew a provisional government, known as the **Four Tables**. Each Table or Board represented a class—lords, gentry, clergy, burgesses. They sat in Edinburgh, but had branches in every part of the kingdom. And from each were chosen members who formed a Fifth Table, holding supreme executive power. The Presbyterians demanded the removal of the Liturgy, the Canons, and the High Commission Court. And when the Lord Treasurer Traquair published a royal proclamation, condemning these movements, their leaders, Lord Lindsay and Lord Hume, fixed a counter-proclamation on the market-cross at Stirling. Then, a great document, known as the **National Covenant**, bound the Scottish Presbyterians, as no modern nation has been bound, into a single mass, fervid with the glow of a solemn faith. Framed by Alexander Henderson, minister of Leuchars, and Archibald Johnstone, a great lawyer of the day, the Covenant was laid on a grave-stone in the church-yard of the Greyfriars at Edinburgh, and confirmed with the oaths and signatures of a vast crowd. In six weeks the names of nearly all Scotland were written below the solemn words, which expressed the faith and the resolve of an insulted people. The Marquis of Hamilton came down from England to reduce the Covenanters to obedience; but the task lay beyond his power. A General Assembly and a Parliament alone would satisfy the Scotch. Charles yielded to this demand, because he was not yet ready for violence. The General Assembly met at Glasgow on the 23rd of November 1638, Hamilton acting as Royal Commissioner. With Henderson as Moderator, and Johnstone as Clerk-Register, they proceeded to their work. Having secured the admission of the lay elders as an essential part of the Assembly, the members attacked the bishops. Hamilton pronounced the Assembly dissolved; but the Assembly, presided over by the Earl of Argyll, continued to sit, until the excommunication of the bishops and the overthrow of Prelacy were brought to a successful issue.

July 23,

1637

A.D.

March 1,

1638

A.D.

In the following summer the King, with an army, reached the banks of Tweed. Here, however, he came to terms with the Covenanters, and concluded the **Peace of Berwick**, a principal condition of which was that both armies should immediately disband. The conduct of Charles after this excited such distrust among the Covenanters, that they refused to lay down their arms. But a lack of funds crippled the hands of the King, and drove him to that expedient he had so long avoided—the calling of a Parliament once more. Wentworth, summoned from Ireland, where he was employed in drilling ten thousand soldiers for the King, proposed to fill the Treasury by means of loans and new exactions of ship-money, and, after first trying the experiment of an Irish Parliament, to call the Houses from their long slumber of eleven years. Wentworth's mistake in this proposal was the supposition that an Irish Parliament, tamed by a long course of *Thorough*, and an English Parliament, on whose benches Pym and Hampden would be sure to sit, were likely to deal with political questions and to meet royal demands in the same way. So delighted was the King with Wentworth's project, that he created this dauntless conspirator against English liberty Earl of Stafford, and exchanged his lower title of Lord Deputy for the high-sounding appellation, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The **Short Parliament** met on the 13th of April 1640. It was dissolved by the King on the 5th of the following month. Hampden, Pym, Hollis, St. John, Strode, Haselrig, Cromwell sat there. Charles mistook the calmness of the House for submission, and promised to cease the collecting of ship-money, if they would give him twelve subsidies. The Commons delayed an answer to the royal message. This conduct, coupled with the fact that they had taken into consideration the imprisonment of Eliot (lately dead in the Tower), and the proceedings against Hampden in the ship-money case, put the King into a passion, and he, for the last time, abused his right of dissolution. Next day, as if resolved utterly to crush the patience of his people, he committed several of the most energetic members of the Parliament to prison. The Mayor and Sheriffs of London were prosecuted for not levying ship-money with sufficient rigour. Strafford proposed to hang some civic rulers by way of example to the land. Soldiers rioted in private houses, and extorted money at the sword's point. Having thus extorted some small sums of money, the King moved northward to meet the rebellious Scotch. On the very day he left London, Lesley, encouraged, it is said, by Hampden, invaded England by crossing the Tweed. At Newburn on the Tyne an English force ran before a few shots from the Scottish guns. Newcastle was evacuated, and the Royalist army fell back upon the city of York, while the Covenanters took possession of the four northern English counties. At York Charles attempted the vain experiment of calling the Lords into session alone, without the unmanageable appendage of a House of Commons. But the prudence of the Council of Lords baffled this new attempt at misgovernment.

Over the fallen leaves of 1640 resolute men addressed the electors

in shire and borough, exhorting them to return trustworthy members to the approaching Parliament. Hampden was much in the saddle. On the 3rd of November, instead of a brilliant procession as was usual, a boat brought Charles to Westminster in a sullen melancholy way. The benches of the Commons, lined with stern faces, presented only one or two very favourable to the Court. Charles made a milder speech than usual; but conciliation now was hopeless. The tide, which had set in, must exhaust its force. Two men stood in the way; and down went Laud and Strafford before the long-pent wrath of an angry and trodden people. Prynne and his companions in suffering were freed from the dungeons, in which they had been pining for years. Denzil Hollis carried a message to the Lords, accusing Archbishop Laud of treason, and demanding that he should be committed to prison. He went to the Tower. The stronger spirit of Strafford, somewhat worn with the pain of disease, had given signs of an unwillingness to face the Houses. But the King induced him to leave York for London, by giving a royal pledge that the Parliament should not touch a hair of his head. Arrived in London, Strafford went after a day's rest to take his seat among the Lords; but he had scarcely entered the House, when the stern voice of Pym, speaking at the bar in the name of the Commons, impeached him of high treason. The knees of the proud man were bent at last, and Black Rod, demanding his sword, carried him off to the Tower in a coach. No cap moved in respectful salute as he passed a prisoner through the throng round the doors; but angry voices repeated the cry of "Treason" as he went by. Finch and Secretary Windebank escaped to the Continent. Having thus deprived Charles of his advisers, the Long Parliament went steadily on with the work of reform. They voted that a Parliament should be held at least every three years. And they also limited that power of dissolution which Charles had abused. The Three Courts, whose names ring with tyranny, were swept away. The Forest Courts were improved.

Pym continued to work at the articles of impeachment until all was ready for the trial. Westminster Hall was filled with the Lords and the Commons on the 22nd day of March. Ladies crowded the galleries; the King sat unseen within a cabinet hung with arras. The reading of the twenty-eight charges and the reply of the accused occupied the first day. On the second day Pym spoke in support of the charges and in opposition to the reply. He described the tyranny of Wentworth in Ireland, producing witnesses in support of all he said. A Remonstrance from the Irish Parliament, breathing hatred of the Viceroy, was also read. Strafford strove hard to show, with that dignified eloquence he could wield so well, that all the evil he had done, heaped together, could not make a treason. On the 12th of April the notes of a speech, alleged to have been made by the prisoner at a private council, were brought into court against him. This document, found by young Vane among the papers of his father, and shown by him to Pym, who copied it,

Nov. 3,
1640
A.D.

1641
A.D.

contained these words amongst others: "You have an army in Ireland that you may employ to reduce this kingdom to obedience." In spite of the suggestion that "this" might point to Scotland, the paper decided Strafford's fate. A Bill of Attainder, passed in the Commons by a great majority, and more tardily by the Lords, condemned the great criminal to the scaffold. Charles devised plans and Strafford offered bribes for freedom; but Balfour, the lieutenant of the Tower, would listen to no allurements. Nothing now remained for the completion of Pym's work but the consent of Charles to the Attainder. Strafford wrote a letter to the King, full of a quietly patient resignation to his fate, beseeching his Majesty, as if a ray of pure patriotism had at last struggled through the clouds of ambition, to sign the Bill of Attainder, and thus save the commonwealth from ill. The King, after weakly asking advice from his Council, did what he probably had before resolved on, and wrote the fatal signature. The scaffold stood on **Tower Hill**; and after a few words of resignation Strafford laid his head upon the block and died (May 12, 1641). Bonfires lighted London streets that night, and men rode away to the country, waving their hats, and crying joyfully, "His head is off!"

When Strafford was gone, the King tried to win over some of the popular leaders. The Earl of Bedford undertook to form a Government, in which Hollis was to be Secretary of State and Pym Chancellor of the Exchequer. St. John became Solicitor-General. But the death of Bedford prevented the experiment from being made.

During the autumn holidays Charles went to Scotland. Hampden went there too, with a secret commission from the Parliament to watch the negotiations between the King and the Covenanters. Just then the whole island was electrified with the news of a **massacre in Ireland**. Sir Phelim O'Neil led the rebels in Ulster. Only that the babble of a drunken man revealed the secret to a Protestant, Dublin Castle would have fallen. Fifty thousand are said to have perished in the slaughter, which lighted a flame of civil war that burned for two years.

When Parliament reassembled, there were two distinct parties in the House of Commons. The King had friends in Falkland, Culpeper, and Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon: Hampden and Pym were the leaders of the Opposition. And when that docu-

Nov. 22, ment called the **Grand Remonstrance**, which recited all **1641** the misgovernment of the previous sixteen years, came to be discussed, the contest waxed so hot and personal that nothing **A.D.** but the voice of the great Hampden could prevent bloodshed.

A majority of eleven passed the Remonstrance, which was presented to the King, and afterwards printed for distribution through the land.

Pym's lodgings at Chelsea formed a centre of political activity. There the opponents of the Court often met to dine; and as they afterwards rode through the neighbouring lanes, they talked of those "other things in preparation" to which the Remonstrance menacingly referred. This king of men—the people used to call him **King Pym**—

filled the mind of Charles more than any other of his subjects; and he would gladly have bought the rival monarch over. The Chancellorship of the Exchequer was offered to the statesman—and declined. Culpeper then received the place.

Meanwhile symptoms of a storm appeared. The apprentices and citizens, thronging to Westminster, came to blows during the Christmas holidays with the soldiers of the King; and out of the tumult arose those historic nicknames, Roundhead and Cavalier. Before December closed, ten bishops went to prison in the Tower, charged with attempting to subvert the existence of Parliament, because they had sent a protest to the House of Lords declaring that they meant to stay away on account of the riots, and insisting that no laws passed in *their* absence could be valid.

A fatal thought meanwhile entered the King's head. In utter defiance of legal form, he instructed his Attorney-General to impeach **five members** of the Commons and one of the Lords of high treason. The articles were seven: 1. A general charge of trying to subvert government and law. 2. The authorship of the Grand Remonstrance. 3. Tampering with the army. 4. Traitorous invitations to the Scottish rebels, urging them to enter England. 5. Endeavouring to subvert the rights and being of Parliaments. 6. The raising of riots. 7. The levying of actual war against the throne. The accused peer, Lord Kimbolton, at once rose and denied the charges. Digby, the confidant of Charles, thought fit to pretend great surprise.

The same day (3rd of January 1642) Pym's servant called him to the door of the Commons, and told him that his trunks, study, and chamber had just been sealed up by persons sent from the King. Hollis received similar news. The House declared, when Pym announced the fact, that both law and privilege had been violated by the act; and were proceeding to urge a vigorous resistance, when worse occurred. The King's Sergeant-at-arms came with a **royal message** to the Speaker, requiring that five members, whose names he distinctly pronounced—Denzil Hollis, Sir Arthur Haselrig, John Pym, John Hampden, and William Strode—should be given up as guilty of high treason. The House appointed a deputation to carry a message to the King, implying that an answer should be returned as speedily as the importance of the matter would allow, and that the members were ready meanwhile to answer all *legal* charges. The Speaker then ordered the five members to attend daily in the House until further direction; and next day at ten the House was desired to sit in grand committee to consider the message. With the setting sun an order was given to break the seals in the houses of the accused, and to take the sealers into custody. On the following morning the House of Commons met at eight, their usual hour, and sat until dinner-time at twelve. The five members spoke, defending themselves against the articles of impeachment. Rising at twelve, the Commons adjourned for an hour to dine. During that hour two warnings of approaching danger reached the Five. One warning came from Lady Carlisle direct to Pym; the other from Lord

Chamberlain Essex to all the Five. Knowing, therefore, what was about to happen, they went to their seats in the afternoon, in obedience to the Speaker's order.

The King had passed a stormy night at home, and had borne hard names—poltroon, to wit—from the lips of his excited wife. The debate, as to how the Five should act, was proceeding, when a French officer, who had clambered over roof-tops in his haste, appeared at the door, and announced that the King had left Whitehall with a band of armed men, and was then near the Hall. **The Five** went hastily down to the river-stairs—Strode dragged out by a friendly hand—and had not yet entered the boat that waited there, when Charles and his train reached the House. The shops of Westminster were shut as the disorderly band went by, to the number of more than four hundred. Forming a lane in Westminster Hall, they allowed Charles to enter the lobby, into which some eighty crushed after him. A loud knock,—and through the violently-opened door came the King, followed by his nephew, the Prince Elector Palatine.

Jan. 4, Outside, impatient for the slaughter signal, stood a mass of
1642 armed men, who would not allow the door to be shut. The
A.D. members doffed their hats: the King did the same. "A crowd of bare faces" lined the benches. One quick look towards the place Pym always held told Charles that the "birds were flown." He did not know what to say, and stood a long time silent upon the step of the Speaker's chair, which that worthy had vacated on his approach. The King then spoke, reiterating his charge of treason and denying the right of traitors to shelter themselves under privilege. Stammering through some broken sentences to this effect, he put the question, "Is Mr. Pym here?" but no answer came. In like manner he asked for Hollis. Lenthall the Speaker, on most occasions a timorous man, made answer to the royal questions, "that he had neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in that place but as the House was pleased to direct." Baffled on every hand, the King turned to go out. As he passed to the door, the mutterings of the storm within broke out in audible cries of "Privilege! privilege!" Six days after this act of tyranny he left his palace of Whitehall for Hampton Court (January 10, 1642); and on the 23rd of the following month Queen Henrietta and her daughter, laden with the English crown jewels and a great sum of money, set sail for the Court of Holland.

A royal proclamation ordered the ports to be shut, lest the Five might escape; and another edict soon followed, forbidding any person to afford them shelter. The members found a safe shelter in Coleman Street; and although on the 5th Charles went down to Guildhall through crowds foaming round his coach like an angry sea, and there demanded their surrender, they were not betrayed. The ominous cry of the day before—"Privilege! privilege!" and a yet more daring sign of public feeling—the words "To your tents, O Israel!" scribbled on a scrap of paper and flung into the coach—ought to have made the monarch pause. That very day it was

carried in the Commons that a Committee of the House should sit at Guildhall ; which accordingly met there on the following morning, but soon removed to Grocers' Hall. Resolutions against the outrage and the encroachments of the King, the examination of witnesses regarding the violence of Tuesday, the reception of the Five among them, and the preparations for a triumphant return to Westminster, formed the work of this Committee.

The King fled from London on Monday the 10th. Next day all London and all Southwark lined the banks of Thames between the Bridge and Westminster Stairs, to see the return of the Five. It was a bright winter day. Embarking at the Three Cranes in one of the splendid barges of the City Companies, they rowed up amid tumultuous cheering and the incessant rattle and boom of musketry and cannon. Everywhere—on pike-head and gun-barrel, on hat and breast—flapped the Parliamentary Protestation, cut into little square banners of paper. The Speaker and the Members stood to greet the Five, who sat for an instant and then rose with bared heads. Pym spoke for all, thanking the citizens of London for shelter and hospitality. So ended this momentous week. The Civil War, in reality, began on that fatal Tuesday.

Having sent off his wife and daughter, the King moved from place to place with the shadow of a Court about him. Hopeless of the capital, he pitched upon **Hull** as a fitting base of operations in the war. But when he rode up to its gates one April day (23rd) with three hundred horse, the governor, old Sir John Hotham, refused in the name of the Parliament to admit him with so many men. The Navy, indignant with Charles for branding sailors with the contemptuous nickname of water-rats, went over to the Parliament. London supplied its well-drilled trainbands. The militia also, the command of which for a single hour had been refused by the King to the Parliament, were taken by the members under their own direction ; and the levy went on with vigour. Two opposing edicts—the Royal *Commission of Array* and the Parliamentary *Ordinance of Militia*—sweep the country of all fighting men for one side or the other. The pawning of the crown jewels supplies the King with some material for war : the melting of cavalier-plate goes to the same end. Hampden raises a regiment of Buckinghamshire yeomen, dresses them in green, and rides at their head as colonel. And notable among the Parliamentary officers is Captain Oliver Cromwell, of Troop Sixty-seven in Earl Bedford's Horse ; whose son, too, Cornet Oliver, carries steel in the same corps. Robert Earl of Essex commands the national army, as Lord-General for King and Parliament.

At six o'clock on an August evening (25th), a fierce gale blowing at the time, the royal standard was uplifted on the Castle-hill of **Nottingham** amid the clangour of drums and trumpets. The wind blew down the flag-staff that night. Prince Rupert (or Prince Robber, as the wit of English clowns misnamed him), the nephew of Charles, dashed with some banditti through the central counties, plundering. He failed in his attempt to seize Worcester.

The Battle of Keinton* or **Edgehill** began the war. In the valley called the Vale of the Red Horse, Charles and Essex faced each other on the 23rd of October, the King stronger in horse, the Earl stronger in cannon. It seems as if both sides shrank at first from plunging into a civil war. There was a long pause; **Sunday**, nor was it until two in the afternoon that the boom of the **Oct. 23**, Parliamentary guns announced that the action had begun. **1642** One hour's cannonade, and then with a rush the pikes **A.D.** crossed, and the Roundheads fell back. Rupert went like a rocket through the left wing of the foe; but a return charge from the other wing of the Parliamentary men scattered the royal artillery and spiked some guns. The footmen round the royal standard, attacked in front and rear, were then broken; and Earl Lindsey, nominal commander of the royal troops, received a mortal wound. Want of powder prevented Essex from following up this success: the fury of the battle gradually died out with the falling night.

In the following month, issuing with Rupert from his headquarters at **Oxford**, Charles made a rush on London; but at Brentford his advance was checked by the regiment of Colonel Hollis. All London went out on that Sunday morning to Turnham Green; and had not Essex,—a slow but well-meaning man,—exercised undue caution, much to the chagrin of Hampden and his green doublets, the retreat of Charles might have been cut off. As it was, the King got safely back to Reading and thence to Oxford.

The beginning of 1643 witnessed a fruitless negotiation between the King and the Parliament. The greater part of the year went by,—the King lying at Oxford,—Essex, the Lord-General, at Windsor. In the north, where Yorkshire formed the centre of operations, the Earl of Newcastle commanded for the King, carrying on a war of skirmishes with Lord Fairfax, the Parliamentary leader. Queen Henrietta, coming over with men and money that the crown jewels had procured, lay four months in Yorkshire, during which she sent guns and gunpowder to her husband, lying idle by the Cherwell. For deeds like these the Commons, acting through Pym, sent up to the Lords an impeachment of high treason against her. Restless Rupert somewhat atoned for the inactivity of his uncle; for he was always darting out of Oxford to slay, burn, pillage, and retreat. In one of these raids he fell, at grey dawn of a midsummer morning (June 18, 1643), upon the hamlet of Postcombe, having crossed the Cherwell at Chiselhampton Bridge. A slight skirmish drove back a troop of Roundhead horse. Turning then to Chinnor, he slew and took prisoners a couple of hundred more. Almost with the risen sun there appeared on the side of a neighbouring hill a body of Parliamentary dragoons riding to the attack. Their leader was John Hampden, statesman and soldier, come to his last field. He had warned Essex that the lines were weak at this very place, and, hearing of Rupert's movement, he had sent an urgent message asking

* *Edgehill* or *Keinton* is a small village on the southern edge of Warwickshire, seventy-two miles north-west of London.

the Lord-General to occupy the bridge at Chiselhampton, over which the plunderer had come. **Chalgrove Field*** waved with slightly coloured grain, when Rupert marshalled his two thousand horsemen there. Hampden, who meant only to keep the foe in play until Essex had seized the bridge, poured in a volley and then dashed in a fierce charge upon Rupert's right wing. As he rode forward, two carbine balls struck his shoulder, broke the bone, and lodged in his body. His head drooped on the mane, and, to the wonderment of all, he went slowly from the field. The house, where he had won his bride, rose above the trees not far away. But the foe lay between, and he turned towards Thame, riding with infinite pain over ground, every inch of which he knew by heart. Leaping with difficulty a little stream, he made his way to the house of Ezekiel **June 24,** Browne at Thame, where six days later he died with the **1643** words of patriotic prayer on his lips. To his grave in **A.D.** Hampden Church his green-coats bore their Colonel, stirring the summer air with the solemn music of the Ninetieth Psalm. It seemed to the National party, when the terrible news of Chalgrove came, as if the sun of their enterprise had dropped from the sky—and left no ray behind.

Their defeat on Adderton Moor† in the north, where Newcastle routed Fairfax on the 30th of June, added to their dismay—perhaps induced them to behead, as they did on Tower Hill, the Hothams, father and son, convicted of treasonably offering to surrender Hull to the King.

Confused fighting in the north, chiefly in favour of the King, brings **Colonel Cromwell** into prominence. A victorious skirmish near Grantham, and the relief of Lord Willoughby, hard pressed at Gainsborough, bore witness to the rising soldiership of this rough Huntingdon farmer. An ebb in the tide of victory, however, cast Gainsborough and Lincoln again into the hands of the Royalists. Nor was it until Cromwell, shaken by a fall from his killed horse, and ridden down as he rose by the man behind him, regained the saddle to sweep with a whirlwind of dragoons along Slashing Lane in the hamlet of Winceby,‡ that Lincolnshire was finally cleared of the Royalist troops (11th October 1643).

The King's General, Wilmot, defeated Sir William Waller at Devizes.§ And Rupert frightened Nathaniel Fiennes into a surrender of Bristol after a three days' siege. In dread of the worst, the Londoners, ladies even taking spade in hand, set vigorously to work at the defence of their city, which was soon encircled by an intrenchment of twelve miles. Instead of moving on London, the

* *Chalgrove Field* is not far from Watlington in Oxfordshire, which lies about fifteen miles south-east of Oxford.

† *Adderton Moor*, or *Adwalton*, is marked by a hamlet in the West Riding of Yorkshire, four miles south-east by south of Bradford.

‡ *Winceby*, a small upland hamlet in the Wolds of Lincolnshire, about five miles west of Horncastle.

§ *Devizes*, a market-town in Wiltshire, twenty-two miles from Salisbury. The battle was fought near Roundaway Hill.

King laid siege to **Gloucester** during the month of August. It seemed for a time as if the cause of liberty lay buried in the grave of Hampden. But the spirit of the people rose to a level with the crisis. The London trainbands volunteered their services; and "elephantine" Essex moved steadily westward, escaped the hovering squadrons of Rupert and Wilmot, and on the 5th of September lit a

Sept. 5, beacon-fire on Presbury Hill, which shone through the rainy gloom of the night with tidings of relief to the exhausted garrison of Gloucester. Burning his camp, the King retreated, thus baffled in his last great chance. On his home-

1643 ward way to cover London, Essex had to fight at Newbury* (September 20), where the pikes of the London trainbands formed a hedge of steel, on which the cavalry of the King dashed without avail. A bullet here brought down Lord Falkland, now Secretary of State to the King—once a dear friend of Hampden, whom he followed so soon to a soldier's grave. The historian Clarendon tells us how heavily the cloud of the Civil War brooded over the once cheerful spirit of Falkland, and with what deep and bitter sighs he was wont to cry out for "peace." The Newbury bullet was the answer to his prayer.

Two days after this battle the Assembly of Puritan Divines and the Scotch Commissioners met in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, to sign **The Solemn League and Covenant**. This document, which was the National Covenant slightly liberalized by young Harry Vane, Commissioner at Edinburgh, bound the revolted Scots and the revolted English together in their struggle with a King, who had wronged them both. On the very day, when the church was filled with lifted hands giving solemn assent to this politico-religious bond, Essex received the thanks of Parliament for his service in the relief of Gloucester.

Of the four names which begin this chapter two have been blotted from the page,—Strafford by the axe on Tower Hill, Hampden by the bullets at Chalgrove. **King Pym**, the great orator and wielder of men, must now die. At Derby House on the 8th of September a painful internal sickness struck him down, and his remains were laid, with the honours due to a great English statesman, beneath the illustrious roof of Westminster.

By anticipation I may here dismiss **Archbishop Laud**. The wretched old man, after having lain long in the Tower, was brought to trial in March 1644. Prynne, his former victim, had spent the winter in framing additional articles of impeachment and collecting evidence in support of them. The trial, resumed in autumn, was finally given up, a Bill of Attainder being, as in Strafford's case, substituted for the impeachment. This Bill, thrust upon the unwilling Lords, did its work on the 10th of January 1645, when the old priest's face, ruddy to the last, grew ashy white under the headman's stroke; thus, as Fuller tells us, refuting the calumny of his foes,

* *Newbury*, a market-town in Berkshire on the Kennet, seventeen miles west-south-west of Reading.

who said that he had painted his cheeks to avoid the appearance of fear.

The little child, who, born at Huntingdon in 1599, called Robert Cromwell, a cadet of the Hinchinbrook family, father; and Elizabeth Steward, daughter of a wealthy Ely farmer, mother,—the sturdy schoolboy, who probably went to the grammar-school of his native town,—the youth of seventeen, who entered his name on the books of Sidney Sussex, Cambridge, on the very day of Shakspeare's death,—the scarcely bearded bridegroom, who, after some doubtful law studying, married in 1620 Elizabeth Bourchier, the daughter of Sir James, a civic magistrate with a small estate in Essex,—must not detain us in a sketch like this.

Nor can many words be spared for Oliver Cromwell, Esq., who entered Parliament for the borough of Huntingdon in 1628. Oliver took part in the movement against Buckingham, and displayed his close-grained Puritanism by an attack upon the Bishop of Winchester for "preaching flat Popery." The dissolution of 1629 sent him to Huntingdon, whence, two years later, he moved to a grazing-farm at St. Ives, five miles down the Ouse,—a spongy piece of land, soaking with the black moisture of the neighbouring Fens. Five years of beef-rearing and butter-making, checkered with the lights and shadows of domestic life and sometimes overspread with the gloom of hypochondria, but instinct throughout with a steadfast solemn religious fervour, bring us on to 1636, when the death of his mother's brother, who left him some property, changed the scene of his life to Ely. Thence this "**Lord of the Fens**," as he was popularly called in recognition of the regal manhood in him, went in 1640 to the Short Parliament as Member for Cambridge town,—went in the following winter to his seat for the same place in the ever-memorable Long Parliament.

Here we may stop to look at the man "in whom there is talent for farming; there are thoughts enough, thoughts bounded by the Ouse river, thoughts that go beyond eternity,—and a great black sea of things that he has never yet been able to think." Forty-one years of age; of good stature; of swollen and reddish face, a voice sharp and untunable, and eloquence full of fervour: as to dress, his dark cloth suit bore evident marks of country scissors,—his linen was plain, and not very clean,—his band too little and specked with blood,—his hat without a hatband, and his sword stuck close by his side.

While Pym and Hampden lived, Oliver associated himself with them. He heard St. Margaret's chiming two on the great morning when the Remonstrance passed, and rejoiced in victory as he went home to bed. When the war began, he lent £300 to the Parliament, raised a volunteer corps at Cambridge, seized the magazine there, and prevented the University plate (worth £20,000) from being carried away. Captain Cromwell fought at Edgehill, and, under Lord Grey of Wark, did good service in keeping the Associated Counties—Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridge, Herts—against the King and his nephew. From the first hour that Colonel Cromwell

drilled his Cambridge men his greatest work began. A grand weapon was to be forged,—a weapon of which Strafford and Baby Charles had only dreamed,—which Cromwell made and wielded with a giant's skill and strength, but which at last grew too mighty even for his giant hand. In the unconquered regiment of Ironsides we see the germ of that singular, invincible army, which overturned for a time the English throne, and with psalms and pike-points broke the battalions of the greatest military power in Europe.

The first month of 1644 witnessed the march of twenty-one thousand Scots under Lesley, now the Earl of Leven, across the Border. About the same time a Parliament, summoned by the King in opposition to the Houses of Westminster, met at Oxford. This royal Convention, or mongrel Parliament, as Charles called it, numbered only forty-three peers and eighteen commoners, who did next to nothing during their session of three months. Leven, faced at first by the Marquis of Newcastle, drove that Royalist general before him to York, the siege of which was undertaken by a threefold army, Scots under Leven himself, Yorkshire men under Lord Fairfax, and Association men under Manchester and Cromwell, now promoted to be Lieutenant-General. If York fell, the North must go: so Rupert rode over the hills from ravaged Lancashire, outflanked the Parliamentary generals by crossing the Ouse, and leaving them arranged on **Long Marston Moor**,* four miles from the city, whither they had gone to meet him, effected a junction with Newcastle, and prepared for a tremendous conflict.

The hot blood of Rupert forced on this disastrous fight, sorely against the will of Newcastle. While the baffled forces of the Parliament were beginning to move away towards Tadcaster, the German came upon their rear. A trumpet call brought the entire army to a stand, and a preliminary fight began for favourable ground, in which struggle the Parliamentary soldiers had the best; for they secured "a large rye-field on a rising ground," and managed to cover part of their front with a deep ditch. From three to five a desultory fire ran along both lines, and then came a sudden lull till seven, each waiting for the other to begin. A cannon-ball, probably one of the dropping shots which would sometimes startle the pause, smashed the leg of Oliver's nephew, and caused his death. As the sun declined, it was thought by most that the day's fighting was over, and Newcastle went to bed in his carriage; but Manchester's and Leven's troopers crossed the ditch, and attacked the foe about seven. The horse, however, did the heaviest fighting that summer evening among

the rye. Cromwell and Rupert, each commanding a left wing, and therefore not opposed at first, broke and scattered the enemy against whom their charge was directed. But when the collision of Oliver and Rupert took place in the summer dusk, the Ironsides of Cromwell sent the hitherto unconquered Cavalier squadrons reeling in disorder from the field, tortured by the fire of the Scottish musketeers. That victorious

* *Long Marston Moor* lies four or five miles west of the city of York.

charge of Cromwell was the pivot of the war. At ten that night Rupert turned rein. His guns, powder, and baggage, his colours to the number of one hundred, were all left to the victors; and more than four thousand dead lay upon the field. Newcastle hid his head on the Continent. York surrendered on the 15th of July: and the town of Newcastle yielded to Scottish stormers in the next October. So Charles lost the North.

A transient gleam of success gilded his cause in the South. Essex and Waller, leading a Parliamentary army from London for the conquest of the West, disagreed and parted. Waller met the King at Cropredy Bridge,* three days before the Battle of Marston, and skirmished all day with slight result: and on his way to London the soldiers deserted his flag in hundreds. Essex fared even worse. For the King followed him to Cornwall, and there so completely blocked him up among the hills, that he took to shipboard at Plymouth and abandoned his army, a large part of which under Skippon surrendered and were disarmed on the 1st of September 1644.

Not two months later occurred the second Battle of Newbury. Manchester and Waller, with Cromwell under them, marched to waylay the King returning victorious to Oxford. The armies met on Sunday evening, October 27th, 1644; and after four hours of fighting, partly by moonlight, the King, although worsted, managed about ten to break away and reach Oxford. Cromwell was for instant chase; Manchester hung back. From difference they came to quarrel. Cromwell, a **Root-and-branch Independent**, strong in conscious superiority, and strong in the tried valour of his Ironsides, had already used impatient and somewhat insubordinate language towards this vacillating Presbyterian lord. Now he spoke boldly out, accusing the Earl of half measures and unnecessary protraction of the war.

Out of this quarrel grew the celebrated **Self-denying Ordinance**; a measure proposed in the Commons by Zouch Tate, Member for Northampton, and seconded by Sir Harry Vane, one of Cromwell's chief supporters. This Act, which passed the Commons on the 19th of December 1644, struggled through the Upper House by the 3rd of April 1645. It set aside all members of either House from military command—in fact, was levelled directly at Essex, Manchester, and Waller. In spite of the clamour of the Presbyterian chiefs, among whom the Scottish Commissioners were loud, Cromwell was *not* prosecuted and crushed as “an incendiary.” Side by side with the Self-denying Ordinance went the Act for the *New Model* of the Army; by which the total was fixed at twenty-one thousand men, under a General-in-chief and a Lieutenant-General. Sir Thomas Fairfax being appointed Commander-in-chief, undertook, with the aid of Skippon, the reforming of the army. Into the post of Lieutenant-General Cromwell stepped, shortly after the opening of the new campaign; for the pressure of the Royalist forces, not yet completely broken, showed that the national cause could not prosper without the greatest soldier in the land.

* Cropredy Bridge is on the border of Oxfordshire next Northamptonshire.

Through the mediation of the **Scottish Commissioners** a negotiation was opened at Uxbridge* in January 1645, while the Ordinance was fighting its way into law. But upon not one of the three topics discussed—the Church, the Militia, and the State of Ireland—could the contending parties come to an agreement.

The Battle of **Naseby**† showed of what metal the New Model army was made. Arrayed on opposite hills, with a stretch of upland moor between them, the Cavaliers and the Roundheads faced each other on the morning of Saturday, the 14th of June 1645. Fairfax led the Parliamentary forces, supported by Cromwell, who rode on the right wing at the head of six cavalry regiments, and Ireton, who held an almost similar command upon the left. To these were opposed

Rupert, Langdale, and the King himself. As had happened
June 14, at Marston, Rupert and Cromwell broke, each the wing
1645 before him: but then came a difference. Rupert rushed on
 A.D. to plunder; Cromwell stayed still to conquer. The contest

between the rival centres was hot and deadly, but the various reserves, brought up by Fairfax, at last pierced the central masses of the royal army. When Rupert came back from an unprofitable chase, he found the King's infantry a ruin. During the three hours' fight the hopes of the royal party perished utterly; and they fled, leaving culverins and sackers, carriages and colours, private papers, and prisoners to the number of five thousand, very many of whom were officers of high rank.

The game was now nearly over. Charles looked to Scotland with a little hope, for there the **Marquis of Montrose** had been winning battle after battle for his King. Tibbermuir,‡ Alford,§ Kilsyth,|| all witnessed the triumph of Montrose and his knife-men. But retribution came at Philiphaugh,¶ when David Lesley surprised him, and annihilated his undisciplined force.

In spite of threatening bodies of clubmen in Dorset and Wilts, Bristol was taken for the Parliament with little loss. And the Roundhead army stormed Bridgewater, and shut Sir Ralph Hopton up in the peninsula of Cornwall, where next spring he surrendered. Basing House near Basingstoke, a great royal stronghold, was bombarded and stormed by Cromwell. The King made a last warlike effort on Rowton Heath near Chester, with an army collected in Wales. Hopton's surrender in Cornwall was immediately followed by Sir Jacob Astley's surrender at Stow "in the Wolds of Gloucestershire."

We now dimly discern a trio of horsemen trotting sharply out of

* *Uxbridge*, a market-town in Middlesex, on the Colne, fifteen miles from London.

† *Naseby*, a hamlet on a hill-top in the north-western border of Northamptonshire, seven or eight miles from Market-Harborough in Leicestershire: nearly on a line with, and midway between that town and Daventry.

‡ *Tibbermuir*, a field about five miles from Perth, and midway between Methven and Perth.

§ *Alford*, a scattered village on the Don in Aberdeenshire.

|| *Kilsyth*, a burgh in Stirlingshire, thirteen miles south by west from Stirling.

¶ *Philiphaugh*. The scene of this battle lies near Selkirk.

Oxford over Magdalen Bridge in the darkness of an early April morning (the 28th) in 1646. That groom, with clipped hair and beard and rolled cloak strapped at his waist, who rides behind Ashburnham, is **Charles Stuart, King of England**. Hudson, the royal chaplain, is the third. Uncertainly they ride, wavering between London and the Scottish camp, at one time reaching Harrow, a short hour's gallop from St. Paul's. But nine days of vacillation landed the unfortunate King at Newark* in the Scottish camp.

Fairfax then concentrated his strength upon Oxford, which surrendered after something more than a month's siege (June 20th, 1646). And, with the flight of the King and the fall of his adopted capital, the flame of the Civil War died out for a time, showing its last flicker in the siege of Ragland Castle.†

After much fruitless negotiation, protracted through many months, during which the King lodged at Newcastle, he passed from the hands of the Scottish army to those of the English Parliament. This matter has been much misunderstood. It has been asserted that the Scottish nation sold for £200,000 the unhappy King, who had flung himself upon their hospitality. Charles refused to sign the Covenant, which rendered it impossible for him to remain among the **Covenanters** on friendly terms. He desired to be sent to a place near London, where he might have some chance of influencing the city and the Parliament. The Scots delivered him, not to the Levellers, who were already beginning to mutter vengeance, but to the Presbyterians, who never entertained a thought of violence towards his person. Through all the negotiations the safety of the King was expressly stipulated. And the money, which the Scots received, was but a part of the subsidy, on the faith of which they had undertaken to support the cause of the English Parliament. Skippon counted out the money to the Scots at Newcastle; and on the 30th of January (an odd and tragic coincidence of dates, if we look two years ahead) King Charles became the prisoner of the English Parliament. As the Scottish soldiers filed over the Border, Charles drove in his coach towards the wood-encircled manor-house of Holmby or Holdenby in Northamptonshire. Arriving there on the 16th of February, he settled down to a quiet life, varied by little, except a game at chess or bowls. He refused to hear a word from the Presbyterian chaplains, whose spiritual instructions the Parliament persisted in forcing on him.

A vote of the Commons about this time (March 7, 1647) settled £2500 a year in land, out of the Marquis of Worcester's estate, upon General Cromwell.

The rival germs of **Independence** and **Presbyterianism**, which had always influenced the history of the Long Parliament more or less, striking vigorous root, shot out into two branches. The army,

* *Newark*, a market-town upon the Trent in Notts, twenty miles north-east of Nottingham.

† *Ragland Castle* stands in ruins on a hill a mile from Ragland village, which is in Monmouthshire, seven miles south-west by west of Monmouth.

created by Independent Oliver, now confronted the Presbyterian majority of the Parliament, in which Hollis was a leader. Reasonably enough demanding the arrears of their pay, now due for three-and-forty weeks, and objecting to a forced service in Ireland under new commanders, the soldiers held a "Rendezvous" on Kentford Heath at Newmarket, to discuss the state of affairs. While they were gathering to the Heath, an active Cornet of Whalley's Horse, named **Joyce**, once a London tailor, rode off at midnight with five hundred men to Holmby House (June 3rd), and, taking possession of the not unwilling King, brought him to the soldiers at Newmarket. Some days later, on the 10th of June, the entire mass of twenty-one thousand men gathered to a greater Rendezvous on Triploe Heath, near Cambridge. As Cromwell, who rode from London a day or two before on a horse white with foam, leads the Parliamentary Commissioners from regiment to regiment, the stern cry of "Justice! Justice!" breaks from the steel-clad ranks. On the same evening the army moved to St. Albans, sending on before them a letter, signed by Cromwell and others, and addressed to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, in which the desires of the soldiers are plainly and resolutely set forth, in a style resembling, as a great master tells us, "the structure of a block of oak-root—as tortuous, unwedgeable, and as strong." Then came the demand that eleven obnoxious members should at once be tried. The eleven—Hollis and Waller among them—had the good sense to disappear very soon from the House and the country. Under this pressure the Parliament actually split: the two Speakers, with the mace and many Lords and Commons, hastening out to meet the army on Hounslow Heath. After some days, the Presbyterian party yielded; and the army marched into

London by way of Hyde Park, three deep, with laurels in their steeple hats. The King was lodged at Hampton Court, whither some of the officers came soon with a set of "Proposals" for the reformation of the State, and the establishment of a wide toleration. Charles was actually then

entangled in secret correspondence with the Presbyterians and the Irish Catholics. And yet he pretended to treat with Ireton and Cromwell. His chief hope at this time rested on the Marquis of Ormond, who had won distinction by trampling out the Irish rebellion, and who through every change of conflicting parties had held that island for the King. But that hope broke like the rest; and Ormond crossed to England, where for a time he headed those old Royalists, whom royal folly could never estrange.

As the autumn wore away, the voice of the **Levellers** or "Red Republicans" grew louder. They talked ominously of the *Chief Delinquent*, and echoes of their talk sorely perturbed the King at Hampton Court. Baffled in all his schemes, and bewildered by ever-thickening danger, he fled from that palace through the wind and rain of a November night (Nov. 11), leaving his cloak in the gallery and some letters on the drawing-room table. Having reached the Isle of Wight, he saw no further outlet, and gave himself up to

Colonel Hammond, who, writing to the Parliament, received orders to commit him to honourable custody in Carisbrook Castle. On the day that Hammond's letter reached the capital, Arnauld, a mutinous Leveller, was shot at Corkbush Field by order of Cromwell, who thus tamed for a time the unruly spirit of these Radicals.

Still cherishing empty hopes of escape, the King was guarded in **Carisbrook**. Within London, a mixture of Royalist and Presbyterian feeling was kindling apprentice riots and similar demonstrations. The summer brought out the flames. In Kent, in Essex, in Wales, and in Scotland they broke violently forth. Fairfax, now by his father's death a Lord, defeating the Kentish men on Blackheath, and trampling out the blaze at Maidstone, then darted over Thames to besiege Lord Goring in Colchester, which he ultimately took. Oliver, pushing into Wales, encountered a stubborn resistance from Pembroke Castle, which his lack of cannon prevented him from destroying. But the place surrendered at last—July 11th; and he then marched to meet an army of Scottish Presbyterians which the Marquis of Hamilton had gathered on the Border Aug. 17, for the invasion of England. On Thursday, August 17th, 1648 and the next two days, the **Battle of Preston** raged upon A.D. the Ribble, ending in the complete defeat of Hamilton, whose army was in fact cut in two by Cromwell. Proceeding thence to Edinburgh upon the invitation of Covenanting Argyle, Hamilton's foe, the great soldier took up his quarters at Moray House in the Canongate, whence he issued an address to the Committee of Estates. This document, denouncing all Malignants in either kingdom, demands that such should be permitted to hold no public place or trust whatever. The complete remodelling of the government was the result of Cromwell's Scottish visit.

During his absence the Presbyterians made a last effort to conclude a treaty with the King. Oliver, coming south, then took two decided steps. Ewer, appointed Governor of Wight, in room of Hammond, carried the King over to Hurst Castle Nov. 30. in Hampshire,* a desolate and uncomfortable place, which he left in eighteen days for Windsor. This was one decided step. The other was taken on the 6th of December, when the dragoons of Rich and the pikemen of Pride, two colonels in the army, surrounded the Houses of Parliament, and the latter officer arrested the Presbyterian members, as they passed through the lobby, committing them to various places of custody. About fifty Independent members were left to constitute a Rump, as some coarse-grained wag nicknamed the remnant. Cromwell, entering on the first day of the **Purge**, received the thanks of the House for his great national services.

And now the dark mutterings grew together, and shaped themselves into a Voice, crying for the blood of the King. More than

* *Hurst Castle* stood on a little rocky jut of Hampshire, opposite Wight, with the sea foaming nearly all round its base. It had only the poorest accommodation for a few gunners.

once Cromwell's head had been in danger from the fierce zeal of those who considered his negotiations with Charles a sign of treachery to the national cause. He had now no course but to stand still, and let the torrent sweep to its work of doom. The Lords having refused to take any part in the trial of the King, the small body of Independents, who remained out of the purged and scattered Commons, formed a tribunal of one hundred and thirty-five Commissioners, who, under the title of a "**High Court of Justice**," proceeded in the name of the English people to arraign the fallen monarch as a traitor and malicious levier of war. On the 8th of January fifty-three members of the High Court met in the Painted Chamber. Fairfax showed himself on that day, but appeared no more among the judges. With drum-beat and trumpet-sound the approaching trial was proclaimed next day. And, to mark the temper of the Commons, the Great Seal was smashed that very day—a piece of destruction very suggestive of a coming doom. Having chosen **John Bradshaw**, Sergeant-at-law, to be their President, with Steel, Coke, Dorislaus, and Aske to represent, as counsel, the Commonwealth of England,

the Commissioners formally opened the trial on the 20th Jan. 20, of January in the upper end of Westminster Hall. The
1649 King, carried into court in a sedan-chair, sat down, without
 A.D. moving his hat, in a velvet seat prepared for him at the bar.

Between him and the Court a table stood, bearing the mace and sword placed crosswise. Haughtily he stared at the judges and the crowds that thronged the galleries. And bitter were the looks from the benches of the Commission, every member of which also wore his hat. Bradshaw spoke first, telling "Charles Stuart, King of England," for what purpose the Commons had placed him on trial at that bar. When Coke, acting as Solicitor-General, rose to state the charge, Charles cried out, "Hold!" and tapped him on the shoulder with his cane. The gold head dropped off—surely a little thing, but enough to strike a superstitious chill to the heart of the King, although he then let no outward sign of discomposure escape him. The reading of the charge which laid upon the King all the blame and blood of the Civil War, extorted a bitter laugh from the royal prisoner. And, when President Bradshaw told him that the Court awaited his reply, he asked, without a trace of the painful stammer which commonly impeded his utterance, upon what lawful authority he was brought there. Bradshaw answered that the Court took their authority from the people of England, whose elected King he was. Charles denied that England was an elective kingdom, and refused submission to the Court, upon the ground that the Lords and the King were necessary to constitute a Parliament, without which there could be no true authority. With this the Court adjourned to pass the last but one of Charles Stuart's Sundays. On Monday the 22nd, while speaking in a similar strain of haughty defiance, the King received a rebuke from Bradshaw, who told him that a prisoner and high delinquent could not be allowed to dispute about the Court's authority. On Tuesday the Commissioners met first in the Painted

Chamber to confer, and then proceeded to Westminster Hall, where the scenes of the previous day were renewed, the King protesting and meeting with a bold front the charge, for which he said he cared not a rush; and Bradshaw sternly asserting the dignity of a Court, whose authority flowed solely from the people. At this stage of the proceedings a Protest from the Parliament and Kingdom of Scotland against this treatment of the King reached the Speaker of the Rump; but it availed not to stay the swift-falling axe. After two more days spent in the examination of witnesses, the death of Charles was resolved on; and on the last and seventh day (January 27) Bradshaw doffed his black dress and appeared in scarlet, surrounded with dark-browed men arrayed as for some grim festival. Charles with quick eye caught the change, as he entered boldly with his hat on; and for the first time during the trial his spirit shook. His failing heart took in the dread meaning of the blood-coloured robe and the garnished doublets. With altered tone, he pleaded for another hearing; but in vain. Bradshaw, speaking again of the people, who had arraigned their King for tyranny, heard a shrill woman-voice from the audience cry "No! not half the people." It was Lady Fairfax, whose husband's Presbyterianism kept him from the regicidal Court. A feeble plea from Citizen Downes, asking, "Have we hearts of stone?" was speedily over-ruled, and the Clerk, by Bradshaw's order, read the sentence of death. Charles broke completely down; he stammered out a few disjointed words, and then turned away. The warrant, dated January 29, bears nine-and-fifty names, John Bradshaw standing first, and Oliver Cromwell third. Next day at ten Charles walked between Bishop Juxon and Colonel Tomlinson from St. James's across the park to Whitehall. A glass of claret and a piece of bread were served to him at noon, and he then passed through the Banqueting-House out to the black-draped scaffold, which had been erected in front. Pikemen and carbineers formed an armed hedge around the scaffold; outside stood the mute and sorrowful people. Speaking to those within earshot, he declared that the Parliament had begun the war by claiming the command of the militia; that ill instruments had severed their affections from him; that an unjust sentence, to which he had assented, was now falling fatally on his head in just retribution (alluding to the death of Strafford); and that he died the "martyr of the people." His courage had come back, and death had lost its sting. Comforted in his last moments by Juxon, and speaking with quiet confidence of the incorruptible crown that awaited him beyond the grave, he took off his cloak, gave his George to the prelate, pronounced the word "Remember," and then laid his neck upon the block. A stretching out of his hands formed the signal; the bright axe grew dull with a dreadful dimness; and the attendant headsman, masked like his comrade, lifted the bleeding head, still twitching with life, and cried out, "This is the head of a traitor!" A deep and pitiful groan, torn from the very hearts of the spectators, was the only reply. Never before had Englishmen witnessed such a

Jan. 30,

1649

A.D.

scene ; the dreadful lesson was not without its meaning and its use ; but the blunder, if crime be not a fitter name, affixed a stain to the period which shall not be wiped away.

CHARLES I. (1625-1649).

Married HENRIETTA MARIA, DAUGHTER OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE

A.D.

1625. Accession and Marriage of Charles. His first Parliament meets (Aug. 1), and is suddenly dissolved (Aug. 12).
 1626. The second Parliament (Feb. 6—June 15). Impeachment of Buckingham. Illegal taxation in the shape of a general loan.
 1627. Buckingham falls to relieve Rochelle, besieged by Richelieu.
 1628. The third Parliament meets (March 17). Oliver Cromwell becomes Member for Huntingdon. THE PETITION OF RIGHT GRANTED BY CHARLES (June 7). Assassination of Buckingham by Felton at Portsmouth.
 1629. Sir John Eliot makes a daring speech in the Commons against the Court. Speaker Finch held in the chair. A series of *Three Articles* passed in opposition to religious innovation and illegal taxes. The third Parliament dissolved (March 10).
 1631. Viscount Wentworth made Lord Deputy of Ireland.
 1633. Charles and Bishop Laud visit Scotland to force Episcopacy upon an unwilling people. Laud on his return made Primate.
 1634. The first levy of Ship-money.
 1637. Jenny Geddes flings her folding-stool at the head of the Dean of Edinburgh, when he begins to read Laud's Liturgy in St. Giles's (July 23).
 THE TRIAL OF JOHN HAMPDEN in the Exchequer Court (December). Judgment given against him.
 1638. THE NATIONAL COVENANT SIGNED IN SCOTLAND.
 1640. Session of the Short Parliament (April 13—May 5).
 THE LONG PARLIAMENT MEETS (Nov. 3).
 1641. The impeachment (March 22) and execution (May 12) of the Earl of Strafford. Dreadful massacre of Protestants in Ireland. Debate on the *Grand Remonstrance* passed by 11 votes.
 1642. Jan. 4.—ATTEMPT OF THE KING TO ARREST THE FIVE MEMBERS.
 Jan. 10.—The King leaves London.
 April 23.—The gates of Hull shut in the King's face.

THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

- Aug. 25.—THE ROYAL STANDARD RAISED AT NOTTINGHAM.
 Oct. 23.—The Battle of Keinton or Edgehill.
 1643. June 24.—Death of John Hampden of gunshot wounds, received at Chalgrove on the 18th.
 Sept. 5.—Relief of Gloucester by Essex
 Sept. 20.—The first Battle of Newbury. Death of Lord Falkland.
 Sept. 22.—*The Solemn League and Covenant* signed at Westminster.
 1644. Twenty-one thousand Scots under Leven cross the Border (January).
 July 2.—THE BATTLE OF MARSTON MOOR, won chiefly by the Ironsides of Cromwell.
 Oct. 27.—Second Battle of Newbury.
 1645. Jan. 10.—Execution of Archbishop Laud. His trial, begun in March 1644, was given up and a Bill of Attainder passed.
 April 3.—*The Self-denying Ordinance* passes the Lords. It passed the Commons, Dec. 19, 1644.
 June 14.—BATTLE OF Naseby.

1646. Flight of Charles from Oxford to the Scottish camp at Newark (April).
 1647. King Charles given up by the Scots to the English Presbyterians (Jan. 30).
 June 3.—Cornet Joyce seizes the King at Holmby House.
 Aug. 3.—The *Proposals* of the Army laid before the King at Hampton Court.
 Nov. 11.—His flight to the Isle of Wight, where he is confined at Carisbrook.
 1648. Cromwell defeats Hamilton at Preston (Aug. 17).
 Nov. 30.—Charles brought to Hurst Castle, thence to Windsor.
 Dec. 6.—Pride expels the Presbyterian members from the Long Parliament.
 1649. Jan. 20.—THE TRIAL OF KING CHARLES begins in Westminster Hall.
 Jan. 30.—HE IS EXECUTED BEFORE WHITEHALL, being then aged forty-nine.

CHAPTER III.

THE COMMONWEALTH.

Levellers.
 The Irish War.
 Campaigning in Scotland.
 Dunbar Drove.
 Worcester.
 Kingship.
 The Dutch War.

Long Parliament Dis-
 missed.
 Instrument of Govern-
 ment.
 Installation.
 Triers and Expurgators.
 Troubles.

Major-Generals.
 The Petition and Advice.
 Sea-king Blake.
 Dunkirk taken.
 Death.
 Richard Cromwell.
 General Monk.

WITHIN a month a **Council of State** took the reins of power, Bradshaw acting as President—Cromwell, St. John, Fairfax, Skippon, Haselrig, Vane, and Ludlow being also of the Forty-one. One evening in March two gentlemen called at a small house in Holborn, and asked Mr. **John Milton** who lived there, if he would consent to be Secretary for Foreign Languages to the Council. Accepting the offered appointment, he began his diplomatic correspondence without delay; and, before his pen had ceased its work on state-papers, *Paradise Lost* had commenced to unfold its sublime splendours. The army continued under the command of Fairfax and the control of Cromwell. But the fleet got a new and better head in the person of Robert Blake, Colonel in the army and General at sea, whose achievements, as the greatest sailor of the age, must soon be noticed. Blake, a merchant's son of Bridgewater in Somersetshire, had already given signal proofs of courage and skill in the Civil War as Governor of Taunton. Now at the ripe age of fifty-one he entered on the most brilliant period of his life.

There arose in the army a deep murmur, proceeding from the *Levellers*, who complained that England had only exchanged her old chains for new and stronger ones. The leader of this faction was Lieutenant-Colonel John Lilburn. Almost immediately after the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, and the Lord Capel, had been beheaded (March 9) in Palace-yard for adherence to the royal cause, this imminent danger thrust itself upon the notice of Fairfax and Cromwell. At Burford,* whither a forced march brought both

* Burford, a market-town in Oxfordshire, on the Windrush, eighteen miles west by north of Oxford.

General and Lieutenant-General, the smouldering mutiny was trampled out with the death of a cornet and two corporals.

The proclamation of **young Charles Stuart** as King Charles the Second, in Scotland by the Parliament, in Ireland by the Marquis of Ormond, showed the necessity of stern dealing with these outposts of the Commonwealth.

Appointed **Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland**, Cromwell sailed in the *John* from Milford Haven to Dublin Bay, where he arrived on the 15th of August. Ireland had, under Ormond's spell, almost to a city stood up for King and Kingdom. Dublin and Derry alone remained to the Commonwealth. "Rose-water surgery" would never do for Oliver. Moving from Dublin to **Tredah**,* he opened his batteries upon that stronghold, and, when the breaches appeared large enough, he took the city by storm on the 10th of September. As they had despised his summons to surrender, he put to the sword almost every man of the three thousand who formed the garrison of the place. And then, rejoicing in "a marvellous great mercy," he marched away to Wexford,† which speedily fell, a great slaughter of the defenders striking terror through the land (October 11). Ross upon the Barrow yielded to a few shots. Cork and Kinsale also yielded. And November rains alone prevented Waterford from streaming with blood, by forcing the Ironsides and their leader into winter quarters at Youghal. The two months of cessation from war Cromwell spent in arranging courts of justice in Dublin, and fixing rates of contribution. Scarcely had the crocuses of February peeped from the loosened earth, when he was in the saddle again, sweeping over the fairest fields of Munster, castles and strongholds falling helpless before his advance. On the 22nd of March he came in sight of the steeples of Kilkenny,‡ where Sir Walter Butler commanded the garrison. In five days the cannon of the Commonwealth had so far lowered the tone of the besieged that they were glad to be allowed to leave the town, on condition of emptying their bullet-pouches and laying down their arms two miles off. It remained for Cromwell to crown his bloody but most effective reduction of Ireland by the storming of Clonmel,§ where the last and fiercest struggle of the war raged for four hours of a hot May-day (Thursday the 9th). Crossing to England in the *President* frigate, he entered London to be thanked amid the roar of cannon and the cheers of the people. The war was continued under Ireton, until fever carried him off at Limerick in 1651: Ludlow then assumed the command.

The young King, who had been hovering about Jersey during this Irish war, concluded at Breda a treaty with the Scottish Cove-

* *Tredah* or *Drogheda*, the capital of Louth, on the river Boyne, twenty-eight miles north-west of Dublin.

† *Wexford*, a borough on the bay of the Slaney, seventy-four miles south of Dublin.

‡ *Kilkenny*, a city on the Nore, capital of Kilkenny county, eighty-one miles south-south-west of Dublin.

§ *Clonmel*, a borough on the Suir in Tipperary, one hundred and four miles from Dublin. Population over 12,000.

nanter, in which he bound himself to sign both the National Covenant and the Solemn League and Covenant. He had previously sent Montrose over to Orkney to try another game, as his father would have said. But Montrose was met by Strachan near the pass of Invercarron, and so signally defeated, that he was forced to attempt his escape in the dress of a peasant. Given up by a man in whose house he had sought refuge, he was carried to Edinburgh and was there hanged on a gallows thirty feet high. About a month later, Charles the Second landed on the shore of the Cromarty Firth, and, before June reached its end, Lord-General Cromwell had started for the North, carrying with him **Colonel Monk**, a **June 29,** moody resolute man. By the time that Cromwell had **1650** reached Berwick (July 22) his army had swelled to about **A.D.** sixteen thousand men. The Lord-General had already issued a Declaration "To all who are saints," and a Proclamation addressed to the Scottish people generally. From Berwick to Mordington, thence by Cockburnspath to Dunbar, whither the ships had come with biscuit, and so on to Haddington the English army moved. A skirmish at Musselburgh was the first encounter between the rival Puritan armies. On the 30th of July General David Lesley was seen with the Covenanting army, stretching from Leith shore to the Calton Hill, and extending its flying outposts round the base of Arthur's Seat. Moving on Broughton village, as on a pivot, he could thus always present an armed face to the advancing foe. Thus lay Lesley for more than a month, while Oliver hovered in the background between Musselburgh and the Pentlands. Some shots were exchanged at Gogar on the 27th of August. Warned by sickening troops and failing supplies, Cromwell burned his huts from Braid to Musselburgh, and on the 31st of August fell back to Dunbar within reach of his ships. Now was Lesley's time. Pushing along close by the sea to Prestonpans, he hung upon Oliver's flank, and turning inland, established his army of twenty thousand upon the heathery upland of Doon Hill, which rises, a spur of the Lammermoors, about a mile from the sea. Oliver lay, with scarcely more than half that number of men, on the shore with **Dunbar harbour** and his ships behind him. This was the situation on the 2nd of September.

During all that day, in wet and wind, Oliver was marshalling his men on the left bank of the Brocksburn, which runs from the Lammermoors to the sea through a deep grassy glen. All day long also Lesley, with whom were the Committee of Estates and Kirk, kept *shogging*, as Cromwell phrases it in his despatch, the Scottish lines more and more to the right. Oliver hugs himself in grim delight, as he notices this "shogging," the object of which is to gain possession of the pass through which the burn flows. He quietly prepares his plans for beginning the attack; for Lesley by this movement was placing his right wing in an uncovered position and crowding up his main body between the burn and the hill. Through the sleet and storm of that night Oliver waited eager for the dawn. And, when the first ray of morning appeared, the trumpets gave a signal. The

Scottish musketeers, rising from the wet shelter of the corn-stooks, tried to blow their sodden matches into flame. The horse
Sept. 3, on both sides engaged with fury. *The Covenant* was the
1650 battle-cry of the Scots: *The Lord of Hosts*, the solemn watch-
A.D. word of the English. Although Cromwell got his men
 under arms by four, it was not until six that the onset was
 made. At first the Covenanting horse made some impression on the
 English lines; but the success was momentary. At them again came
 the Ironsides, unused to flinch, except for a terrible recoil, and in
 less than an hour the stream of Scottish fugitives was pouring away
 towards Haddington. Cromwell was meanwhile singing the words
 of the Hundred and seventeenth Psalm, while the horse collected to
 chase the flying relics of **Dunbar Drove**. Lesley rode into Edin-
 burgh about nine, having left three thousand of his army dead and
 ten thousand prisoners of war.

From Dunbar Oliver went to Edinburgh, whose castle, governed
 by Walter Dundas, surrendered on the 24th of December.

The new year opened with the coronation of young Charles at
 Scone. While the Scottish army lay intrenched near Stirling, Crom-
 well spent a very sickly spring, shivering with ague-fits. During
 the intervals of his illness and his manœuvres he visited Glasgow
 three times.

Unable to tempt the Scottish captains from the heights by Stirling,
 Oliver resolved to push his army across the Forth and cut off their
 communication with the north. Forcing a passage at two points,
 Inchgarvie* and Burntisland,† he occupied Fife; and then with a
 sudden movement seized St. Johnston, better known now as Perth.
 This manœuvre dislodged the Scots, who then undertook an expedi-
 tion into England.

Entering Carlisle on the 6th of August, they looked vainly round
 for those hosts of loyal Presbyterians, whom their heated fancy had
 seen flocking round a visionary flag. Cromwell with resolute tread
 came on behind. No town welcomed them with open gates as they
 passed through Lancashire and Shropshire. At Worcester they made
 their stand, King Charles unfolding his banner on that fatal anni-
 versary, August 22: and at **Worcester** the fourteen thousand met
 their fate. For the Ironsides, driving before them the fragments of
 Earl Derby's forces shattered at Wigan, showed their dark advancing
 masses thirty thousand strong on the 28th; and on the 3rd of Sep-
 tember—the anniversary of Dunbar—the Battle of Worcester was
 fought, resulting in the total ruin of the Scottish army.

Five nights before the battle, some of Lambert's dragoons had
 climbed across the broken arches of Upton Bridge, a few miles below
 Worcester, and prepared a passage, over which Fleetwood led a con-
 siderable force on the evening of the 2nd. Bridging the Teme and the

* *Inchgarvie* is a small island, lying in the Firth of Forth, opposite Queensferry, in
 Linlithgowshire.

† *Burntisland* is a borough in Fifeshire, on the Firth of Forth, opposite Leith. The
 Firth is here about six miles wide.

Severn with boats, this active leader attacked the suburb of St. John's, driving the Scots from hedge to hedge. Cromwell hurried over the boat-bridge to Fleetwood's aid, and then dashed back to face the Scots, as the battle raged round Fort Royal, and the shouting throng went backward through Sudbury Gate into the narrow streets of Worcester. For four or five evening hours the struggle lasted, until the Scots fled, pursued by the shot of their own guns, now turned on them by the victors. The escape of Charles from the rout of Worcester seems to belong rather to romance than to sober history. Wandering for weeks in disguise and danger, he reached Shoreham in Sussex on the 15th of October, and there found a coal-boat, which carried him over to Fécamp in Normandy.

Sept. 3,
1651
A.D.

It would have seemed a natural thing for Cromwell now to stretch out his strong right hand and seize the English crown. At a meeting held at the Speaker's house in Chancery Lane, and assembled at Oliver's request to discuss the settlement of the nation, he seems to have been sounding his way, giving it as his opinion, "If it may be done with safety and preservation of our rights, both as Englishmen and as Christians, a settlement with somewhat of monarchical power in it, would be very effectual." Later he said to lawyer Whitelocke, author of *Memorials* of this changeful time, "What if a man should take upon him to be King!"

A Dutch War now broke out. The massacre of Amboyna* still cried for vengeance. The contempt, with which the Dutch Republic treated the infant Commonwealth of England, rankled deep. The Navigation Act, which decreed that English ships alone should carry on the traffic of England and her colonies, aimed a heavy blow at the shipping interest of Holland. Then the House of Orange and the House of Stuart were firmly allied by marriage. The formal declaration of war was issued in July 1652 by the English Parliament. During the next seven or eight months Robert Blake met the Dutch admirals in three great encounters. On the 28th of September De Ruyter and De Witt, commanding instead of Van Tromp, came upon the English admiral, and after a fight of many hours were glad to escape in the dark with the loss of many ships. On the 29th of November, as he lay with a fleet of forty sail near the Goodwin Sands, Van Tromp crossed with eighty vessels to the English coast. Through the November day the shore of Kent echoed the distant cannonade; and not until darkness fell did Blake think it necessary to seek safety and repose within the estuary of the Thames. He left six hulls behind, and all he took with him bore the marks of hard fighting. Upon the 18th of February 1653, Blake with eighty sail drove a fleet of almost equal size under Van Tromp from Portland Head to Calais Sands, taking or destroying in the three days' fighting eleven ships of war and thirty merchantmen, at the cost of only one ship. In June he aided Dean and Monk to defeat Van Tromp again. But he was not present, owing to ill health, at that last and greatest battle of the

* *Amboyna*, one of the Molucca islands, with a town of the same name.

war, fought off the mouth of the Texel (July 31st) on a cloudy Sunday morning, when a bullet pierced the brave Dutchman's breast, closing for the time the Dutch war.

After several conferences, Cromwell's resolve broke into clear flame. He expelled the contemptible remnant of the **Long Parliament**. The Lord-General came down from Whitehall on that memorable morning, dressed, as his custom was, in black clothes and grey worsted stockings. He listened a while to the speaking, and then rose, hat off, to give *his* mind on the settlement of affairs. Blazing soon into anger, he clapped on his hat and strode up and down the

April 20, floor, declaring that the members (only fifty-three were present) had sat there too long. Go they must. Twenty or

1653 thirty musketeers, armed with loaded snap-hances, entered at his command, and then the storm of words broke out in fullest fury. Withering the members, now all huddled on their feet,

A.D. with words and looks of fire, he lifted the mace, emblem of the sacred authority of the Commons, and, with the contemptuous word "bauble," handed it to a soldier. Speaker Lenthall, disposed at first to be obstinate, left the chair, from which Harrison was going to pull him. The Rump vanished; the mace was carried away and the chamber was locked.

King, Lords, and Commons had now been swept from the scene. But Cromwell, as yet only a **military Dictator**, never dreamed of governing without some kind of Parliament. There met accordingly on the 4th of the following July that Convention, known as the Little Parliament. The misspelled name of a rich Puritan, Praise-God Barbone, who sold leather in Fleet Street, was given by the scoffing Cavaliers to the assembly in which he sat. Sitting until December, they attacked the Court of Chancery; appointed commissioners, unconnected with the legal profession, to preside in the courts of justice; and expressed also their resolve to abolish tithes. One morning before the extreme party had assembled, the House voted its own dissolution, and hastening off to Whitehall, handed to the Lord-General a document, resigning their powers into his hands. This was Monday the 12th of December. Four days later, a document called *The Instrument of Government*, containing forty-two articles, assigned the supreme power to Oliver Cromwell, with the title of **Lord-Protector** of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Solemn was the scene that Friday afternoon in the Chancery Court at Westminster. Amid benches glowing with civic scarlet, judicial ermine, and martial steel, Oliver stood by the chair of state, in black velvet cloak and doublet, with a broad gold band round his steeple hat.

The signature of the **Instrument of Government** formed Dec. 16, the first part of the ceremony of installation. Then, having promised in the sight of God to abide by the document which **1653** his hand had just completed, he sat down, with his hat on, in the chair of state, after which the Great Seal and the Civic Sword were placed in his hands. Returning these to the men who

A.D.

gave them, the Protector rose and passed away to Whitehall amid the cheers of the people and the pealing of cannon. In entering on the cares of this high position, Cromwell secured the aid of two great lawyers. John Thurloe became Secretary of State, and Sir Matthew Hale a Judge of the Common Pleas. The leading states of Europe hastened to congratulate and court the Farmer of St. Ives upon his accession to the Protector's chair. Treaties upon favourable terms, were concluded with Holland, Sweden, and Denmark.

Aware that the sovereign power rested not in him but in the Parliament, since he had no *veto* on the laws they made, Cromwell met his first Parliament on the 3rd of September 1654. There were in all four hundred, among whom sat thirty Scottish and thirty Irish members. Previous to the assembling of Parliament the Lord-Protector and his Council of fifteen had transacted public business by means of Ordinances, of which sixty were passed. Two of these related to religion. An **Ordinance**, dated March 20th 1654, selected thirty-eight eminent Puritans, whose duty, as *Triers*, was to examine into the fitness of all public preachers. Another Ordinance appointed *Expurgators*, from fifteen to thirty in each county, for the purpose of expelling vicious or incompetent ministers from parishes.

The debates of the first Protectorate Parliament almost all hinged upon the Instrument of Government. And when they decided, by a vote of 200 to 60, that the Protectorship was to be elective, not hereditary, Oliver dissolved their sitting with no slight marks of dissatisfaction (January 22, 1655).

No easy post was that of the Lord-Protector Cromwell. The **Levellers**—the **Fifth Monarchy** men, who believed that, since Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome had perished, the time had now come for the establishment of the millennial monarchy of Christ—the **Quakers**, with their leather-clad George Fox and their mad James Nayler, who personated the Saviour—all gave him endless care. Nor did a week pass without some new phase of Royalist plottings. In February 1655 Wildman, chief of the rebellious Anabaptists, was locked in Chepstow Castle. Next month Colonel Penruddock and Major Grove were beheaded for their share in a Royalist plot that broke out at Salisbury.

The scheme, devised by Oliver for the quelling of these evils, was worthy of a genius rocked in the stormy cradle of a Revolution. Selecting ten (afterwards twelve) men, on whom he could certainly depend, he made them **Major-Generals** of the districts into which he divided England. Armed with the militia of his counties, especially with a body of well-drilled horsemen, each satrap of the great Protector stood ready to cut down the first symptom of revolt that showed itself within the circuit of his power.

While England lay thus under martial law, her name was brightening abroad. **Blake**, sailing into Tunis harbour and burning nine pirate vessels, taught the Dey of Tunis to respect the English flag. And when in June 1655 news came that the Duke of Savoy had driven the Protestant shepherds of Lucerna, Perosa, and St. Martin,

valleys near the sources of the Po, from the shelter of their mountain homes to starve amid Alpine snows, reddened with the blood of those they loved, the Protector of England, forcing France to join him in the act of righteous pity, frightened the Duke into a restoration of these shepherds to their homes. Not until this was done would Cromwell conclude the treaty with France, for which Mazarin was scheming. A treaty with France meant a war with Spain, which was accordingly declared on the 23rd of October 1655.

Annoyed at the refusal of Spain to grant certain privileges to English subjects and the English flag, Lord Protector Cromwell prepared a fleet and an army for some enterprise, unknown and
1655 alarming to all his sovereign neighbours. Under Vice-
A.D. Admiral Penn and General Venables the expedition crossed the Atlantic. The first movement was made upon Hispaniola :

it was baffled. Then, sailing to Jamaica and entering Port Royal Bay, the British landed at Passage Fort, from which the Spaniards fled to the interior. A capitulation followed, most of the garrison going off to Cuba. For this conquest, which seemed nothing in the eyes of disappointed Oliver, Penn and Venables were locked in the Tower.

Domestic troubles still hovered round Oliver. Assassination dogged his steps. He carried pistols to defend himself. Most notable of the assassins was Miles Sindercomb, a "cashiered Quartermaster" of Levelling propensities, who invented infernal machines and tried to set Whitehall on fire, with no result except bringing himself to such a pass that to his maddened brain no course seemed open except to take poison and die in the prison where he lay.

Oliver's second Parliament met on the 17th of September 1656. In convening it the Protector excluded nearly a hundred members, whose republicanism might have hindered the progress of the public work. Haselrig, Scott, and Ashley Cooper are the principal names in this excluded company. After a speech in the Painted Chamber all crowded to the lobby of the House, where the Chancery Clerk was giving out the certificates by which alone admission could be obtained. There were none for the hundred, who therefore protested and departed. While the Protector works at home, Blake is busy on the sea with Montague and Stayner. Cruising off Cadiz the last-named officer burned eight galleons from the Indies, bound for Spain with a freight of silver. "The eight and thirty waggon-loads of real silver, which came jingling up from Portsmouth across London pavements to the Tower," formed a very seasonable addition to the purse of the struggling Commonwealth. This timely capture and the suppression of the Major-Generals, accomplished by the Parliament at the suggestion of His Highness, put the nation into a hopeful frame of mind.

The story of **Nayler**, upon whose case the Parliament wasted three precious months, affords us a vivid glimpse of the fantastic offshoots which Puritanism sent out during this remarkable period. At Bristol in the autumn of 1655 might have been seen a little string of eight people, men and women, some on horseback, some afoot, going through

mud and rain along the city streets up to the High Cross. Riding alone in the middle of the little crowd is a rawboned man with long lank hair, over which a hat is slouched, and massive jaws, which are composed to a silent grimness, as he proceeds amid the buzzing "Hosannas" of the two women who walk at his bridle. The misguided man is acting Christ, whom he professes to be. Next winter he rides with his face to the tail, is branded, bored in the tongue, and sent to pick oakum and live on bread and water.

In February 1657 Pack, one of the Members for London, reads a paper in the House, which shapes itself gradually into the **Humble Petition and Advice**, whose eighteen articles form the second charter of the Commonwealth. These articles recommend the Lord-Protector to assume the title of *King*. The military faction in general start in alarm at this suggestion. The lawyers are for it almost to a man. A Fifth Monarchy riot at Mile End, headed by Venner a wine-cooper, interrupts the meetings between Oliver and the Committee of ninety-nine, who manage the affair. A troop of horse quells the riot, and "the Fifth Monarchy is put under lock and key." The Kingship matter then leisurely proceeds. Oliver at length makes up his mind on the point, much to his own chagrin internally, as we may judge from various things, and refuses the title of King, accepting the *Petition and Advice* with the omission of this single point. There is to be a House of Lords, and the Chief Magistrate is to nominate his successor.

May 8,
1657
A.D.

Blake has been away at **Teneriffe** after the silver-ships of Spain. He found his prey lying in the Bay of Santa Cruz. Ships of war lay anchored at the mouth and round the curve of the bay, guarding the silver. Blake coolly enters the bay, roars the Spaniards into silence with his English cannonade, bathes the cone of the volcanic island in the red light of burning ships, and carries off the spoil in triumph from a harbour strewn with wreck and a shore thick with ruin (April 20, 1657). It was his last and greatest victory. Dropsy and scurvy, aggravated by a sea-life of constant toil for three years, had marked him for their prey. And, as the *St. George* entered Plymouth Sound on the 7th of August, the greatest sailor of his century breathed out the last sigh of his gallant life. Blake dead, and Oliver soon to die! The great lamps of Puritanism are going out in England. But there is a blind old man, whose noblest work is yet to do through years of penury and pain.

A second time Cromwell enjoyed the honours of **installation**. In the presence of Parliament, Aldermen, Judges, and Ambassadors, he received a robe of purple velvet, a Bible richly gilt, a sword, and a sceptre of massive gold (Friday, June 26, 1657).

Before the performance of this ceremony an army of six thousand under General Reynolds had landed near Boulogne (May 13 and 14), for the purpose of coöperating with the French in an attack upon the three Spanish ports—Gravelines, Mardike, and Dunkirk. The ships of Montague cruised along the low shore.

The creation of a new **House of Lords** heralded the opening of

the second session of the Parliament. Choosing some from the House of Commons, and collecting all the Peers—only six—who would condescend to come, he formed a list of about sixty-three names. Among these his old officers stood prominent, some of them, like Hewson, once a shoemaker, now Major-General, having risen from the dregs of the people. The creation of this House drew the best men away from the Protector's party in the Commons.

When the Parliament assembled for their second session on the 20th of January 1658, the "excluded members" were, by the arrangements of the *Petition and Advice*, admitted upon taking oath. Haselrig, summoned to the Lords, will not go, but demands to be sworn in a member of the Commons. This is the beginning of troubles. Finally, the Commons will not recognize this upstart Upper House, and the Protector, chiding them sternly for quarrels at a time of peril, when Charles Stuart is ready to launch an army of invasion upon their shores, dissolves the Parliament on the 4th of February.

Henceforth Oliver held his undaunted way alone. On the 25th of May a High Court of Justice, containing above one hundred and thirty members, sat at Westminster for the trial of two Royalists—Sir Henry Slingsby, who had attempted to corrupt his jailers at Hull; and Dr. Hewit, who had preached a rebellious sermon in St. Gregory's Church. They were beheaded on Tower Hill. Stern lessons were necessary, for traitors and assassins were buzzing loud and fierce round the statesman, piercing him with stings like that wretched tract entitled "**Killing no Murder**," which, coming from the pen of some fanatic Colonel—Titus or Sexby—declared that his murder would be a righteous and patriotic deed.

The sand-hills round **Dunkirk** are meanwhile witnessing the triumph of the allied arms. Reynolds, wrecked and drowned upon the Goodwin Sands, has been replaced by Lockhart, who renders noble aid to Marshal Turenne in the sieging of those sea-bord towns in Flanders. According to the treaty Dunkirk is handed over to the Protector, who receives it exactly a century after the final loss of Calais by the English Crown.

Among the last letters of Oliver's public life is an earnest plea for the persecuted **Piedmontese**. Great in all his doings, he never seems greater than when he turns from domestic broils and foreign conquests to wrap the folds of his more than royal power round the homeless shepherds, who nursed a flame of pure faith among the valleys of the Alps.

And this when sorrow was eating deep into his own heart. **Lady Elizabeth Claypole** lay sick and dying at this very time. At Hampton Court, her father's favourite abode, she breathed her last on the 6th of August. The blow struck him fatally. The toils of battle and of council-room, the storms of revolution and the incessant stinging of a thousand petty foes, had fretted down the vital power within to a thread so very slender that this grief broke it quite. Removing to **Whitehall**, for better air, his physicians said, he laid him down to die. On the Monday night before his death,

amid the fitful pauses of a great roaring wind that shook the London roof-trees, a feeble voice was heard rising from the sick-bed. Dying Oliver was praying for his people, alike for those who had valued him and for those who sought or wished his death. History presents no picture more solemn, more pathetic. An Englishman, greater than any the centuries have since beheld, has reached the shore of that dark river we all must pass, and as he is sliding to the brink of Death, his arduous life-work manfully and right well done, he reposes not on any merits of his own, for he feels that he is, as he says, "a poor worm," but goes to his rest leaning on the bosom of that Lord, whose will had always been his guiding-star. **Sept. 3,**
 And so he fell asleep. Speechless on the morning of Friday, **1658**
 September 3, at four that evening he was dead. Twice before, that September sun had set upon Oliver victorious in the field of war; now, it looked through Whitehall casements upon the restful figure of the victor in a greater strife. **A.D.**

Richard Cromwell, the Protector's third son, now in his thirty-third year, succeeded by proclamation of the Council. And for five months his rule went smoothly on. Pierrepoint, St. John, Thurloe, Whitelocke, and Lord Broghil gave him the benefit of their experience and research.

Richard called a Parliament, which met on the 27th of January 1659. It was formed mainly of three sections—the Government party, the Presbyterians, and the Republicans. Ambitious dreams rose in the hearts of two men, who secretly despised Richard's gentleness. Fleetwood, Oliver's son-in-law, and Lambert, who had been a Major-General in the northern district, represented respectively two sections of the divided army. Meeting at Wallingford House, the officers resolved that the Parliament should be dismissed; and accordingly Richard, yielding to a pressure which he could not withstand, dissolved it on the 22nd of April. About a fortnight later, Lambert and his pikemen guarded the relics of the **Long Parliament**, as they went to take once more the seats from which Oliver had driven them.

Scarcely was the business of the Parliament begun, when Richard gladly escaped from the toils and perils of the Protectorship into the station of a private gentleman (May 6, 1659). And then a year of anarchy began, filled with Royalist plottings and an ambitious contest between Haselrig, who led the Parliament, and Lambert, who had the support of the officers. The Parliament yielded a second time to the power of the sword, and vanished—not quite for ever, since it reappeared at Westminster for a few days of 1660 to perform the ceremony of dissolving itself. Crossing Tweed in November 1659, **General George Monk** pushed southward with his seven thousand soldiers and entered London on the 3rd of February 1660. Lambert, hovering in the north, durst do nothing to oppose his march. Long silent, revolving many plans and watching every chance, Monk at last declared for a free Parliament, and prepared to accomplish the Restoration of the Stuarts. When the Convention or Parliament,

summoned by writs not royal, which met on the 25th of April, had been sitting for some days, Sir John Granville came from Breda to Monk's house in London with letters from the King. When these were read in the Houses, which overflowed with Presbyterians, a shout of joy arose. Money without stint was voted freely to bring back a King who had signed the Covenant.

THE COMMONWEALTH (1649-1660).

A.D.

- 1649.** Appointment of a Council of State—*Milton made Foreign Secretary.*
 Aug. 15.—Cromwell, appointed Lord-Lieutenant, invades Ireland.
 Sept. 10.—Drogheda taken.
 Oct. 11.—Slaughter at Wexford.
- 1650.** May 9.—*The storming of Clonmel* completes the subjugation of Ireland.
 June 29.—Lord-General Cromwell and Colonel Monk set out for Scotland.
 Sept. 3.—**BATTLE OF DUNBAR.**
 Dec. 24.—Surrender of Edinburgh to Cromwell.
- 1651.** Charles II. crowned at Scone. With a Scottish army he invades England at Carlisle (Aug. 6).
 Sept. 3.—**BATTLE OF WORCESTER**, in which Charles is utterly defeated. After long wandering he escapes in a coal-boat from Shoreham (Oct. 15).
- 1652.** May 19.—Naval battle in the Downs between Blake and the Dutch.
 July 19.—War with the Dutch declared by the Parliament.
 Sept. 28.—Blake defeats De Ruyter and De Witt.
 Nov. 29.—With forty sail he fights Van Tromp's eighty near the Goodwins.
- 1653.** Feb. 18.—Blake defeats Van Tromp between Portland Head and Calais.
 April 20.—*Expulsion of the Long Parliament by Cromwell.*
 July 31.—*Battle of the Texel*, and death of Van Tromp.
 The Little Parliament (July 4-Dec. 12).
 Dec. 16.—**CROMWELL MADE LORD-PROTECTOR BY THE INSTRUMENT OF GOVERNMENT.**
- 1654.** Mar. 20.—Ordinance appointing *Triers*.
 April 5.—Peace with the Dutch concluded at Westminster.
 Sept. 3.—*The first Parliament* of Cromwell meets.
- 1655.** Jan. 22.—The first Parliament of Cromwell dissolved.
 England ruled by Major-Generals.
 Jamaica taken by Penn and Venables.
 Oct. 23.—War declared against Spain.
- 1656.** Sept. 17.—Cromwell meets his *second Parliament*.
- 1657.** April 20.—Blake's great victory at Tenerife.
 May 8.—**THE HUMBLE PETITION AND ADVICE ACCEPTED BY CROMWELL.**
 His second Installation (June 26).
 Aug. 7.—The death of Admiral Blake.
- 1658.** Feb. 4.—Cromwell dissolves his second Parliament.
 July 17.—The capture of Dunkirk.
 Sept. 3.—**DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL AT WHITEHALL.**
- 1659.** Richard Cromwell, who succeeds his father as Protector, resigns that office (May 6).
 A year of anarchy begins.
- 1660.** Feb. 3.—General Monk with seven thousand soldiers enters London. He declares for the restoration of the kingdom.
 A Convention invites Charles II. from Holland to fill his father's throne.
 Proclamation of Charles II. (May 18).

CHAPTER IV.

CHARLES II.

Joy Bells.
The Pension Parliament.
Act of Uniformity.
The Royal Society.
Sale of Dunkirk.
The Conventicle Act.
War—Plague—Fire.
Rullion Green.

Fall of Clarendon.
Triple Alliance.
Treaty of Dover.
The Cabal.
Second Dutch War.
The Test Act.
Danby.
False Witnesses.

Council of Thirty.
Habeas Corpus.
Drumlog and Bothwell.
Exclusion Bill.
Whig Plottings.
Russell and Sidney.
Ascendency of York.
Death of Charles II.

AMID the roar of cannon Charles II. left Holland on the 23rd of May. As he walked the quarter-deck, he talked to those around him of the sufferings which he had undergone after Worcester fight. His **landing at Dover**, where Monk met him, was a splendid sight. But still more splendid was the pageant of the 29th, his own birthday, when he entered London through streets carpeted with flowers and dressed with flags. Kettle-drums and trumpets sounded an incessant welcome. The army alone looked gloomily upon the scene, for military despotism was now a useless weapon.

Edward Hyde, the companion and counsellor of the exiled King, now became Earl of Clarendon and Lord High Chancellor of England. General Monk was created Duke of Albemarle. The Duke of York (afterwards James II.) became Lord High Admiral. Southampton took the Lord Treasurer's staff. Ormond, whose Royalist services in Ireland we have seen, was made Lord Steward. Sir Ashley Cooper, the Earl of Anglesey, the Earl of Manchester, and brave old Hollis, also aided the counsels of the King. Tonnage and poundage were granted for life to the restored monarch. Binding himself by no treaty, unless the Declaration of Breda, of which the substance filled his letter to the Commons, be a treaty, he ascended the throne of his ancestors.

The punishment of the **regicides** closed the year of the Restoration. Major-General Harrison led the van, dying as he had lived, an undaunted Puritan of the extremest kind (Oct. 13, 1660). Nine others followed him to the gallows. And in the following January, on the day darkened by royal blood, the decayed bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were exhumed at Westminster, hanged on Tyburn tree, and then beheaded at the gallows' foot, where the bodies were buried, while the heads went to the spikes of Westminster Hall. The dust of Pym and of Blake was also cast out from the great English cemetery.

The Convention, which sat until December, occupied itself with four great subjects. An Act of **Indemnity and Oblivion** was passed, in accordance with the Declaration of Breda. The Crown and Church lands, and certain great Royalist estates, which had been

sold under the Republic, reverted to the rightful owners now. Abolishing those feudal tenures, which formed the last remnant of Chivalry, the Houses fixed the income of the King at £1,200,000 a year. And the army was broken up and melted into the general population, leaving scarcely a trace to show what it had been. Monk's Coldstream Horse and two other regiments, amounting in all to about five thousand men, alone remained, under the name of Life Guards, and afterwards became the nucleus of a standing army.

When the new Parliament met in May 1661, the members agreed to take the Sacrament according to the rites of the Anglican Church; and voted also that the Solemn League and Covenant should be burned by the common hangman. Thus the Pension Parliament began the first of its many sessions. One of its earliest productions was the **Corporation Act**, which enacted that magistrates and others holding corporate offices should renounce the Covenant, take the Sacrament in Anglican fashion, and swear never to bear arms against the King. It became daily more evident to the Presbyterians that the King meant to do them all the mischief in his power.

Bloody work began at once north of Tweed. The **Marquis of Argyle**, long the soul of the Covenanting party, was enticed from the safety of the Highlands to Whitehall, whence he was soon sent to Edinburgh to be attainted of treason. His share in the delivering of King Charles I. to the Parliament, and his adherence to Cromwell, as Lord-General and Protector, formed the substance of the thirty articles framed against him. He was found guilty, chiefly on the evidence of some private letters sent down by Monk, now Albemarle, which showed the Marquis in the light of a willing, not a forced partisan of the Protector. He suffered at the market-cross of Edinburgh on the 27th of May 1661. Guthrie, a minister, was hanged a few days later for writing and speaking against the ecclesiastical leanings of a King, who had signed the Covenant and yet cherished the Bishops and the Liturgy.

The **Act of Uniformity**, which came into full force on St. Bartholomew's Day 1662, enacted that no one could hold a living without assenting to the Book of Common Prayer and receiving episcopal ordination. More than two thousand ministers left their pulpits rather than comply with the provisions of the Act. During all his life Charles cherished a secret leaning towards the Roman Catholic Church, which however did not take a definite shape until he lay dying. But the Parliament remained firm in its opposition to a full toleration of the Romanists. And the King was therefore forced to aid them by the publication (December 1662) of a Declaration of Indulgence to all Nonconformists, which had only the effect of confirming the hostility of the Parliament.

Before this he had taken to wife, merely for the dowry's sake, a Portuguese princess, **Catherine of Braganza**, who brought him Tangier, Bombay, a free trade, and half a million sterling.

The **Royal Society** of London was one of the few fruits of a barren reign. Sir Robert Murray, Lord Brounker, and Dr. Ward, an

eminent mathematician and distinguished bishop, were the founders of this great scientific association, which received its charter from the King in 1662. Robert Boyle, the youngest son of the Earl of Cork, was the most earnest and industrious of the natural philosophers, who first adorned its lists. Wrapped in his pneumatic experiments and the composition of his meditative works, he gave himself up to an unobtrusive life, much worthier of imitation than the distempered existence of that satirist, who caricatured his *Occasional Reflections*.

Sir Harry Vane, although included, as he thought, in the Act of Indemnity, was now adjudged too dangerous a man to live. Brought from the Scilly Isles, he passed through the mockery of a trial, and suffered on Tower Hill, June 14th, 1662. Drums and trumpets raised a din, whenever the doomed man began to read a paper which he had prepared; and after several attempts to obtain a hearing, he gave his neck to the axe. Lambert, condemned at the same time, went to prison in the Island of Guernsey, where he died.

The sale of **Dunkirk** to the French King opened a series of transactions with that monarch, which every lover of the British name would gladly blot from the pages of the national story. For five thousand livres this city, gallantly taken by the aid of Oliver's red-coats only four years earlier, passed away for ever from the English crown.

In the Earl of Bristol, who headed the Roman Catholic party and was probably in the secret of the King's religion, Clarendon had a dangerous enemy. Bristol, enraged at Clarendon's opposition to the Declaration of Indulgence, impeached the Chancellor in the Lords, with no hope of success. This occurred in 1663. In the following session the Act for Triennial Parliaments was repealed, on the ground **1664** that it contained clauses degrading to the crown. The Con- A.D.
venticle Act also belongs to the session of 1664. By this venomous measure all persons above sixteen, convicted of attending a religious service in any other form than that practised by the Anglican Church, five more than the household being present, became liable to punishment—three months in prison for the first offence, six for the second, seven years' transportation for the third. The interpretation of the Act rested with any Justice of the Peace, however illiterate or prejudiced he might be.

England now engaged in a **Dutch War**—the people actuated by commercial grudges, the King in the hope that some money might be made. On the 22nd of February 1665 war was formally declared by Charles against the nation that had sheltered him in his exile. The Duke of York and Admiral Opdam commanded the rival fleets. But the evils of the war shrink to insignificance before the Pestilence, which fell upon the island. Breaking out in the **1665** beginning of May, the **Plague** smote down the people at first A.D.
by tens and hundreds, but soon by thousands in the week, until the equinoctial gales and the winter frosts abated its virulence. All who could abandoned London. The Court and the Parliament fled to Oxford. Behind stayed the dead-cart, the pest-house, and the yawn-

ing pits which held the heaps of corrupted dead. The night-wind sang mournfully through deserted houses and grassy streets. But there were worse things in London than lonely houses. On many hundreds glowed the twelve-inch cross of red, showing that Death was busy in the rooms of the shut home. None could enter or go out for a weary month; except when, with clang of bell and glare of torch, the dead-cart came at night, and at the dreadful summons, "Bring out your dead!" some wretched spectres staggered down the stair with a corpse. Down a street with cries of woe a naked maniac would run, with a pan of blazing coals upon his head. In another quarter of the town the darkness of night or the desolate glare of day was often filled with the cries of wild enthusiasts, "Yet forty days, and London shall be destroyed!" or that deep and terrible wail of conscience-stricken sin, "Oh the great and dreadful God!" But sadder than all sad sights was the spectacle of the riot and drunkenness, in which many strove to drown their fears or forget their despair. In vain sea-coal fires were burned before every twelfth house to purify the air. Till winter came, the Plague raged in London; and, even when the deaths had diminished to the average rate of mortality, the seeds of the malady festered in many dark nooks of old London. More than one hundred thousand died in the capital during that year.

In the middle of the plague-year (June 3) York and Opdam met off Lowestoft on the Suffolk coast. The firing never slackened until mid-day, when the *Eendracht*, which bore Admiral Opdam's flag, blew up, strewing the sea with splinters. Darkness closed over the defeated Dutch fleet, which ran for the Texel, but would scarcely have been able to reach that shelter, had not the English ships slackened sail in the night.

Next summer Rupert led a squadron to intercept the French fleet, which had been promised to the Dutch. Albemarle became entangled with a great Dutch armament, having Pensionary De Witt on board, and during the first four days of June kept up a very hazardous fight. Rupert fortunately heard the guns, else it would have fared ill with the English ships, whose rigging was severely damaged by the chain-shot of the Dutch.

The **Great London Fire** of 1666 burned out the dregs of the Plague. Beginning among the wooden houses of Pudding Lane on Sunday morning, the 2nd of September, it ran before an easterly wind along Gracechurch Street, and downwards from Cannon Street to the water's edge. For four days it fed on ten thousand houses, reddening the sky into a glow visible for a radius of fifty miles all round. The brick walls of the Temple gave the first check to the conflagration.

In Scotland **James Sharp**, a Presbyterian minister, who had become Archbishop of St. Andrews, was doing Charles's despotic work. Four hundred ministers left their homes rather than submit to the bishops; and the "curates," who filled the pulpits of the expelled, excited contempt by their extreme ignorance. A High Commission

Court, under the immediate supervision of Sharp, began the persecution of the Scottish people. They rose in revolt at last. Some two hundred fell upon Turner at Dumfries (November 13), and then with swelling ranks pushed over the Leadhills into Clydesdale, and so by Lanark to the outskirts of Edinburgh. Here their numbers melted from two thousand to about eight hundred. Old Dalziel was on their track. They turned to the Pentlands, and had just reached Rullion Green at the base of these hills, when he found them camped upon the snow. The battle, beginning an hour before sunset, raged far into the snowy dusk. Fifty of the Covenanters died; one hundred and thirty were taken; the rest were scattered on the hills. The merciful rope slew five-and-forty of the captives; the awful torture of the boots slew bright young Hugh M'Kail.

Buckingham and Lauderdale had by this time obtained the ascendancy in the councils of the King; the star of Clarendon was evidently setting fast. It happened unluckily for the minister that the noble house he was building in Piccadilly excited the anger of the mob. Dunkirk House and Holland House were nicknames for the pile, expressive of the popular belief that the sale of Dunkirk and the proceeds of the Dutch war went to aid in raising the colonnades.

While a conference was going on at Breda, an event happened within the estuary of the Thames, which went far to avenge any loss which the Dutch had suffered in the war. When there were only a few miserable ships ready for sea, and when the streets of Wapping were filled with sailors, who could get nothing but *tickets* for their pay, De Ruyter sailed with eighty ships to the mouth of the Medway, broke the chain across the river, burned the forts at Sheerness, and, making his way up to Chatham, took the *Royal Charles*, and reduced the *Royal James*, the *Oak*, and the *London* to ashes. On that very day, when De Ruyter's guns were heard at London Bridge, Charles II. amused himself with a moth-hunt in the supper-room, where his mistresses were feasting in splendour. The Peace of Breda was concluded, while this stain lay fresh upon the English name (July 10).

June 3,
1667
A.D.

The King was weary of Clarendon. And Southampton, who most of all had propped the Chancellor, had lately died. The Medway disaster bore him down at last. In truth the hatred of Lady Castlemaine was the thing, which proved most formidable to the great historian. In vain Clarendon pleaded long and faithful service; the influence of the lady was too strong; and the Great Seal passed from his hands to those of Sir Orlando Bridgman. When the Parliament met in October, the Coalition against the Chancellor had proceeded so far, that a case of impeachment was ready, consisting of twenty-three articles. The first charged him with the invention of a standing army; the eleventh blamed him for the selling of Dunkirk. A general impeachment for high treason was sent against him to the bar of the Lords, who were, however, unwilling to commit one of themselves to prison upon vague and general clamour. Ultimately

the Chancellor crossed the sea to France, and wrote from Calais a letter to the Lords, which attempted to establish his innocence and explain his flight. Mimicked at the orgies of King Charles, where a ribald courtier used to strut about the banquet-room with the bellows for a purse and a shovel borne before him as the mace, Clarendon had long known that England was scarcely a fitting place for him. An Act of Parliament doomed him to banishment, and made it treason for him to return, or for any one to correspond with him except by royal permission. His great book, already begun, proved at once the solace and the rich fruitage of his exile, which was closed by his death at Rouen in 1674.

The fall of Clarendon left the conduct of affairs principally in the hands of the Earl of Arlington and the Duke of Buckingham. Lord Keeper Bridgman proposed a plan for the comprehension of some Presbyterians and the toleration of the rest. Clarendon's friends, however, were strong enough to throw out the incipient law. A foreign measure of this time won unqualified approbation from the people.

It was the treaty known as the **Triple Alliance**, a coalition formed by England, Sweden, and Holland against the growing power of the French King. **1668** William Temple, who had been brought up to public life under the eye of his father, Sir John, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, negotiated with the eminent Pensionary De Witt this alliance, the transaction of which took only five days. So keenly did Louis XIV. feel the meaning of this union, that in the following April he hastily concluded the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.

The House now began to display symptoms portending rupture with the Crown. A strong Opposition grew up, which under the title of the **Country Party** embraced Puritans, Republicans, and those Royalists, whom royal vice and meanness had driven from attachment to the Crown. One of the best men in this band was Lord William Russell, the Earl of Bedford's son. Among their earliest efforts was an attempt to have the expenditure of the late Dutch War inquired into by a committee, which sat at Brook House. Sir George Savile, who afterwards rose to great eminence as Marquis of Halifax, was the principal member of this committee. His pleasant wit and graceful eloquence won for this King of Trimmers a ready way among all classes of men. The inquiries of Brook House fell to the ground; but the rancorous feeling between the Court and the Opposition did not cease with this unfinished investigation. A gentleman named Sir John Coventry, having ventured on a coarse joke concerning the King's connection with the theatres, was attacked by some of the royal guards as he went home one night. In spite of the gallant defence which he made, standing with his back to the wall and holding a torch in his hand, his sword was struck from his grasp, and the slitting of his nose to the bone satisfied the grudge of the King. A needle cured the slit; but the cowardly revenge raised a storm in the Commons, which it took a long time to quell.

Even while the Triple Alliance was shaping itself at the Hague,

Charles was secretly bargaining with the French King for the means of making himself despotic at home. Henrietta of Orleans, the sister of the English King, aided in the formation of that Secret **Treaty of Dover**, which in imagination parcelled out **1670** the soil of the United Provinces. For a promise of Zealand A.D. (when taken), an annuity of £200,000, and the aid of six thousand French troops for home use, Charles bartered away the honour of his crown by agreeing to attack the Dutch fleet, while his grand ally invaded the Provinces by land.

The seven years, succeeding Clarendon's banishment, form the period of the **Cabal Ministry**—so named from the initials of the five surnames happening to form that word. Sir Thomas Clifford, a Commissioner of the Treasury—Henry Bennet, Lord Arlington and Secretary of State—unprincipled Buckingham—selfish and time-serving Ashley—big blustering Lauderdale—were the men by whose counsels the King was guided from 1667 to 1674. Furiously the persecutions raged against both Dissenters and Roman Catholics, although Clifford and Arlington leaned towards the tenets of the latter party. In Macaulay's words, "We find in the policy of the Cabal Government at once the latest trace of the Thorough of Strafford, and the earliest trace of that methodical bribery, which was afterwards practised by Walpole."

By the advice of Ashley and Clifford the **Exchequer was shut**; a step which amounted to robbing the merchants, who had lent their money to the King on the security of the revenue, of about £1,300,000. Banks broke on every side; depositors were ruined; distress spread into every class of the people. A Declaration of Indulgence, extending both to Protestant Dissenters and to Roman Catholics, but clearly meant to benefit the latter only, was announced by a royal proclamation, altogether independent of parliamentary sanction. And then, an occasion having been provided by an attack on the Smyrna fleet as it passed with its rich cargoes near the Isle of Wight, war was declared against the Dutch in terms of the Secret Treaty concluded two years ago at Dover (March 28, 1672).

While a desultory naval war was going on between the Dutch and the Anglo-French fleets, the principal engagement taking place off Solebay (May 28), faction was working great changes in the affairs of the **United Provinces**, now overrun with a swarm of French soldiers. An Orange mob killed the two De Witts at the Hague, as John was about to carry Cornelius from prison in his coach. The young Prince of Orange was at once made Stadtholder, depending for counsel on Lawyer Fagel and Soldier Waldeck, but learning with every year that rolled by to rely chiefly on himself.

It became manifest in 1673 that the Cabal was tottering. The **Test Act** was its death-blow. This enactment, by declaring the denial of transubstantiation, and the reception of the **1673** Sacrament according to the Anglican form, necessary con- A.D. ditions for the tenure of public office, struck Clifford from his treasurership and York from his command of the fleet. Shaftes-

bury—Ashley that was—bent before the storm, and condemned the Declaration of Indulgence, which had been his own handiwork ; but his time-serving did not keep him on the Woolsack. With his departure the Junto of Five went fast to pieces. And a peace with Holland, organized by the author of the Triple Alliance, followed as a natural and speedy result.

Sir Thomas Osborne received the white staff, which the Test Act had wrested from Clifford. Soon created **Earl of Danby**, this minister continued for five years to control the mad levities of Charles, hating France bitterly, but striving at home by lavish bribery to make the Parliament the slave of a despotic King. One important transaction we owe to him and Temple. In 1677 the young Prince of Orange married the Lady Mary, elder daughter of York by his first wife. William had already displayed his military prowess on the field of Seneffe, and was looked upon by Western Europe as their great bulwark against the aggressions of Louis le Grand. Temple, crossing to the Hague in 1678, was summoned to the Conference of Nimeguen, but left that place without appending his name to the treaty of October, by which a short lull took place in the Continental wars.

Danby fell in 1678, when Montague read in the Commons two letters, in which the minister had charged him to negotiate with the French King for £300,000 a year. An impeachment for high treason followed, but dissolution of Parliament and other subterfuges were employed to thwart the prosecution.

Wild alarms about Popery had been secretly generating in the public mind ; and some villains took advantage of the circumstance. **Titus Oates**, a clergyman stained with accusations of perjury and worse crimes, went before Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey, a very active Justice of the Peace living near Whitehall, and swore that there was a great Jesuit conspiracy to kill the King and subvert the Government. Next day—Michaelmas Eve 1678—he went before the Council and made a similar declaration. Prominent among the persons accused by Oates was Coleman, a clever linguist who held the post of Secretary to the Italian Duchess of York. When Coleman's rooms were searched, it was found that all his letters, except a few in one drawer, had been removed. In the middle of the excitement Godfrey was missed one Saturday, and on the Thursday night following some horror-stricken searchers found his body, pierced with his own sword, lying in a ditch near St. Pancras Church, which then stood a mile out of town. A black mark round his dislocated neck showed clearly how his death had been caused. And his pockets full of money and the droppings of white wax-lights on his clothes proved that no common foot-pad had committed the crime. Oates, now the great lion of the day, continued to invent his fictions. Others came flocking to the carrion feast. A swindler, named Bedloe, appeared at Bristol with the story that he had seen the corpse of Godfrey at Somerset House, and that £4000 had been vainly offered him to carry it away. Carstairs, an informer upon

those who attended conventicles, came down from Scotland, and swore that he overheard a Roman Catholic banker cry out at an eating-house in Covent Garden, that the King was a rogue and that he himself would stab him, if none else would. Oates, then thinking that he must put a little new flavour into his lies, struck boldly at the Queen, declaring that he, while waiting outside a door in Somerset House, had heard her voice tell a party of Jesuits that she was willing to help in the murder of the King. Coleman's life was sworn away. Staley the banker was hanged at Tyburn. Ireland a Jesuit priest, Grove and Pickering, two servants of the Queen's chapel, died, denying that they had ever conspired against the life of the King. New witnesses appeared, Dugdale, Lord Aston's bailiff, being perhaps the most respectable of the lot. Prance, a goldsmith, made certain statements about Godfrey's murder, which implicated two Roman Catholics, Green and Hill, and, stranger still, a Protestant named Berry. The three were hanged at Tyburn.

Angry with the bitter feeling displayed against Danby, Charles dissolved the Pension Parliament in January 1679, after it had sat for fully seventeen years. The general election filled the benches with men even more determined to hold their way against the Court. The blood of Roman Catholics continued to flow, and the King thought it best that his brother should go to Brussels for a while. Meeting on the 6th of March, the second Parliament **1679** of Charles took up the Danby case. Calling the Commons **A.D.** to Whitehall, the King told them that he had pardoned the minister; but in spite of this they demanded justice from the Lords. Ultimately the accused Earl was committed to the Tower. Temple's **Council of Thirty** then undertook the management of affairs, Shaftesbury acting as Lord President. But thirty were found to be too many for the transactions of such government as Charles wished; and Temple joined Essex, Halifax, and Sunderland in the formation of a central clique, which controlled the action of the remaining six-and-twenty. Before the King dissolved this Parliament, its members had made their assembly memorable in the history of English law. Deriving its origin from the earliest struggles of our Constitution, but assuming definite shape only in the reign of Charles the First, the **Habeas Corpus Bill** had been fighting its way step by step during the present reign; and now, on the very last day of the existence of the second Parliament of **May 26,** Charles the Second, it received the royal assent. Its first **1679** provision enacts "That when any person, other than persons **A.D.** convicted or in execution upon legal process, stands committed for any crime, except for treason or felony plainly expressed in the warrant of commitment, he may during the vacation complain to the Chancellor or any of the twelve Judges; who upon sight of a copy of the warrant, or an affidavit that a copy is denied, shall award a *Habeas Corpus* directed to the officer in whose custody the party shall be, commanding him to bring up the body of his prisoner within a time limited according to the distance, but in no case exceeding

twenty days, who shall discharge the party from imprisonment, taking surety for his appearance in the court wherein his offence is cognizable." Severe penalties against judges or jailers, refusing to act in accordance with this law, are appended to it; and another section forbids with severe emphasis the practice of sending English prisoners beyond the limits of their native land.

Goaded into madness by persecution, the **Covenanters of Scotland** saw a host of savage Highlanders let loose upon their homes, because they would not cease attendance upon conventicles. Archbishop Sharp was shot and stabbed to death on Magus Moor near St. Andrews by a band of desperate Fifemen, who had probably not at first intended to take his life. The flame of revolt then burned quickly up; and the Duke of Monmouth, the gay and handsome son of Charles by Lucy Walters, was sent to quell it. Graham of Claverhouse met a severe check from the Covenanters at Drumclog.* Three weeks later, Monmouth faced a force of about five thousand men, where Bothwell Bridge† spanned the broad Clyde. Vainly the Covenanting host, sorely shaken by disputes, tried to hold the bridge. Overborne by the royal cannon and without a cartridge or a ball, they fell back in flight on Hamilton Moor. Immediately after this fight the Duke of York undertook the government of Scotland.

A new candidate for infamy now appeared in the person of Dangerfield, who put treasonable papers under the bed of Mansel, a Presbyterian colonel, and then gave information that the documents were there. Detected in this scheme, he turned upon the Roman Catholic women—Lady Powis and a nurse—whose accomplice he had been, and described papers to be found in a meal-tub, which would prove the existence of a Popish plot under cover of this alleged Presbyterian scheme.

All through the year 1680 the conflict about the exclusion of York from the throne raged loud. But it was not until the autumn of the year that the chief struggle took place. Meeting on the 21st of October, the Commons passed the Bill on the 11th of the following month, and sent it by the hands of Russell to the Lords. The King gladly saw it thrown out by a majority of thirty-three. The trial of **Lord Stafford**, an old Catholic nobleman, who had

1680 been lying in the Tower, was then proceeded with. The A.D. witnesses against him were Oates, Dugdale, and Tuberville. The first swore that Stafford had received a patent as Paymaster-General in the Popish army; the others swore that Stafford had hired them to kill the King. After five days of trial in Westminster Hall before Nottingham as Lord High Steward, the old man, now nearly seventy, laid his head upon the block at Tower Hill (December 29). The political names **Whig** and **Tory** were among the missiles invented during the Exclusion War.

* *Drumclog*, a hamlet seven miles west of Strathaven in Lanarkshire.

† *Bothwell Bridge*, a bridge over the Clyde in Lanarkshire, eight miles above Glasgow. It was then only twelve feet wide, with a gate in the centre.

Charles found it necessary to dissolve the Parliament on the 30th of January, since they clamoured for his consent to the Exclusion Bill. In dread of the violence which his father had once experienced from exasperated London, he appointed Oxford, whose University carried loyalty to a servile extreme, as the place, and the 21st of March as the time, for the opening of the new session. But the Oxford Parliament, to which men went armed, and which sat for just seven days, was not a whit more compliant than its predecessor. Nothing but Exclusion would satisfy the Commons; and accordingly King Charles dissolved his fifth and last Parliament.

The Whigs and Protestants now met with persecution. A noisy fellow, called Stephen College, who went by the name of the Protestant joiner, and had invented a bludgeon called the Protestant flail, was charged by Dugdale and Tuberville with a plot against the King at Oxford. In spite of evident lying on the part of the witnesses, he was convicted and hanged. These vampires then settled on **Shaftesbury**. But the grand jury of London cast out the Bill by returning a writ of *Ignoramus*. A principal charge against this statesman rested on a paper found in his cabinet, but not in his own hand, which contained the sketch of an association meant to limit the power of the King. Shaftesbury thus escaped what he well deserved; but the anger of the King soon fell heavily on the Whigish capital that had shielded him. The Court of King's Bench declared that London had forfeited its charter: nor was this restored until such alterations were made as reduced the corporation to dependence on the throne.

Scotland at this time under York was stained with blood. But the blood could not quench the hot fire of freedom that burned in the nation's heart. Wild and fierce as were the Presbyterians under Cameron and Cargill, who raised a stern cry against the Stuarts, and lifted the bare broadsword to emphasize that cry, they were earnest men, who believed that there is a God. The **Earl of Argyle**, son of the man whom Charles had slain, stood boldly up to front the Duke of York in defence of Scottish Protestantism, when a test, newly pushed through Parliament, was proposed to him. James locked him in the rock-built Castle of Edinburgh. A mock trial followed, and all was preparing for the scaffold, when the Earl, managing to slip out in a page's dress, escaped by London to Holland, where young Orange was cherishing British exiles.

York then returned to Whitehall, where his star began to rise. We have seen College hanged and Shaftesbury accused. Such proceedings prepared the way for that great **Whig Conspiracy**, which filled the years 1683-84.

In London wine shops and Temple chambers, where men met in knots, the thread of talk ran always on the evident resolve of the Court party to annihilate the Whigs. There were two distinct sets of conspirators. Shaftesbury, Monmouth, Essex, Russell, and Algernon Sidney were the leaders of the higher plot, which had for its object the resistance of despotism by force of arms. Lord Howard

came among them and betrayed them. Shaftesbury, yearning for a sudden rush into arms, grew disgusted with delay and retired to Holland, where gout took him off in the end of 1682.

While these men talked of a Revolution, a gang of meaner men planned a murder. West, a lawyer who had rooms in the Temple, opened them for the reception of such men as Rumsey, a soldier of fortune, and Ferguson, a turbulent Scottish minister, who were both in the confidence of Shaftesbury. Goodenough, once Under-Sheriff of London, came there, with cheesemongers and maltsters in abundance. A man named Rumbald, an old Cromwellian, who had a farm called **the Rye-House** near Hodsden on the Newmarket road, proposed to block up the road with a cart and shoot the King during the stoppage. The constant trips that Charles made in April and October to the race-course at Newmarket afforded opportunities for the commission of the crime. It appears that a fire in the race-town brought the King back to London a week earlier in April 1683 than he had intended; and so the plot failed. Josiah Keeling, a decayed druggist, carried the story to Lord Dartmouth, a favourite of York. Several arrests were made. West and Rumsey turned King's evidence. Shepherd, in whose house some wine had been drunk and some treason talked, implicated Monmouth, Grey, and Russell. Monmouth fled; Russell, taken in his study, went to the Tower to await his trial; Grey, although arrested, managed to escape to Holland from the sergeant's house, in which he was permitted to lodge the night before his intended committal. Then Howard was taken, hiding in a chimney, and, when he had betrayed the men who had admitted him to their society, Essex and Sidney were added to the list of the arrested.

When some of "the lower form" had been convicted, the trial of **William Lord Russell** began at the Old Bailey. Before a jury of Londoners, with his wife, an Earl's daughter, writing by his side, true to wifehood in this perilous hour, the most virtuous statesman of the reign underwent the solemn farce of July 13, 1683
A.D. hearing the charges laid against his life, and of making a defence of his connection with the alleged conspiracy. The three witnesses, Rumsey, Shepherd, and infamous Howard his own cousin, could fix nothing blacker on his name than a design of seizing the King's guards for the purpose of checking the tyranny of the reign. But Pemberton the Chief-Justice summed up against him, after Jeffreys, not yet in the full blossom of his brutality, had turned the suicide of Essex, who had cut his throat that morning in the Tower, into a presumption of Russell's guilt; and the jury returned a verdict accordingly. Escorted by Bishops Tillotson and Burnet to a scaffold near Lincoln's Inn, he died with the calmness of a Christian on the eighth day after his sentence had been pronounced.

Soon followed in the King's Bench the trial of **Colonel Algernon Sidney**, a cadet of the noble house of Leicester, and an officer of the Cromwellian army. Lord Howard, who had been forced upon the confidence of Essex and Russell by Sidney, swore to the complicity

of the colonel in the plot. The second witness appeared in the shape of some manuscript found in Sidney's study and said to be in his handwriting. No legal proof of treason could be found against this republican theorist; but Judge Jeffreys, newly elevated to the Bench, declaring his opinion that *scribere est agere*, the prisoner was pronounced "Guilty." Before the year was out—on the 8th of December—the axe severed his head on Tower Hill; and to the last his stoicism never failed.

Monmouth made a temporary peace with Charles, chiefly by the aid of Halifax, but, soon quarrelling again with his father, escaped to Holland.

During the last years of the reign James found his way once more into the Privy Council and to the head of the Navy Board. The rival factions of Whig and Tory had now assumed very distinct shape, and hung out the banners of certain great leaders. York, of course a Tory, had for his right-hand man **Lawrence Hyde**, Earl of Rochester and his own brother-in-law, being the historian's second son. **Halifax**, who had become a Whig and held the Privy Seal, led the Opposition with the feeble aid of Francis North, Lord Guildford. **Godolphin**, grave and cautious, "never in the way, and never out of the way," as Charles cleverly said, stood neutral. **Sunderland**, the Secretary of State, a cold intriguer, spread his webs on every side. Halifax struck a heavy blow at Rochester by accusing him of mismanagement in the Treasury, where £40,000 had been lost to the nation. It was found to be true. But the discovery, instead of marring the fortunes of Lawrence, brought him promotion to the chair of Lord President. Godolphin then became First Lord of the Treasury.

In the last year of Charles **Tangier** was given up, Dartmouth having previously destroyed the works. The capture of Gibraltar made up after some time for this loss; but the cession was nevertheless disgraceful in its cause, for it was lack of money to maintain a vicious Court, which led Charles to abandon this portion of his wife's dowry.

Struck with an apoplectic fit on Monday morning, the 2nd of February, the King died at the age of fifty-four on the following Friday night.

CHARLES II. (1660-1685.)

Married CATHERINE OF PORTUGAL.

A. D.

1660. Charles enters London on the 29th of May.

Act of Indemnity and Oblivion passed.

1661. May.—First session of the *Pension Parliament* begins.

May 17.—Marquis of Argyle executed at Edinburgh.

1662. June 14.—Execution of Sir Harry Vane.

August.—*Act of Uniformity*.

December.—*Declaration of Indulgence* to Nonconformists.
Charter granted to the Royal Society of London.

1664. The Triennial Act repealed. The Conventicle Act passed.
 1665. February 22.—The Dutch War begins.
 The Great Plague.
 June 3.—The Dutch under Opdam defeated by York off Lowestoft.
 1666. *The Great Fire of London* (September 2-6). This is the *Annus Mirabilis* celebrated by Dryden.
 1667. June 3.—De Ruyter burns the English shipping in the Medway.
 July 10.—The Peace of Breda concluded.
 Impeachment and flight of Lord Chancellor Clarendon. (He died at Rouen in 1674.) *The Cabal Ministry* (1667-1674).
 1668. The *Triple Alliance* formed by England, Sweden, and Holland.
 1670. The *Secret Treaty of Dover* concluded with France.
 1672. March 23.—War with the Dutch declared. Shutting of the Exchequer.
 1673. The *Test Act* passed, March 29.
 1674. The Earl of Danby becomes Treasurer and Premier. Battle of Seneffe.
 November 8.—THE DEATH OF JOHN MILTON.
 1677. WILLIAM OF ORANGE MARRIES MARY, DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF YORK.
 1678. The fall and impeachment of Danby. Peace of Nimeguen. Titus Oates and a horde of false witnesses begin to appear.
 1679. The *Pension Parliament* dissolved after having sat for seventeen years.
 May 26.—THE HABEAS CORPUS ACT PASSED.
 Murder of Archbishop Sharp and Battles of Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge in Scotland.
 1680. The *Exclusion Bill* lost in the Lords by a majority of thirty-three.
 1683. The great Whig Conspiracy. The Rye-House Plot. Trial and execution of Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney.
 1685. February 6.—Death of Charles II. of apoplexy at the age of fifty-four.

CHAPTER V.

JAMES II.

Leading Statesmen.
 Argyle's Invasion.
 Monmouth lands
 Sedgemoor.
 The Policy of James.

Dispensing Power.
 The First Declaration.
 Cambridge
 Magdalen College,
 Oxon.

The Second Declaration.
 Trial of the Prelates.
 Landing of William.
 Flight of James.

WHEN in 1685 **James Duke of York** became King, he made a speech to his Council, full of the fairest promises. He would maintain the established government in both Church and State. He would cherish the Church and respect the Law. But soon appeared the public and splendid celebration of the Roman Mass at Westminster, to which the monarch went in state.

Of the statesmen belonging to the late reign, **Rochester** was the only one who stood really well with James. Nevertheless Sunderland, the Secretary of State, and Godolphin, now made Chamberlain to the Queen, were, through their own arts or business powers, admitted to the royal confidence. Conceited as to his knowledge of naval matters, the King became his own manager in that department, Samuel Pepys being appointed his right-hand man. **Halifax**, **Ormond**, and **Guildford** were retained in the Cabinet. **George**

Jeffreys, now Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, was the very tool whom an unscrupulous despot needed; and we shall therefore find him roaring from the Bench or the Woolsack through all the reign. John Lord Churchill, who had risen in the late reign by means of the influence which his sister Arabella had over James, was sent over to Versailles to rivet more closely the base links, which bound the Stuarts to the French throne. Barillon, the French minister at the English Court, kept his purse ready for emergency.

Having collected the revenues without a parliamentary sanction, James proceeded to call the Houses into session. The punishment of Oates and Dangerfield with pillory and whip, and the trial of the great Puritan, old **Richard Baxter**, clearly displayed the temper of King James as to religious matters. He still hated the Scottish Covenanters, as he had hated them from the first. One sect of Puritans, however, the Quakers or Friends, he tolerated, chiefly through the influence, which the celebrated founder of Pennsylvania had acquired over his mind.

The first Parliament of James, meeting on the 22nd of May 1685, showed extreme alacrity in the voting of supplies: they gave him, in spite of a daring speech from Sir Edward Seymour, the same revenue as his brother had enjoyed—£1,200,000 a year for life.

Their debates were interrupted by startling news. From the knot of Whig refugees gathered round the centre of disaffection in Friesland and Brabant, two invasions proceeded.

On the 2nd of May **Argyle** sailed from the Vlie with three small ships for the purpose of invading Scotland. Monmouth was to descend soon afterwards upon the English coast. As Argyle passed the Orkneys, he incautiously allowed two men to go ashore. The bishop arrested them, and the fleet was delayed there for three days. It took but a short time for the news of invasion to reach the capital; and the tuck of drum resounded everywhere through the land. Disembarking at Campbeltown on the Mull of Kintyre, and performing those mystic Highland rites, which dipped the yew-cross in blood and fire and sent it forth to be the symbol of war, he waited for the muster of the Campbells at the isthmus of Tarbet. He had a distinct and reasonable plan of action in his mind, resting mainly on the capture of Inverary, which would have formed a most effective centre of operations. But his counsels were hampered by two obstinate and jealous men, Sir Patrick Hume and Sir John Cochrane, who sailed to the Clyde. They captured merely a few pocks of meal at what was then the little fishing village of Greenock. Falling back upon the forces of Argyle, who was now in Bute with about two thousand clansmen, these men began again to paralyze almost every effort of the Earl. The castle full of stores at the entrance of Loch Riddan, fell into the hands of the Royalists, the ships of Argyle having previously yielded to the frigates of the King. The news reached the rebels as they were resting on the Dumbarton side of Loch Long, which they had crossed the night before in boats. A movement on Glasgow was then the only chance left. Still hampered by his associates, the Earl

marched in the face of the Royalist militia, over the moorlands between Loch Long and Loch Lomond. At one time by the Leven a battle seemed imminent; but during a night march, intended to place his army between the Royalists and Glasgow, Argyle stuck in a bog, from which his army struggled in little gangs that never united again. Morning dawned upon five hundred wet and weary men, collected at Kilpatrick. The invasion was over. It remains to trace the fortunes of Argyle. When he found that shelter at Kilpatrick was hopeless, he crossed the Clyde in a peasant's dress, acting as guide to Major Fullarton. At **Inchinnan** in Renfrewshire, where the Black Cart and the White Cart unite, some soldiers saw two men about to ford the stream. The guide looked, they thought, like a gentleman. And when some questions received no definite answer, they seized the seeming peasant. Dashing into the stream, he tried to fire his pistols at them, but the powder was wet, and would not burn. A broadsword cut him to the ground, and Argyle was a prisoner.

Ironed in the Castle of Edinburgh, he spent some of his last hours in the composition of a poetic epitaph on himself, bemoaning the cruelty of his friends; and within an hour of eternity he slept a peaceful sleep. The maiden lopped off his head; which was fixed on the spikes of the Tolbooth (June 30th).

Monmouth was then on English soil. Leaving the Texel after considerable delay in the *Helderenbergh* of six-and-twenty guns, and accompanied by two smaller ships, he landed with eighty men **June 11.** on the rocks of **Lyme**.* The people gathered with shouts round a blue flag uplifted in the market-place. A scurrilous Declaration from the pen of Ferguson fanned the rising flame, and all the West glowed with rebellious fire. The eighty increased in a day to fifteen hundred. The first shots were fired at Bridport, where Grey and his troop of plough-horse retreated before the militia. On the 15th the Duke of Albemarle, George Monk's son, was so frightened at Axminster by hedges shining with rebel musket-barrels, that he withdrew the trainbands in disorder. Monmouth reached Taunton on the 18th of June. Posts from the West had carried the alarm to London. A Bill of Attainder against the invader passed rapidly through the Houses, and a reward of £5000 was offered for his apprehension.

Taunton, celebrated for its woollens and its two defences by Robert Blake, broke into flowers and green boughs in honour of the Duke. Twenty-six of the prettiest girls in the town presented him with colours of their own embroidering, and a Bible which he took with a show of reverence. By the advice of Ferguson and Grey, he was proclaimed King in the market-place of Taunton. A welcome met the invader at Bridgewater, from which the Mayor and Aldermen came in their robes to greet him. Crowds of peasants still flocked to his standard, making weapons by tying scythes on long poles. The

* *Lyme*, a small sea-port at the extreme west of the shore of Dorsetshire, twenty-five miles west of Dorchester.

trainbands in all the surrounding counties gathered under their Lord-Lieutenants, the Duke of Beaufort occupying Bristol with the well-drilled men of Gloucestershire. Churchill with the Life Guards Blue hung upon the skirts of the rebel force, as it moved to Glastonbury, to Wells, to Shepton Mallet. Feversham was hourly pushing the main body of the royal army nearer to the scene of peril. Under these circumstances Monmouth resolved to attack Bristol on its Gloucestershire side, and had reached a bridge over the Avon at Keynsham, when two circumstances—the vicinity of the royal army and the defeat of his horse by a troop of Life Guards—caused him to swerve in his purpose and make for Wiltshire. Late on the 26th of June Philip's Norton received the rebel army; and there next day a skirmish took place, in which the Royalist vanguard under the Duke of Grafton had decidedly the worse. When Monmouth reached Frome, he found the people disarmed, and unable to afford him help. Anxious to escape without a battle if possible, he made his way with drooping heart back to Bridgewater by way of Wells, arriving there on Thursday the 2nd of July.

The **Battle of Sedgemoor** was fought early on the following Monday morning. When the clocks of Bridgewater struck eleven on the Sunday night, Monmouth rode out at the head of his foot-soldiers under the light of a full moon. For six miles they plashed along, silently piercing the thick fogs that hung upon the marshes. Grey led the horse. The object of the movement was to surprise the royal army, which lay in three detached portions among the villages on the moor. Feversham, a languid and incapable officer, was in bed; and the potent cider of the place had probably told upon the heads of the loosely-governed soldiers. An accidental circumstance saved the royal army from destruction. The work of drainage having begun upon the plain, Monmouth was obliged to take into account various *rhines* or broad ditches, when shaping out his plan of battle. He calculated on crossing two of these, which guarded the approaches to the royal lines, but did not know of a third—the Bussex rhine—which accordingly brought him to a full stop, just when he expected to find himself within spring of the foe. A random pistol-shot had already aroused the Royalists. A volley scattered Grey's cavalry; and the battle simplified itself into two rows of foot soldiers shooting at each other in the dark across a broad trench of water. The raw horsemen by their flight struck panic into the drivers of the ammunition-carts, who made off with the powder and ball. Monmouth then left the gallant "Mendip miners" to reap all the glory of this fight, by expending their last charge and falling to the number of a thousand, where they had fought so well. Let us thankfully remember that the roar of battle has never been heard in England since that July dawn.

The capture of Monmouth, who was hiding in a shepherd's dress among pease and corn, and his execution on Tower Hill, followed in a few days.

And then began the **Bloody Assizes**. Colonel Kirke and his

July 6,
1685
A.D.

"lambs"—a band of brutal soldiers trained at Tangier—performed a fitting prelude at Taunton by stringing up the rebels in droves upon the pole of the White Hart Inn, and then quartering the bodies, till the carver's shoes were soaked in blood. Chief-Justice Jeffreys began in September by arraigning Lady Alice Lisle at Winchester. Two rebels had obtained shelter in her house; and for this she perished on the scaffold. Jeffreys wanted to burn her; but the prayers of friends obtained for her the slender boon of being allowed to leave life in a less painful manner. Jeffreys hanged three hundred and twenty; he transported almost three times as many: he and his hangers-on grew rich and fat on the spoils of the wretched victims. For these achievements James made him Lord High Chancellor of England.

James decidedly objected to two great statutes of the realm—the Habeas Corpus Act and the Test Act; and, the better to uphold the kind of rule which he meant to adopt, he resolved to establish a great standing army. In the newly levied regiments commissions had already been given to **Roman Catholic officers**—a distinct violation of the Test Act. Alarm seized the nation. Lord President Halifax spoke out his mind at the Council-board, and was in consequence dismissed from his office. Opposition began to leaven the subservient Commons, and to spread too among the Lords; twice the Government was defeated; and at last Black Rod came to summon the refractory legislators to the bar, from which they went home under sentence of prorogation (November 20, 1685).

The **foreign policy** of James resolves itself into a very simple form. The two men whom he courted were Louis XIV. of France, whose paid agent he was; and the Pope, to whom he looked with superstitious devotion, checkered, however, a good deal by his transactions with the Jesuits.

Father Edward Petre acted as Clerk of the Closet and prime royal favourite. The avaricious Sunderland worked his way to the vacant chair of Halifax, and professed to be converted from Protestantism by the arguments of the King. When to these we add Dick Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, most notorious for his falsehood, and Castlemaine, the husband of a well-known demirep, we have the moulders of King James's conscience and will.

Refusing to call the Parliament together, James proceeded to set in action two great levers of tyranny—the *dispensing power*, by which he placed Roman Catholics in office in defiance of the law; and the *ecclesiastical supremacy*, which took the form of a new **High Commission Court**, consisting of six men, presided over by Lord Chancellor Jeffreys.

But the Romanism of James showed itself more clearly in the dismissal of Rochester and Clarendon, the brothers of his dead wife. Lawrence Hyde had climbed to the Earldom of Rochester and the eminent position of Lord High Treasurer by his undoubted talents. His elder brother, Henry, was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland at this eventful time. Rochester would not abandon his Protestantism, and

was therefore dismissed. Clarendon fell in his brother's ruin, leaving room for Tyrconnel in the Castle of Dublin. On the 7th of January 1687 the Treasury was put into commission. Some sudden conversions took place about this time, two noted men of letters, Wycherley and Dryden, amongst others, declaring their adhesion to the Roman Catholic faith.

Intending to unite the Roman Catholics and the Puritans against the Church of England, the King prepared and issued his **First Declaration of Indulgence**. *By his own sole authority*— **April 4, 1687** without consent of Parliament—he swept away all the penal laws and tests, which years had heaped heavily upon Dissenters. He forbade any religious meeting to be disturbed, and ordained that no religious test should debar any man from the civil or the military service. This seeming boon severed the Puritan body into two unequal parts. The famous Quaker, William Penn, whose father, a stout old admiral, had fought the Dutch under James, and who had always enjoyed a ready access to the royal closet, headed the minority in lauding the Indulgence to the skies. But the great Puritan chiefs—Baxter, Howe, Bunyan, Kiffin—looked suspiciously on it.

The Count of Adda, who, as **Nuncio of Pope Innocent**, had been for some time living in London and visiting at Court in a private capacity, now burst upon the gaze of the nation in all the gorgeous splendour attaching to his office. James fell on his knees when he first saw the glittering vestments; and Windsor witnessed on the 3rd of July an imposing procession, of which the central figure, clad in purple with a jewelled cross on his breast, was Adda the Archbishop of Amasia. Next day, as if the attempted overthrow of Church and State could not be divided by many hours of time, James dissolved the Parliament, which had lately been prorogued so many times without meeting.

The **two great Universities**, centres of the warmest loyalty and hedged round with oaths, which every graduate was bound to take, were assailed by James through the medium of his High Commission Court. In February 1687 a royal letter was presented to the Senate at Cambridge, requiring them to confer the degree of Master on Alban Francis, a Benedictine monk. They sent a message to Francis that they would gladly do so, if he took the necessary oaths; but this he would not do. The Vice-Chancellor Pechell and eight members of the Senate appeared on summons at Westminster before the High Commissioners to answer for their contumacy. Isaac Newton, whose *Principia* was then in the press, stood among the eight. Jeffreys assailed Pechell with such abuse that he shrank into terrified silence. The rest were not allowed to speak. The suspension of the Vice-Chancellor from office and its fees was the sentence of the Court upon Cambridge.

The turn of **Oxford** then came. Not satisfied with having gained a footing for Romanism in University and Christchurch, the King attempted to subvert the very constitution of Magdalen, one of the

oldest and richest colleges of the place. Upon the death of the President of Magdalen, he commanded the Fellows to elect a profigate called Anthony Farmer to the vacant post. Being a Roman Catholic and not being a Fellow either of Magdalen or New College, he was disqualified both by the law of the land and the arrangements of the founder. The Fellows elected the virtuous John Hough instead. After they had been duly rebuked by Jeffreys at Whitehall, they were sent back, and were soon required to raise Parker, Bishop of Oxford, to the Presidency. They insisted that the place was not vacant, since Hough had been formally elected; and the King came down to Oxford in a fury to meet the Fellows on their own ground. Neither he nor Penn could move them. And then three Special Commissioners were sent down to reduce the malcontents to submission. Parker was installed by proxy, *two* Fellows honouring the ceremony with their presence; and the refractory remainder were expelled and unfrocked, all Church preferment being shut against them. Magdalen then became a Roman Catholic school, presided over by a foreign priest. Twelve Roman Catholic Fellows held the places of the ejected men. There were few parishes in England which did not feel the blow that fell on loyal Oxford.

The King published a **Second Declaration of Indulgence**, chiefly for the purpose of informing the nation that his mind **April 27,** was unchanged on the subject. Nobody paying much **1688** attention to this document, he issued an Order in Council **A.D.** (May 4), which directed the ministers of all churches and chapels in the kingdom to read it on certain Sundays from their pulpits. The 20th and 27th of May were fixed for the reading in London. The London clergy, among whom were Tillotson, Patrick, Sherlock, and Stillingfleet, pledged themselves almost to a man not to read the Declaration. Soon afterwards there was a meeting of prelates and divines, several of the Bishops having hastened up to the capital with all speed when they heard the news. At an assembly in Lambeth Palace, held on the 18th of May, a Petition was written out in Primate Sancroft's own hand, the substance of the document being that the sovereign had no right to dispense with laws in matters of the Church. Sancroft—Lloyd of St. Asaph—Turner of Ely—Lake of Chichester—Ken of Bath and Wells—White of Peterborough—and Trelawney of Bristol appended their names to the Petition. Taking boat over to Whitehall, the six Bishops made their way, by Sunderland's help, to the royal closet, where they were welcomed under the mistaken idea that they had come to submit. When he read the paper, James foamed out into a fury, called the document "a standard of rebellion," and dismissed them from his presence. The same night—how nobody knew—a printed copy of the Petition found its way into the coffee-houses, and was sold by thousands on the streets. On the coming Sunday, *only four* out of about a hundred ministers read the Declaration; and these four read to empty pews. The chiefs of the Dissenting Protestants expressed their hearty sympathy with the Anglican clergy in this momentous

struggle. Sunday the 27th saw the enactment of a similar scene. And then James, counselled especially by Jeffreys, resolved to bring the Prelates to trial for libel before the Court of King's Bench.

After an examination before the Privy Council at Whitehall the Prelates were sent **to the Tower**. Boats lined the way, by which the Seven passed to Traitor's Gate, and from every boat blessings arose as the Prelates went by. Hales, the governor of the Tower, could not prevent the soldiers on guard from drinking health to the Bishops in their cells. The next evening was born a Prince, whom we call the Pretender. The excited populace, hearing that Roman Catholics abounded in the palace on the occasion, persisted that the *accouchement* was a trick, and long believed the Pretender to be no true son of his reputed father.

After a week of imprisonment the Bishops were carried to the **King's Bench** (Friday, June 15), and, after the day of trial had been fixed, they were liberated on their own sureties. The 29th of June dawned upon a city fevered to the highest pitch of excitement. The King's Bench was filled in every corner, and crowds clustered in every avenue and neighbouring space. The four Judges—Wright, Allibone, Holloway, and Powell—sat upon the Bench. Powis the Attorney-General, and Williams the Solicitor-General led the prosecution; Pemberton, Pollexfen, and John Somers were the most able among the counsel for the defendants. The **June 29,** jury being sworn in, with Sir Roger Langley at their head **1688** and Michael Arnold, the state-brewer at their foot, the **A.D.** trial began. The charge was the writing or publishing, in the county of Middlesex, of a false, malicious, and seditious libel.

The proof of the **handwriting** was the first attempt of the Crown. But no witnesses could be induced to speak directly on this point; and it was necessary to bring up a clerk, who heard the Prelates owning their signatures to the King in Council.

The *writing* in Middlesex it was impossible to prove; Sancroft had never left the palace at Lambeth between the penning of the document and its presentation to the King.

Devoting all their craft then to the proof of *publication* in **Middlesex**, the Crown lawyers called witness after witness to no purpose. The case seemed quite over, and Wright was beginning to charge the jury, when Finch, one of the Bishops' counsel, caused a delay by his anxiety to make a speech. At this crisis word came that Sunderland could prove the publication, and would be in court presently. He came and told his story with pale cheek and stammering utterance. He had been told of the Petition, had caused the Prelates to be admitted to the closet for the purpose of presenting it, and it remained in the King's possession when they left. This settled the technical part of the trial. But the graver question regarding the character of the Petition remained. Among the speeches, which were made for three hours by the defendants' counsel, that of Somers, the junior lawyer, bears the palm for pith and brevity. The prosecutors replied, and then the Judges summed up. Wright and

Allibone said "A Libel;" Holloway and Powell said "No Libel." The last boldly averred the illegality of that *dispensing power*, on which James leaned so heavily. All night the jury were locked up without food; and a loud noise of argument resounded at intervals in their room. The brewer would not desert the royal colours, until a country squire named Austin said to the stubborn man of beer, "Look at me. I am the largest and strongest of the twelve; and before I find such a Petition as this a libel, here I will stay till I am no bigger than a tobacco-pipe." Arnold gave way, and a verdict of acquittal was agreed on about six in the morning. When the court met at ten, and the verdict "**Not guilty**" was announced, a roar of joy arose such as London has seldom heard.

All these events had been scanned by a calm and penetrating eye. **William of Orange**, already at the age of thirty-eight distinguished by warlike laurels of no common brilliance, looking over from the Hague, saw a nation estranged from their King, and outraged in their deepest feelings. And on the very day on which the verdict acquitting the Bishops was declared, an invitation, signed in cipher by seven leading Englishmen, was carried down to the coast by a messenger disguised as a common sailor, and was by him soon delivered at the Hague. Shrewsbury, a descendant of gallant John Talbot—Devonshire—Danby—Lord Lumley—Bishop Compton—Algernon Sidney's brother Henry—and William Russell's cousin Edward—were the leaders in this revolutionary movement.

As if to rouse the smothered rage of the nation, James brought over from Ireland part of a **Celtic army**, which Tyrconnel had been organizing beyond the Channel. The English officers and soldiers protested against the admission of these men into English regiments. But the King cashiered the most refractory officers; and then the whole nation broke out into "Lero, lero, lillibullero," the chorus of a song, written by Thomas Wharton as a sarcasm on Tyrconnel's government of Ireland.

The **Declaration of William**, a document from the pen of Fagel, reciting all the wrongs and misgovernment which the English people had been lately suffering, placed the intentions of that great Dutchman beyond mistake. James then began to stir himself and look round. Thirty ships of war sailed under Dartmouth's flag in the Thames. Forty thousand men, besides the militia, served in the army. Meeting the acquitted Prelates, he conceded several points at the request of Sancroft; among other things, abolishing the High Commission Court and agreeing to restore the ejected Fellows of Magdalene College. The seals of office too were taken from Sunderland.

William hoisted his flag, displaying the arms of Nassau and of England, at the mast-head of the *Brill*, lying in the roads of Helvoetsluys.* Weighing anchor on the evening of November 1st, the Prince pushed out into the German Ocean, and, A.D. favoured by a breeze, which blew Dartmouth back into the

* *Helvoetsluys*, a small town with forts and dockyards, in the isle of Voorne, on the Haringvliet branch of the Maas.

opening of the Thames, swept through the Straits of Dover, and past the chalky cliffs of the southern shires. **Torbay*** was the place chosen for the landing; and there, on the spot where Brixham quay is now, William set his foot on English ground. The elements sided with him. Calm weather on the 6th allowed him to complete the debarkation begun the day before, and at the same time left Dartmouth's sails hanging slack off Beachy Head; and then a timely storm drove the latter into Portsmouth Roads. The veteran Frederic, Count of Schomberg, once a Marshal of France and confessedly the greatest tactician of the age, was William's second in command.

Three and forty days (November 5 to December 18) passed between William's landing at Torbay and his arrival at St. James's Palace amid the flutter of orange ribands and the acclamations of a huge crowd. The principal halt was made at **Exeter**, where Lord Lovelace, Lord Colchester, Edward Russell, the Earl of Abingdon, and Lord Cornbury joined his banner. When the King, desirous of adding the influence of his own presence to the exertions of his officers, went down to Salisbury, William moved to Axminster. It was the policy of James to fight; that of William to delay. But the fighting consisted only in a few skirmishes between the British soldiers of the invading army and the Irish in the pay of James. At Wincanton and at Reading volleys were exchanged. But the principal men on the King's side had already made up their minds to desert. Churchill and Grafton, an illegitimate son of Charles II., having joined the Prince, the King hurried out of Salisbury and away to London, stung by the desertion of his daughter Anne and her stupid husband Prince George, whose "*Est-il possible?*" has become historical. William moved past Stonehenge into Salisbury, and thence to Hungerford and Windsor. **James** secretly sent his wife and son off to France, and then prepared for flight himself. Arrested on board a little vessel off Sheppey, he fell into the hands of some covetous fishermen; nor was he released until Feversham came with an order from the Lords to set him free. And accordingly on the 18th of December a barge conveyed him down to Rochester, whence he got over to France. Between his first flight and his second, London had been convulsed with riots; one night in particular, known as the Irish Night, being filled with terrors of impending massacre and destruction. Before the sun of the 18th set, William, attended by Schomberg, drove into the court-yard of St. James's.

JAMES II. (1685-1688.)

Married, 1. ANNE HYDE, DAUGHTER OF CLARENDON; 2. MARY OF ESTE,

A.D.

1685. May 2.—Argyle leaves Holland for the purpose of invading Scotland. Having failed, he is executed, June 30.

* *Torbay*, a crescent-shaped bay with a shelving beach, on the coast of Devonshire, bounded by rocky headlands.

1685. May 22.—The first Parliament of James meets.
 June 11.—Monmouth lands at Lyme.
 June 18.—Reaches Taunton.
 June 26.—Skirmish at Philip's Norton.
 July 2.—Arrives at Bridgewater again.
 July 6.—THE BATTLE OF SEDGEMOOR.
 The Bloody Assizes. Trial of Lady Alice Lisle
 Nov. 20.—Parliament prorogued.
1686. The dispensing power and ecclesiastical supremacy claimed by James. Dismissal of Rochester and Clarendon.
1687. April 4.—*The First Declaration of Indulgence.*
 Attacks of James upon Cambridge and Oxford.
 Appearance at Court of Adda, the Papal Nuncio.
1688. April 27.—*The Second Declaration of Indulgence.* It is followed (May 4) by an *Order in Council.*
 May 18.—The Petition of the Prelates presented to the King.
 June 20.—THE TRIAL OF THE SEVEN PRELATES. NOT GUILTY!
 Nov. 1.—William of Orange sails from Holland, and lands at Torbay, Nov. 5.
 Dec. 18.—Flight of James. William at St. James's.

CHAPTER VI.

WILLIAM III. AND MARY II.

The Convention.
 Declaration of Right.
 The Double Throne.
 Siege of Derry.
 Killiecrankie.
 The Boyne.
 Athlone—Aughrim—
 Limerick.

Sketch of William.
 French War.
 La Hogue.
 Glencoe.
 Steinkirk—Landen.
 Death of Mary.
 Political Changes.
 The Two Banks.

Siege of Namur.
 Treaty of Ryswick.
 The Darien Failure.
 Act of Settlement.
 Impeachment of Somers
 Schemes of Louis.
 War again.
 Death of William.

A **Convention** then met, and four principal plans came under discussion. Dr. William Sherlock, Master of the Temple, the spokesman of a great Tory section, thought that James should be invited to return under certain conditions. Archbishop Sancroft, also a Tory, proposed a Regency. A small knot of Tories, led by Danby, insisted that James had vacated the throne, and that his daughter Mary was actually Queen Regnant, needing only to be crowned. The Whigs thought that the throne should be declared vacant, should be filled by election, and should be fenced by strong provisions against misgovernment. Sending for Halifax, Danby, and Shrewsbury, William declared that, if the crown were offered to him, he would take it; but if not, that he would go home. Regent he would not be: inferior to his wife, much as he loved her, he would not be. It was manifest then that William must be King. A committee of the Commons, over whom Somers presided, drew up that celebrated document called *The Declaration of Right*, which, passing both Houses, crowned the Revolution with the authority of law.

The Declaration pronounced the dispensing power, the uncontrolled power of taxation, and the standing army, to be illegal. Certain rights—to petition, to debate, and to elect representatives—were vindicated as constitutional privileges; and the resolution of the Houses that William and Mary should rule jointly, the administration resting with him alone, was set forth in conclusion, with arrangements by which the crown went first to Mary's posterity, then to Anne and her posterity, and then to the posterity of William.

Among the pictures of Rubens, under the fretwork of Inigo, the Marquis of Halifax, Speaker of the Lords, presented the crown to the Prince and Princess. The **Banqueting House** at Whitehall was the scene of the imposing ceremony, which took place on the 13th of February 1689. William spoke for both, declaring "that the laws of England should be the rules of his conduct, and that he should constantly recur to the advice of the Houses." The heralds then proceeded to proclaim the illustrious pair King and Queen of England.

When William and Mary ascended the English throne, the **four great offices** of State were thus distributed: Danby became Lord President of the Council; Halifax, retaining his Speakership, got the Privy Seal; Shrewsbury and Nottingham were made Secretaries of State. The business of the Treasury and the Admiralty was done by Boards; and the foreign policy of the realm rested in the hands of one who, beyond all men of that day, understood European politics—the King himself. But in Scotland and in Ireland there was bloody work to do, before the Revolution could be regarded as complete.

In Ireland **Tyrconnel** upheld the cause of James, and nearly all the Roman Catholic population adopted the same side. Enniskillen and Londonderry were the principal strongholds of Protestantism. The men of the former town—which had eighty houses then—assembled to prevent the entrance of the Popish soldiers. Thirteen apprentice boys closed the Ferry Gate of the city by the Foyle in the face of Lord Antrim's regiment. And when a flood of savage men, armed with knives and ash-poles whose points were burned hard, poured desolation over the south and east, Londonderry filled with fugitives from every part.

James resolved to make his last effort in Ireland; and on the 12th of March he landed at Kinsale, having left Brest a few days before. Louis had supplied him with the materials for a campaign, and the Count of Avaux accompanied him in the capacity of French Ambassador. From Kinsale to Cork, from Cork to Dublin, the ex-King proceeded, encouraged as he went by the rejoicings of the frieze-clad peasantry. But at length he resolved to move towards Londonderry, whither the renegade Richard Hamilton had already led an army. When James struggled northward to **Derry** through mud and wind, he found the garrison in an attitude of defiance, having discovered the treachery of their governor Lundy. A discharge of cannon met the approach of the invader. The defence of the place was intrusted

to Major Baker, and a stout old rector of Donaghmore named George Walker. Having first got rid of Lundy, by permitting him to climb in a porter's dress down by a pear-tree that grew near the wall, they husbanded their strength amid all the miseries of famine so skilfully that they were enabled to hold out for one hundred and five days. James soon grew tired of the hopeless work of battering, and returned to Dublin, leaving his army to endure the weariness of the blockade. A boom of fir-wood, secured by enormous cables, was stretched by

the besiegers across the Foyle a mile and a half below the city. It was not until late in July that three ships—part of a squadron under Colonel Kirke that had left England long before—succeeded in breaking this great barrier, and reaching the city with a supply of food. The army of James retreated to Strabane immediately after this relief. On the third day after the breaking of the boom another success crowned the Protestant arms at Newton Butler.*

Let us now turn for a little to **Scotland**. Galloping away from Edinburgh—whose castle was held for James by the Duke of Gordon—Viscount Dundee, the well-known Claver's, raised a Highland army, in which Cameron of Lochiel was a leader and the Macdonalds mustered strong. Meanwhile by a vote of the Convention, of which the Duke of Hamilton had been elected President, William and Mary had been declared Sovereigns of Scotland; and a document called *The Claim of Right* abolished Episcopacy, and declared torture on ordinary evidence illegal. The clans gathered under Dundee at Lochaber; and Mackay, the General of the Convention, made several efforts to manœuvre his force of three thousand among the Highland passes. The cause of James received a check by the surrender of Edinburgh Castle. At length two counter-movements on Blair

Castle, the key of Athole, brought the armies into collision, where the birch woods of **Killiecrankie** clothe the steep and rocky banks of the foaming Garry. Mackay's men, tired with a forenoon march in July, were resting on the grass, when the tartans began to mingle with the foliage of the pass. Musketry ran among the rocks, and the white smoke filled the gorge. At seven in the evening the Highland rush was made: before the Lowland bayonets could be fixed, the broadswords were flashing in victory. All was over in a few minutes. Like the roaring linn of the river, the flight and chase went down the glen. But Dundee had fought his last. A bullet struck him under the left arm, as he raised it to cheer on the laggard horse: a couple of plaids hid his corpse as it was borne slowly to the castle which he had so lately left in high hope. Mackay got safe to Stirling, and the Highland ferment wore its strength away.

Marshal Schomberg, landing at **Carrickfergus** with sixteen thousand men (August 13), made himself master of Belfast, and then lay on the defensive at Dundalk. The winter passed without deciding anything; and when William landed in person at Belfast (June

* *Newton Butler*, a village near the head of Lough Erne, in the county of Fermanagh.

14th 1690), the principal Frenchmen in the army of James had grown weary of the expedition. Ever prompt, William brought matters to a speedy issue. Pushing down on James, who had advanced to Dundalk, he forced him back to Ardee, and then to the further bank of the Boyne. This river gives its name to a battle, which may well be ranked among the decisive conflicts of the world.

The last day of June brought William to the northern bank of **the Boyne** with thirty-six thousand troops. Riding by the stream, he was fired at by an impatient artilleryman in the opposite army; and the second shot, rebounding from the river-bank, grazed his right shoulder. It was thought among the troops of James that he was dead. All day he matured his plans; at midnight he rode by torch-light through his army. The battle began next morning under a cloudless sky by the army of William commencing to ford the stream at three different points. Douglas, with the right wing, crossed at Slane in the face of some opposition from the **July 1,** Irish left. At Old Bridge the King led his veteran Dutch **1690** Guards into the stream to the sound of martial music, which **A.D.** was exchanged, mid-stream, for the roar of an Irish cannonade, that tore the river into foam. But the Blues, soon emerging from their deep wading, coolly mustered their dripping lines in the face of this great fire. And then they dashed upon the Irish intrenchments, sweeping them clean. The cavalry of James behaved well. One body charged the Blues, whom however they could not shake. Another repulsed the third division of forders, formed mainly of Danes and Huguenots; and it was in the effort to recover this check that Schomberg met a soldier's death, receiving a bullet in the neck. James had already ridden off through the Pass of Duleek for Dublin. Thence to Waterford, Kinsale, and Brest we trace the flight of the discrowned Stuart.

Seven days later, William attended Divine service in St. Patrick's Cathedral, **Dublin**. Directing his efforts then to the south and west, he took Waterford and Dungarvan, but failed in the siege of Limerick. Next year, however, brought the war to a close. Ginckel, a Dutchman, being left in command by William, led a column of grenadiers across the Shannon, twenty abreast, and drove Sarsfield out of Athlone. That day was the first anniversary of the Boyne. The Frenchman St. Ruth, who commanded for James, then fell back across the Suck to the bogs of **Aughrim**. Ginckel followed, defeated, and slew him there (July 12, 1691). Galway then fell. The last scene of the Revolution struggle was **Limerick**, where Ginckel and gallant Sarsfield once more measured strength. Opening the siege on the 26th of August, the Dutch general occupied nearly a month in securing his footing on both banks of the Shannon. But the first shots of his cannon from the double batteries pealed out the death-knell of the Stuart cause within the circuit of the British shores. The articles of surrender were signed on the 3rd of October 1691. And then William and Mary reigned in peace. The Revolution was over.

The narrative of William's reign, after the close of the Revolution in Scotland and in Ireland, deals principally with his wars with France and his relations to the Parliament at home.

In 1689 England declared war against France. Next year the united fleets of England and Holland were beaten by Tourville off Beachy Head; and Namur was taken by the armies of Louis. But the great sea-fight off **La Hogue** almost destroyed the naval power of the French King.

Admiral Russell with ninety-nine men-of-war sighted the fleet of Tourville off Barfleur. A stiff breeze on the morning of the **May, 21st** set all in motion. Some of the French ships escaped through the dangerous Race of Alderney. Delaval found **1692** six vessels—among them Tourville's flag-ship, *Soleil Royal*—**A.D.** crippled or stranded near Cherbourg, and burned them all. It was reserved for Rooke to outshine all by the brilliance of his achievement. On the 22nd and 23rd he cut out eighteen ships of the line, which had run ashore at the Hogue, and were protected by great platforms lined with cannon. The boats dashed in upon the protected ships in the face of a tremendous fire, and destroyed them under the eyes of James Stuart and the grand army, which had been mustered for the invasion of England. A danger like the Armada had threatened England: what Howard had done in 1588, Russell and Rooke achieved a century later.

But we must now turn from glory to disgrace. The blood of **Glencoe** stained the laurels won at Boyne and the Hogue. The late rising in the Highlands of Scotland had excited a feeling in the minds of the statesmen who ruled for William, that a terrible lesson was needed to strike awe into the wild tribes. The Earl of Breadalbane received a large sum of money to distribute among the chiefs: but it did not suit the private grudges and ambitions of that nobleman and Argyle to buy over the allegiance of every chief. A day was fixed—the 31st of December 1691—on or before which all the leading Highlanders were required to swear allegiance to King William, under pain of fire and sword. One chieftain, **MacIan of Glencoe**, head of the Macdonalds who dwelt there, delayed the taking of the oath until the last day, on which he presented himself at Fort William with the principal men of his clan. Colonel Hill, the governor, not being a civil magistrate, would not administer the oath; and there was nothing left for MacIan but to cross the wilds of the Argyleshire hills and see the Sheriff at Inverary. It took six days to flounder through the snow-drifts and ford the floods. But on the 6th of January the oath was taken, and MacIan went to his rude home, shadowed by the frowning rocks of Buchaille-Etive. Sir John Dalrymple caught gladly at the chance. His letters to various men about the matter may be well described as written in blood. William signed an order for the perpetration of one of the most revolting crimes that stain our history. One hundred and twenty soldiers, under Captain Campbell of Glenlyon and Lieutenant Lindsay, came into the valley early in February, and asked for permission

to stay a few days. They played cards; they caroused; they enjoyed what sport the season afforded. And in return they entered the cottage of the chief at five one morning—February **Feb. 13,** 13th—shot him through the head, and, while tearing his **1692** wife's rings away, so wounded her that she died next day. **A.D.** At the sound of the first shots, most of the clan rushed up the hills. Thirty-eight were slain on the spot; how many perished among the snow we cannot tell.

The French War, which opened in 1689, lasted until the **Treaty of Ryswick** brought it to a close in 1697. William, after the Irish campaign of '90 was over, threw his whole soul into its operations. After the loss of Namur he tried to make sure of Mons. But his great adversary, Luxembourg, like himself a worn invalid in bodily presence, moved to the rescue, and lodged himself near **Steinkirk*** in a wooded country cut by hedges. A battle took place between the armies of the Allies and the French on the 24th of July 1692. William, hampered by the broken ground and crippled by the sluggishness of Solmes, fell back after three hours of the toughest fighting. In the following year, after giving the winter as usual to England, the great Protestant Captain met the same great Marshal of France on the field of **Landen†** with the same result. It was William's destiny in these wars to show all the world how a general may retreat and yet add bright leaves to his laurel crown. At Landen fell Solmes, and a yet greater soldier—the courageous Sarsfield—whose name is still honoured in his native land.

Since the day that **Mary** had stepped aside to open her husband's way to the English throne, that husband had loved her with unwavering devotion. Judge then his sorrow, when she sickened with small-pox in 1694, and left him to wear the crown alone. The campaigning of that year had been on the whole favourable, in spite of a failure at Brest, where the engineering of the celebrated Vauban foiled the British sword. The British fleet under Russell had swept **1694** triumphant through the Mediterranean. And, if no great **A.D.** battle had been fought in the Low Countries, in the chess-board style of warfare, which prevailed between William and Luxembourg, the former had cried "Check" more than once.

The great struggle of the **Triennial Bill** came to a close six days before Mary's death. During the winter of 1692-93 Shrewsbury had brought this Bill into the Lords. It required that no Parliament should last more than three years. Although it passed both Houses chiefly by the support of the Whigs, the King refused his assent. In prudence however William could not refuse his sanction to a similar Bill brought in by Harley, and passed by both Houses in 1694. Another difficulty between him and his Parliament lay in the **Revenue question**. Taking the sum of £1,200,000, fixed by the Par-

* *Steinkirk*, a Belgian village, between Brussels and Mons, a few miles north-west of Braine le Comte.

† *Landen*, now a station on the railway from Mechlin to Liège. The battle was fought on the plain of *Neerwinden*.

liament of Charles II., as the basis of their plan, they decreed that in time of peace it should serve for a double use—to pay the expenses of the Court and Government, and the expenses of the public defence. William's costly war with France prevented this arrangement from taking effect; but the idea of a fixed sum for the King's own expenses in governing and keeping house was never departed from. The public defence in its three great branches—Navy, Army, and Ordnance—became a separate department, controlled directly by the Commons, who received estimates of the proposed expenditure and granted supplies accordingly.

The establishment of the **Bank of England** by Act of Parliament in 1694 is a great epoch in the monetary history of the country. William Paterson, probably a native of Dumfries-shire, originated the idea of founding such an institution, both with a view to accommodate the London merchants, and to prevent the Ministry from being forced to go so often into the City to raise sums at heavy interest. Beginning with a capital of £1,200,000, the Bank undertook in 1696 to supply with its notes the place of all the clipped silver, which at the suggestion of Halifax was called in to be recoined in full weight at the Mint. The Bank of Scotland was only a year behind its elder sister of Threadneedle Street. To these financial improvements something at least of the marvellous success, which gilded the arms of William in 1695, may be traced. Gallant Luxembourg was dead: a blank that left the English King master of the field. The great operation of the year was the siege of **Namur**,* into which Boufflers had thrown himself. Vauban had directed the fortification of the place; Coehorn directed the attack. Worn with sickness and still depressed by his recent grief, William displayed surprising activity. And when the town gave way to the tremendous cannonade of the Allied Army, the brave Frenchmen shut themselves into the castle, to endure for nearly a month a missile-storm, unparalleled at that time in the annals of gunnery. During this interval Villeroi bombarded Brussels—all that he could do. And on the 5th of September Marshal Boufflers, having signed articles of capitulation, marched his men out of Namur.

Jacobite plots of invasion—even of assassination—had been meanwhile exciting troubles. Several conspirators were hanged at Tyburn for treason early in 1696. Sir John Fenwick, implicated in a scheme of intended murder, suffered decapitation on Tower Hill.

The fall of Namur into William's hands paved the way for the **Treaty of Ryswick**, which ended this eight years' war. **Sept. 20,** Portland (Bentinck) and Marshal Boufflers having arranged **1697** the preliminaries, the negotiations were completed at Ryswick, where William had a country-house surrounded with tulip-beds and fish-ponds. No efforts of James could obtain admission for his representative at the Congress, by which the treaty was framed. Like many other treaties of which we read in his-

* *Namur*, a strong fortress at the junction of the Sambre and the Meuse, sixty-seven miles south-east of Brussels.

tory, it decided little. William's title to the English crown was formally acknowledged. Louis held his north-eastern frontier as before, and received the important Rhenish town of Strasbourg. The question of the Spanish Succession was left entirely untouched.

An act of injustice on the part of the English King towards Scotland almost rivals, in another way, the atrocity of Glencoe. Paterson the banker formed a design of colonizing the **Isthmus of Darien**, as a central place of trade. The complete design was this: goods from India would come by ship to the Isthmus on the Pacific side, would be carried overland to the colony, and would there be shipped off to Glasgow. A canal, joining Clyde and Forth, would carry them to Leith, and thence a ready entrance would be found for these goods into the continent of Europe. In fancy both the friends and foes of the scheme saw Glasgow and Leith rising into splendour and wealth, like Genoa and Venice in the Middle Ages, as the streams of Indian wealth ran through their great bazaars. But envious eyes looked on the plan. The interests of the English and the Dutch East India Companies must be protected, thought a King of England to whom Holland was the dearest spot on earth. Darien must be crushed. A capital of £400,000 having been raised in Scotland, three ships left Leith in 1698 with twelve hundred hopeful hearts on board. In November they arrived at the settle- **1698**
ment, which they called New Caledonia, and on which they **A.D.**
formed the nucleus of two towns, to be named New Edinburgh and New St. Andrews. As if the neighbourhood of Spaniards, predisposed to injure them, was not enough, they quarrelled among themselves. And when food ran low, and Jamaica, acting out the cruel English policy, refused assistance, the colonists lost heart, and fled by a ship to New York. A second band of adventurers came out after a while to the number of thirteen hundred. Reinforced by Captain Campbell, who transported a shipful of his tenants from the Highlands, they endured the attack of a Spanish expedition for a time. When the settlers capitulated, the Spaniards helped them to set sail from the land that had cost them so dear. Paterson came home, sick in body and heart, to wear his life away in vain memorials to the King, displaying the vast importance of the Darien scheme.

The Declaration and Bill of Rights limited the succession to the descendants of Anne and of William, making no further provision for the settlement of the crown. And so long as Anne's son lived this was well. But this boy, the Duke of Gloucester, dying (July 30th, 1700) in his eleventh year, it became necessary to make new arrangements. Accordingly **the Act of Settlement** was passed, giving the reversion of the crown to Sophia, Electress of Hanover and grand-daughter of James I. This lady was preferred for her Protestantism. The people of England overruled all **1701**
notions of hereditary descent for the sake of fixing the **A.D.**
national faith upon a sure foundation. Eight provisions, no contained in the Declaration of Right, were embodied in the Act of

Settlement. The substance of these provisions was:—That all who wore the crown should be in communion with the Church of England: That the nation should not, without consent of Parliament, engage in a war to defend any territory not belonging to the English Crown: That the sovereign should not, without consent of Parliament, go out of the British Islands: That matters cognizable in the Privy Council should be transacted there, and resolutions should be signed by the advising members: That no foreigner should be permitted to sit in the Privy Council, or in either House of Parliament, or to hold any place or receive any grant from the Crown: That no place-holder or pensioner should be a member of the Commons: That the Judges should hold office for life or good conduct at a fixed rate of salary, and should be removable only by both Houses of Parliament: That no pardon under the Great Seal of England should be pleadable to an impeachment by the Commons in Parliament.

Since William owed his throne to the Whigs, it was natural that his confidence should be given to the leaders of the popular party. The virulence of the political struggle may be viewed most clearly in the persecution, to which **John Lord Somers** was subjected by the Opposition. His speech on the Bishops' Trial was only one of a hundred forensic triumphs, by means of which, coupled with deep learning and a kindly spirit, he won his way to the Woolsack. But a time came when William, for reasons of state, found it necessary to demand the Great Seal from one of the most able and virtuous men that have had it in their keeping. The Tories framed an impeachment against him, for having affixed the Great Seal of England to blank negotiations regarding the Partition of the Spanish Monarchy. He was accused of having advised William in the formation of the Two Treaties of Partition (1698-99). Some absurd attempts were also made to fasten on him the guilt of Captain Kydd, who had been sent to destroy pirates in the Indian seas, and had hoisted the black flag himself. Portland, Orford, and Halifax were impeached by the same majority in the Commons. When the Commons insisted on the appointment of a committee of *both* Houses to prepare the preliminaries of the trial, the Lords refused the joint committee, and fixed a day for the trial to proceed. On that June day in 1701 scarlet and ermine filled Westminster Hall to hear the impeachment and the reply. But no member of the Commons appeared to give evidence; upon which the Lords, returning to their House, pronounced the acquittal of Somers, and dismissed the case. The Orford impeachment came to a similar end. Those against Halifax and Portland were simply dismissed.

After the Treaty of Ryswick the Parliament showed its jealousy of William, not only by reducing the army to 7000 men, but by sending out of the kingdom his Dutch Guards and the corps of Huguenots. When Charles of Spain died (Nov. 1, 1700), leaving his dominions to Philip of Anjou, the Grand Monarch flung the **Partition Treaties** to the wind, and with his own superb swagger abolished the ever-

lasting hills. "My child," said he to his grandson Anjou, "there are no longer any Pyrenees."

Now came William's time. The **Second Grand Alliance** was signed at the Hague, and Europe resounded with the din of gathering armies. Exiled James died just at this crisis (Sept. 16, 1701). Louis, by acknowledging the Pretender under the title of James III., stung the English into fierce anger. A very skilful use was made of this circumstance in a fine speech, the work of Somers, with which William opened the session of the last Parliament that he saw. An earnest exhortation to unanimity in the face of so great insult and peril runs like a thread of gold through every part of this noble oration. But the Rider on the Pale Horse was already fast approaching with arm upraised. William was never more to take the field. His quick eye, skilful to catch the salient points or hidden powers in every man whom he met, had long ago detected Marlborough's military genius. And to Marlborough he left the accomplishment of the great work which had occupied the busiest and happiest hours of his life.

Falling from his horse on Saturday, February 21st, as he was riding to Hampton Court, he broke his **right collar-bone**. The fall seems also to have injured his lungs, which had long been decaying under the combined influence of asthma and a cough which the small-pox had left behind. The inflammation ensuing from this internal injury, by which a lung was ruptured, probably caused his death, which took place at Kensington on the 8th of March 1702. He was then aged fifty-two. A little ring, containing Mary's hair, was taken from beside the chilled heart, its black riband telling a pathetic tale of love that was stronger than death.

WILLIAM III. AND MARY II. (1689-1694.)

A. D.

1688. Debates of the *Convention* about the Succession.
 1689. Feb. 13.—The crown conferred on the Prince and Princess of Orange.
 Mar. 12.—Discrowned James lands at Kinsale in Ireland.
 War declared against France.
 July 27.—Battle of Killiecrankie and death of Dundee.
 July 28.—Relief of Londonderry, besieged by the Irish army.
 Aug. 13.—Marshal Schomberg lands in Ireland.
 1690. July 1.—**BATTLE OF THE BOYNE**. Defeat and flight of James.
 1691. July 12.—Defeat of the Irish at Aughrim by Ginckel.
 Oct. 3.—Surrender of Limerick. **END OF THE REVOLUTION**.
 1692. Feb. 13.—**MASSACRE OF GLENCOE**.
 May. —*Russell and Rooke annihilate the French fleet off La Hogue*.
 July 24.—Battle of Steinkirk. Retreat of William.
 1693. July 29.—Battle of Landen. Same result.
 1694. Bank of England founded by Paterson.
 Dec. 22.—Triennial Bill passed.
 Dec. 23.—Death of Mary.

WILLIAM III. ALONE (1694-1702).

A. D.

1695. Foundation of the Bank of Scotland.
 Great Siege of Namur by William III. Taken Sept. 5.

1697. September 20.—*Treaty of Ryswick.*

1698. The Darien Expedition sets out from Leith.

1701. THE ACT OF SETTLEMENT.

June.—The futile impeachment of Lord Chancellor Somers.

Second Grand Alliance against France signed at the Hague.

September 16.—Death of James II.

1702. March 8.—Death of William III., aged fifty-two.

CHAPTER VII.

QUEEN ANNE.

Churchill's rise.
The Spanish Crown.
War begins.
Fortress-work.
March to the Danube.
Blenheim.

Peterborough in Spain.
Monjuich.
Ramillies and Barcelona.
Scottish Union.
Almanza—Oudenarde.

Malplaquet.
Sacheverell.
Surrender of Brihuega.
Fall of Marlborough.
Treaty of Utrecht.

IN spite of the Jacobite hopes, that she would resign in favour of her brother, **the Princess Anne** became Queen of England upon the death of her cousin William. Second daughter of fugitive James—wife of George Prince of Denmark—she had now reached the age of thirty-eight, a sluggish woman, completely under the rule of the Marlboroughs—Earl and Countess—and possessing one great fixed idea in her affection for the Tories. William had already recommended **Marlborough** as the only general in the kingdom competent to carry out his views in the impending war; and Anne's own attachment to Mr. and Mrs. Freeman—as she familiarly styled the pair, by whom she was called Mrs. Morley—seconded William's wish that John Churchill should be the captain of the war.

Born at Ashe in Devonshire, 24th June 1650, the son of Sir Winston Churchill, a decayed Cavalier, went to Court as a page, because his ugly sister had attracted the fancy of the Duke of York (James II.). But this introduction would have availed little, unless his personal qualities had been what they were. His handsome face, his fluent tongue, his ready sword, his undeniable military genius, which displayed itself at Tangier and in the Low Countries, had won for him rapid promotion. Marshal Turenne saw in the young English officer material for a great commander. Marrying the proud and wilful **Sarah Jennings**, whose beauty was notable in an age of beauties, he became closely attached to the York household, in which Sarah had already been the bosom-friend of the Princess Anne. Upon the accession of James, the soldier was created Lord Churchill of Sandridge. He opposed Monmouth, since he saw that Monmouth's was a hopeless cause: he deserted to William from the falling House of Stuart. For this defection he received the Earldom of Marlborough: and, although William never liked the man, he was soldier enough to value highly a master in the art of war. Hence his dying charge

to Anne. Calling himself a Tory, Marlborough was associated with Godolphin, who now bore the Lord High Treasurer's staff.

The war is known in history as the **War of the Spanish Succession**. Upon the death of Charles II. of Spain in 1700, Louis of France proclaimed his grandson, Philip of Anjou, King of Spain, with the title of Philip V. The House of Hapsburg produced a rival claimant in the person of the Archduke Charles. The league against France embraced England, Holland, Savoy, Austria, Prussia, and Portugal; while the French King was supported by Spain and Bavaria.

The **formal declaration of war** took place on the 15th of May 1702 at London, Vienna, and the Hague. There were four theatres of strife: the Belgian plain—the valleys of the Middle Rhine and the Upper Danube—the sierras and coast of Spain—and the north of Italy. **Marlborough**, made **Captain-General** of the Allied Forces, crossed to Holland and prepared for the first campaign. The English formed but a fraction of the force which he had to wield. To add to his difficulties, Marlborough was hampered by the constant incubus of the Field-deputies, who interfered with his movements and wasted golden chances in waiting for the slow-coming sanction of the States-General. He needed also to learn his ground. The first campaign was therefore barren in dazzling glory. It was not however fruitless. One great advantage was gained by the reduction of the fortresses along the line of the Meuse—Venloo, Ruremonde, Stevenswaert, and finally Lisle, a closing stroke, which left the Meuse an open stream, and broke the chain that had been coiled round the Dutch frontier.

1702
A.D.

Two naval movements of the same year deserve our notice. Sir George Rooke in fifty ships had borne the Duke of Ormond with thirteen thousand men to the capture of Cadiz. But Cadiz would not yield. The leaders, not on the best terms with each other, sailed away to **Vigo**,* where a crowd of galleons had taken shelter under some newly-erected fortifications. The defences were stormed—the boom, which closed the entrance, was forced. The Spaniards sank, burned, or carried off what they could; but seven millions of dollars fell into the hands of the victors. Vice-Admiral **Benbow**—a name famed in naval song—also signalized the year in the West Indian waters. With his right leg smashed by a chain-shot he lay in his crib on the quarter-deck, giving his orders amid the roar of battle, till night fell upon the sea. The mutiny of his officers prevented him from destroying the French squadron which he had been chasing for five days; but the heroism of the old sea-lion, smitten with a mortal wound, lives in history to tell of what stuff these British sailors were made.

The campaign of 1703 was meant by Louis to be final. A grand scheme for the capture of Vienna was formed; and Villars, piercing the Black Forest, joined the Elector of Bavaria on the Upper Danube, and took Augsburg. But Vendome did not come through the Tyrol

* *Vigo*, a sea-port of Galicia, in the north-west of Spain.

from Italy, as had been expected, and the plan failed. Marlborough spent the summer in the Low Countries. Much impeded by Coehorn, who employed the soldiers under his command in petty ravages, he was obliged to content himself with reducing Bonn, Huy, Limburg, and Guelders instead of the greater cities, Antwerp and Ostend.

Marlborough during the winter formed a daring plan. It was to make a sudden dash upon the Upper Danube, where the French and Bavarian armies had so nearly turned the scale of war the year before. Leaving Auverkerque with the Dutch troops to guard the frontiers of the Low Countries, he went to the trysting-place at Redburg in the Duchy of Juliers, whence he began his march (May 10). On to Coblenz, where the blue Moselle mingles with the Rhine—to Mentz—over the Neckar and over the watershed, which divides the basins of the Danube and the Rhine, he pressed, delaying only when his troops needed to snatch a little rest. At Mondelsheim he met Prince Eugene of Savoy, who had been already winning laurels in Italy. At Hippach the Margrave of Baden joined the illustrious pair. There lay before him on the rocky heights of the Schellenberg, above the village of Donawert,* a host of French and Bavarian soldiers under General D'Arco. Crossing the swift stream Wernitz in the face of a hot fire, Marlborough scaled the steep and drove the foe from their intrenchments, inflicting on them a terrible loss, especially in officers (July 2). But this was only the prelude to another and more glorious victory—the great fight of **Blenheim**.†

Marshal Tallard having by forced marches from the Rhine joined the Elector of Bavaria, who lay at Augsburg, the advantage seemed for the time to lie altogether on the French side; for a skilful general could easily have separated Eugene from Marlborough and beaten both in succession. But Tallard was not quick enough to seize the chance; and the allied generals lost no time in moving to a junction. Between Blenheim and Lutzingen the French army formed a camp; and Marlborough resolved to give battle, while they were yet in an unsettled state. Moving towards their position with a host of fifty-two thousand men and fifty-two cannon, he clearly displayed his intention on the morning of the 13th of August. It was a
Aug. 13, Sunday, Blenheim like many modern battles having been
1704 decided on that sacred day. The Elector and Marsin com-
A.D. manded on the French left: Tallard at Blenheim held the
 right. Round that village, which was hastily fortified with
 palisades and felled timber, the fury of the battle began to rage.
 Through the chinks in the stockade the French muskets fired upon the
 advancing stormers; but the Allies struggled on to stab the shooters
 through the very loopholes or beat them down with clubbed musket-
 stocks. And then came the grand decisive movement of the day.
 Marlborough's eagle eye had detected a flaw; his quick genius had
 struck out a plan, which gave the battle to his hand. Noting the

* *Donawert*, a town of 508 houses in Bavaria on the Upper Danube.

† *Blenheim*, a village of West Bavaria on the Danube, thirty-three miles north-east of Ulm, and three miles east of Höchstet.

wide space between the hostile armies, which were moving on opposite ends of the battle-line, he made a swift movement, which put the French cavalry to flight and placed him between Tallard and the Elector. This decided the conflict. Tallard was taken prisoner; the Elector retreated upon Dillingen. The gallant defenders of the village of Blenheim, to the number of twelve thousand, having tried to escape in two directions, continued to fire from the palisades; but the preparations to burn them out forced them to an unconditional surrender. The loss of the defeated cannot have been less than thirty-five thousand men: Marlborough lost about twelve thousand.

Admiral Sir **George Rooke**, having left the Archduke Charles ashore at Lisbon, and having effected a junction with the ships under command of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, was cruising about the entrance of the Mediterranean, when on the 17th of July 1704 at a council of war held on board the *Royal Catherine* it was suddenly resolved to attack Gibraltar. On the 21st they dropped anchor in Gibraltar Bay. The first hostile movement consisted in the landing of two thousand marines under the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt upon the sandy isthmus, now known as the Neutral Ground. Summoned to surrender by Hesse, Don Diego de Salinas, the governor, refused to do so, although the garrison was very weak. The next day was too stormy for the bombardment of the works. But on the 23rd, for about six hours a fire of the hottest kind was sustained July 23, with scarcely a pause. The seaward works consisted chiefly 1704 of two jutting points—the Old Mole and the **New Mole**; A.D. and upon the latter the heaviest fire rained. Captain Whittaker received orders to storm the ruined mole with a body of sailors and marines. In the race of boats towards this important point Captain Hicks and Captain Jumper took the lead. Sword in hand they sprang upon the crumbled walls, closely followed by their men. A mine suddenly exploded, killing or wounding two officers and a hundred men. The check, however, was but temporary. On they rushed, now reinforced by Whittaker and his men, towards a redoubt that covered the approach to the town. Stunned by the cannonade, paralyzed by the sudden capture of the mole, and distracted by the operations of Hesse and also of some troops that had landed to the southward of the town, the defenders gave way. The Old Mole was then taken; a flag of truce fluttered from the submitting town; and the isthmus-gate was opened to Hesse and his marines. Scarcely ever has so great a capture been made with so little preparation and so slight a loss of life. The killed on the victorious side numbered only three officers and fifty-seven men.

The fire at Vigo and the capture of Gibraltar were the first great events in the Peninsular scene of this warlike drama. The inland operations of 1704 were not of much consequence. Lord Galway commanded on the Archduke's side; and to him was opposed James Fitzjames, **Duke of Berwick**, the natural son of James II. Berwick kept Galway in complete control during the whole campaign.

When **Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough**, came with five thousand men to direct the conduct of the war in Spain a sudden change took place. Touching at Lisbon to receive the Archduke and at Gibraltar for the Prince of Hesse, the fleet anchored off the Valencian shore. The peasantry shouted for joy; the fortress of Denia fell. "Let us march inland to Madrid," proposed the English Earl. But German caution turned the prows towards **Barcelona**. It seemed a hopeless task to reduce a strong walled city, protected by the sea in front and by the frowning ramparts of Monjuich behind. Little or nothing but quarrelling occupied the besiegers for three weeks, and then Peterborough sent the cannon on board, declaring his intention of raising the siege. The *ruse* succeeded, deceiving even his own Allies. The bells of Barcelona rang for joy. That night (Sept. 12) two thin lines of soldiers stole by unfrequented paths to the foot of the works at Monjuich. At dawn out came the guard; and in with a rush went the turned current, mingled with a hostile stream. A bullet killed Hesse. Stanhope came up with the reserve; Monjuich, and its necessary consequence, Barcelona, were in the hands of the daring Mordaunt.

Marlborough occupied this campaign in struggling against the impediments flung in his way by the Dutch authorities. His principal operation was the breaking of the French lines between Antwerp and Namur.

Then came a year glorious in both theatres of war. In the one Marlborough won the laurels of **Ramilies**;^{*} in the other Peterborough occupied Madrid. Marshal Villeroi moved his army into extreme danger by encamping on the banks of the Mehaigne.

May 23, In three hours and a half Marlborough beat this opponent
1706 from every position he had taken, and then proceeded to sweep the French out of the Spanish Netherlands. Lou-

A.D. vain, Mechlin, Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges submitted at once; Ostend, Dendermond, Ath, Menia made feeble but futile struggles. The history of 1706 in Spain was of the most varied kind. The brilliant success of Mordaunt at Monjuich had almost paralyzed the Bourbon hopes in the Peninsula. In vain Las Torres led seven thousand men to reduce San Mateo. The English Earl faced him with twelve hundred men and beat him quickly off. And then with characteristic restlessness Peterborough climbed the mountains, lying between him and Valencia. Occupying this favourite city (Feb. 4, 1706), he made it the centre of several raids over the Xucar and elsewhere. While he was thus engaged, Barcelona was attacked by land and sea. Taking three thousand men, Peterborough rushed to the rescue. He adopted the guerilla style of war, until he knew that British ships were coming; and then, rowing out from shore in a small open boat, he boarded and took command of the squadron. Barcelona was saved. This success set Galway in motion. Leaving the Portuguese frontier, he passed by way of Ciudad Rodrigo and

^{*} *Ramilies*, a Belgian village in South Brabant, twenty-six miles south-east of Brussels.

Salamanca, which submitted to him, on to Madrid, from which Philip fled to Burgos. The occupation of Madrid by the soldiers of the Archduke laid Spain for a time at the feet of the Austrian claimant. The Castilian blood took fire at last. A rapid reaction set in. Little villages contributed *pistoles* to the cause of the Bourbon King. An armed peasantry rose from hedge and furrow. When Peterborough saw this change, he proposed some decisive steps; but the Archduke was either too lazy or too timid to adopt his counsels. A concentration of the Allied Army at Guadalaxara took place too late to be of any use. Galway had been forced to leave Madrid with his horde of wasted debauchees. The star of Bourbon rose again high and bright. Peterborough flung down his sword and went off in anger to Italy.

The temper of the Scottish nation was shown in 1704 by the **Act of Security**, which declared that, upon the Queen's death without issue, the Estates should appoint a successor of the royal line and a Protestant, but that this should not be the person succeeding to the English crown, unless during Anne's reign the religion, trade, and liberty of the nation were secured against the encroachments or impediments of English influence.

The Ministry of Anne now resolved that **Articles of Union** should be drawn up by Commissioners chosen from both countries. At the Cockpit in Westminster the sittings **April 16,** opened, thirty-one members representing each kingdom. **1706** **Daniel Defoe** acted as their Secretary. The Scottish Parliament was permitted to discuss the terms of the Treaty first. Upon Godolphin's recommendation Defoe went to Edinburgh to aid in conducting the negotiation.

That equestrian procession from Holyrood to the High Street, known as the **Riding of the Scottish Parliament**, crept in a thread of scarlet and blue between the tall houses of the Canongate for the last time in the autumn of 1706. For the last time the Regalia preceded the glittering show. Opening the Parliament on the 3rd of October by reading a letter from Queen Anne in favour of the Union, the **Duke of Queensberry**, who acted as Lord High Commissioner, spoke weightily on the same side. Chancellor Seafield followed. And both stated distinctly that there was no intention on the part of England to meddle in the least with that Presbyterian system so dear to the nation. In spite of this assurance the spirit of the people revolted at the thought of Union. Still the cry went up, and still the stones rattled and the execrations raved round the close-shut coaches, in which Queensberry and Stair rode to the Parliament House. Lord Belhaven and Fletcher of Saltoun broke into words of fire in the old hall by St. Giles's. Riotous mobs, inflamed by a flood of pamphlets, which poured daily from the closes where the printers worked, filled the streets of Edinburgh with noise and terror. But beneath the surface of affairs a continuous sapping wore away the strength of the Opposition to the Union. Gold from Queensberry's hand bought many Union-votes. And many votes, which gold could not buy, were given by Jacobites, who hoped that the Union would

breed a spirit favourable to the hopes of the King that was over the water. A letter from St. Germain, written in this spirit, induced the leader of the Jacobite faction, the Duke of Hamilton, to withdraw his opposition to the measure. Presbyterianism being
Jan. 16, then secured as the national form of Church government,
1707 the Act which sealed this great Treaty into law, was passed
A.D. in the Scottish Parliament by a majority of 41 votes
 (110 for, 69 against). On the 4th of March Anne gave her assent to the measure, and on the 25th of the same month the last Scottish Parliament was dissolved by a speech from the victorious Queensberry.

Early in the Deed the important subject of commerce and navigation is treated of, both countries being placed upon an equal footing in respect to these. The coins, weights, and measures of both countries were to follow a uniform standard. The Presbyterian and Episcopal systems were confirmed in the respective lands, as national establishments. Scotland was to retain her Courts of Session and Justiciary, was to have a special seal for private rights and grants, was to send sixteen peers and forty-five commoners to the Imperial Parliament, and was to protect by unaltered laws all hereditary offices, superiorities, jurisdictions, and offices for life. The taxation of North Britain formed the subject of special conditions. One of these enacted that, when the Imperial Parliament should raise £2,000,000 as a land-tax, Scotland was to contribute only £48,000 of that sum; in heavier impositions observing a like proportion. For the purpose of reconciling the people of Scotland to the heavier taxation, which they were required to pay at once, before any commercial benefits could become apparent, a sum called the *Equivalent* was to be spent in Scotland in the payment of arrears and in compensation for losses at Darien and elsewhere.

The Battle of **Almanza*** and the Siege of **Lerida**† decided the issue of the war in Spain. Galway, a mere fighting machine, who had got the book-rules of warfare all by heart, and Das Minas, a Portuguese general of similar stamp, met Berwick, who had undoubted martial genius, on the plain of Almanza. Nobly the Allied infantry stood like a living rock amid the roar and surge of battle.

But the valour of the troops could not compensate for the
April 24, stupidity of their leaders. The army was torn to fragments.
1707 Suffering much from famine, Berwick struggled over the
A.D. Ebro by the following June; nor was it until October that he found himself able to begin the siege of Lerida. It fell amid the usual horrors of storm and sack; and with its fall the shadowy crown vanished from the brow of the Hapsburg.

Marlborough spent the campaign of 1707 with scarcely a single affair of note. For this, however, he compensated in 1708—the year

* *Almanza*, a town in the Spanish province of Murcia, ninety-three miles north-west of Carthage.

† *Lerida* (anciently *Ilerda*), a town on the Segre, in the province of Catalonia in Spain.

of **Oudenarde** and the famous passage of the **Scheldt**. With Marlborough and Eugene, who acted together in complete harmony, the Archduke might well defy the Grand Monarch. At first the French had a slight success, winning Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres. But at Oudenarde* they met a decisive check. Burgundy, Vendome, Berwick could do little to save the Lilies from the bloody dust, in which they lay at dusk that July evening. At Oudenarde two men were present on different sides, whose names shall clash again in years to come. James the Pretender shared the dangers of the fight from the safe elevation of a village steeple—sturdy Prince George of Hanover rode through the battle smoke at the head of the German Horse. Crossing the Scheldt, over which fugitives had gone in five diverging lines, the victors advanced to Lisle, a fortress clad in Vauban's stony mail. City and castle fell, not without a heavy cost of blood; and then Marlborough held the key of Northern France.

July 11,
1708
A.D.

Stanhope, the successor of Galway in the Peninsula, remained in Catalonia, until the success of Admiral Leake, who made a prize of Sardinia, encouraged him to attack Minorca. Leake's ships were at hand. Together the soldier and the sailor invested St. Philip, took Port Mahon, and planted the English banner on the island.

Marlborough followed the campaign of Oudenarde with the red field of **Malplaquet**.† Indignant at the shuffling of Louis, Eugene and his English ally faced the united forces of Villars and Boufflers on the 12th of September 1709 at that place, and drove them after a long day of battle back upon the Forest of Ardennes, whose shelter proved most opportune. Some futile negotiations between the Hague and Versailles followed this terrible battle.

Sept. 12,
1709
A.D.

The Cabinet of Anne became **purely Whig** in 1708. This was owing to the exertions of a Junto, composed of five Whig peers—Somers, Halifax, Wharton, Orford, and Sunderland, who expelled from the Cabinet Harley and St. John, the most active and powerful of the Tories. And then for two years Whiggery ruled supreme.

Abigail Hill, a cousin of the Duchess of Marlborough, had become waiting-woman to Queen Anne, was a thorough Tory, and professed the very highest of High Church principles. Marrying in 1707 the son of Sir Francis Masham, Abigail broke with the Duchess of Marlborough, of whose imperious temper the Queen was heartily tired. The political destinies of England lay narrowed into the compass of a quarrel between women. Sarah, by attempting to browbeat Anne, roused all the latent obstinacy of the Queen's character. Day by day Masham's influence increased. Even the dismissal of her relative Harley, which Marlborough and Godolphin had forced on by staying away from the meetings of Council, proved to be only a temporary check to the rising of the Tory star. The Sacheverell prosecution gave that party the final victory.

* *Oudenarde*, a Belgian village on the Scheldt, thirty-three miles west of Brussels.

† *Malplaquet*, a town of Hainault in France, close to the frontier of Belgium.

The Rector of St. Saviour's, Southwark—**Henry Sacheverell**, D.D. Oxon—preached two violent sermons in 1709—the one (August 15th) at the Derby Assizes—the other (November 5th, Guy Fawkes' Day) at St. Paul's before the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London. Upon the text, "Perils from false brethren," he grounded a series of libellous statements concerning the Government and the prelates. Proud of his achievement, the Doctor sold the sermon to a bookseller, who made his fortune by the sale. The Whigs resolved to make an example of the daring demagogue. In vain Somers lifted his calm judicial voice, advising a passionless consideration of the case. Marlborough, Sunderland his son-in-law, and Godolphin pressed angrily on with the preparations for impeachment. Before the assembled Lords in Westminster Hall the trial opened on the 27th of February 1710. The Doctor, attended by two clergymen, Smalridge and Atterbury, both, especially the latter, of a much higher stamp than himself, appeared at the bar. Most notable among the managers of the impeachment was Mr. Robert Walpole, who had joined the Whig Ministry two years ago as Secretary at War, and whose speech was now marked with unusual point and force. After his counsel had spoken, Sacheverell read a well-concocted defence, with which the pen of Atterbury is said to have had something to do. From Westminster Hall to the Temple, where he lodged, the culprit was escorted in his chair every evening by all the idle and dissolute fellows in the city. The windows were lined with Tory fashionables, and the Doctor's neck was sorely strained by the numberless bows he lavished as he went, borne by his self-important chairmen. Tired of huzzas, the mob proceeded that night to action, emptied the Dissenting chapels for materials to make bonfires, and lighted up all London with the blaze of pews and pulpits. The Queen, who witnessed the trial from behind the curtains of her box, could hardly get along the streets for the shouting crowds, hoarsely hoping that she was friendly to the Doctor. After three weeks, the Lords found Sacheverell guilty by 68 votes to 52; and he received sentence at the bar from Lord Chancellor Cowper, who ordered that he should be suspended from preaching for three years, and that his two obnoxious sermons should be burned before the Royal Exchange. Sacheverell made the most of his triumph, for as such his party looked upon a sentence so easy. Oxford became enthusiastic in acknowledgment of her son's Toryism. But at last the hot fire burned itself out. The medal was found to be not a golden coin at all, but a sorry piece of brass. Yet lasting results followed. To the Doctor himself, what he chiefly prized, came preferment and notoriety: to the Whig Ministry—disgrace, and consequent triumph to the Tories.

Harley was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, **St. John** Secretary of State, while Lord Somers yielded the Presidency of the Council to Rochester, and Cowper the Great Seal to Simon Harcourt. Already Sunderland had retired in favour of Dartmouth, and Godolphin had broken his Treasurer's staff. How Marlborough remained,

fluttering in an unfriendly gale, like the last rag of one of his own glorious banners—how the Tories flung him finally aside and made the dubious Treaty of Utrecht—how Abigail's cousin Harley, after having escaped a French assassin, became Earl of Oxford, and the libertine St. John changed into that Bolingbroke, who poured infidel poison into Pope's too willing ear—how jealousy rose between the rival statesmen, when they had become rival peers,—and how Queen Anne sided with the wilier and abler of the two,—need not here be told in detail. The victory for the present rested with the Tory faction.

Spain now claims our notice. Two battles, won at Almenara and Saragossa, opened the way to a second occupation of Madrid by the Allies. Philip fled to Valladolid, crowds of the highest grandees flocking to share his temporary exile. This state of things made Archduke Charles uneasy at Madrid; and he soon made his way back to Catalonia, leaving his army to follow. Vendome, a singular compound of the sloven and the soldier, had lately taken the command of the Bourbon army. Urging his forces across the country from Talavera, he came upon Stanhope and the left wing at Brihuega.* When their powder was burned, the English took to the cold steel; but all in vain. The survivors yielded themselves up as prisoners of war. On the next day the Austrian General Staremberg fought the drawn battle of Villa Viciosa with the victor (Dec. 10). Nothing could stop the tide of events: all Catalonia was swept by the French, till only Barcelona remained faithful to the Hapsburg cause. 1710 A.D.

During the spring of this year envoys from France and Holland met in the little town of Geertruydenberg† to discuss overtures for peace, which had come from Louis. They differed upon the Spanish question, and the war went on.

Marlborough, working at his grand scheme of striking the heart of France through her north-eastern frontier, moved with Eugene upon Douay, which Villars could not save. It capitulated in June 1710. Falling back, Villars employed himself in the construction of lines, which he thought would certainly check the illustrious English soldier. In this he was mistaken. Marlborough's great military career closed in a flicker of exceeding brilliance. Though crippled by the loss of the most reliable portion of his army, drafted off to Spain and elsewhere, he outgeneraled the Frenchman, forced the *ne plus ultra* at Arleux, losing not a single soldier, and then sat down to besiege Bouchain.‡ In twenty days the fortress was his own.

He now fell a victim to Tory intrigues and the arrogance of his own wife. Flung from his command and stained with the suspicion of pilfering the public money, Marlborough retired to the Continent,

* *Brihuega*, a town, once walled, in the north of New Castile, on the Tajuna, an affluent of the Tagus.

† *Geertruydenberg*, a small town in North Brabant, nine miles from Breda.

‡ *Bouchain*, a town in the French department of Nord, on the Escaut, eleven miles south-west of Valenciennes.

where he remained until Anne was dying. Restored under the first George to military command, he lived on, though struck twice with paralysis, until the year 1722.

The **Treaty of Utrecht**,* ascribed by some writers rather to Tory intrigues than to any real love of peace on the part of Harley and St. John, to whom it was chiefly due, closed this long struggle. A secret verbal conference was carried on between London and Paris, until the time grew ripe for a formal meeting at Utrecht, the place chosen for the purpose. After much discussion, the articles of the April 11, treaty were agreed on, and the signature of the two leading powers—England and France—were attached, with the less willing assents of the minor states—Holland, Portugal, Prussia, and Savoy. A separate treaty, signed at Rastadt in the following year, made peace between Austria and France. The terms of the Treaty of Utrecht, most nearly affecting England, were the following:—

1. Louis recognized the succession of the House of Hanover, engaging to give neither shelter nor help to the Pretender.
2. The batteries of Dunkirk were to be destroyed, and its harbour filled up.
3. Britain was to retain Hudson's Bay and Straits, the Peninsula of Nova Scotia, and the islands of St. Christopher and Newfoundland.

4. She was also to keep Gibraltar and Minorca.

A short time before the death of Anne, Lady Masham and the Earl of Oxford bitterly reproached each other; the dispute ending with a demand from the Queen for Oxford's white staff—the badge of his Treasurership. Anne died of apoplexy on the 1st of August 1714, when the Whigs lost no time in sending a special messenger for Elector George, and concentrating troops enough round London to meet any Jacobite movement that might arise.

ANNE (1702–1714)

Married PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK.

A.D.

1702. May 15.—War (the War of the Spanish Succession) against France declared at London, Vienna, and the Hague. Marlborough (Churchill) Captain-General. Admiral Rooke burns the galleons at Vigo.
1704. Gibraltar taken, July 23.
Marlborough, marching from the basin of the Rhine to that of the Danube, wins the battles of Donawert (July 2), and **BLENHEIM** (Aug. 13).
Act of Security passed in Scotland.
1705. Sept. 12.—The Earl of Peterborough surprises the fortress of Monjuich, and thus takes Barcelona.
1706. The Commissioners of Union sit (April 16—July 23) at Westminster; Defoe their Secretary.

* *Utrecht*, the capital of the Dutch province, which bears the same name, lies where the Old Rhine and the Vecht separate, twenty-two miles south-east of Amsterdam.

1706. May 23.—BATTLE OF RAMILIES.
In Spain Peterborough rescues Barcelona. Galway occupies Madrid.
1707. Jan. 16.—THE ACT OF UNION PASSED IN THE SCOTTISH PARLIAMENT.
Mar. 4.—Completed by the signature of Anne.
Mar. 25.—Queensberry dissolves the last Scottish Parliament.
April 24.—Galway and Das Minas defeated by Berwick in the BATTLE OF ALMANZA.
October.—*The Siege of Lerida*, which really decides the issue of the Spanish War in favour of Philip.
1708. July 11.—BATTLE OF OUDENARDE.
By the exertions of a Junto the Cabinet becomes purely Whig—Harley and St. John being expelled.
1709. Sept. 12.—BATTLE OF MALPLAQUET.
1710. Feb. 27.—The trial of Dr. Sacheverell begins at Westminster Hall.
Sept. 21.—Fall of the Whig Ministry.
Dec. 9.—The English under Stanhope defeated at *Brihuega* in Castile by Vendome.
1712. Twelve new Tory Peers created, for the purpose of making that party triumphant in the Lords.
Marlborough replaced by Ormond.
1713. April 11.—THE TREATY OF UTRECHT.
1714. Fall of Oxford (Harley). Death of Queen Anne of apoplexy, four days later (Aug. 1).

GUELPH LINE, OR HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK.

Opened 1714 A.D.—Has now (1871) lasted 157 years.

	A. D.		A. D.
GEORGE I. (great-grandson of James I.),	began to reign 1714	REGENCY of the Prince of Wales,	1811
GEORGE II. (son),	1727	GEORGE IV. (son),	1830
GEORGE III. (grandson),	1760	WILLIAM IV. (brother),	1830
		VICTORIA (niece),	1837

CHAPTER I.

GEORGE I.

Rise of Walpole.
The Fifteen.
Septennial Act.
Swedish Difficulty.

Alberoni.
Byng at Passaro.
Glenshiel.
The Peerage Bill.

South Sea Scheme.
Walpole's Policy.
Atterbury.
Death of George I.

WHEN the Guelph Prince, who, born in the Restoration year, had now reached advanced middle age, landed at **Greenwich** (September 18), he showed signs of a decided preference for the Whigs. Marlborough, Sunderland, and Somers were greeted with smiles, while Ormond and Oxford were looked coldly on, and Bolingbroke was already bewailing the loss of office. Halifax became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Marlborough once more commanded the forces. These forces were then receiving their pay from a minister of minor note, who soon became a power in the land. His name was **Robert Walpole**.

The illiterate statesman, who made himself the ruler of England during the greater part of the reigns of the first and the second George, was born in 1676 at the manor of Houghton in Norfolk, where his ancestors had long resided. Massingham, Eton, and King's College, Cambridge, combined to give him the little book-learning he possessed. He could quote Horace a little, but knew almost nothing of history. Knowing men, however, and being prompt in resolve and action, he held his ground marvellously in the face of an Opposition, which combined strength and brilliance to a very uncommon degree.

In 1700 he entered Parliament as Member for Castle Rising, and

became so skilful a debater on the Whig side, that Godolphin and Marlborough welcomed him to their ranks. In 1708, when a pure Whig Government was formed, Walpole was selected to be **Secretary at War**; an office which obliged him to steer warily among the shifting tempers of an imperious Duchess and a sullen Queen. Having acted as one of the managers on the trial of Sacheverell, he went out with the Whigs, and lifted so powerful a voice in defence of his party that he was marked for vengeance. A charge of corruption and breach of trust as Secretary at War caused his committal to the Tower and his expulsion from the House.

When George I. had come from Herrenhausen, he formed a Ministry of Whigs, selecting as his two secretaries Viscount Townshend, whose wife Dorothy was Walpole's sister, whose estate of Rainham adjoined Walpole's manor of Houghton, and James Stanhope, the unsuccessful successor of Peterborough in Spain. Walpole, beginning his connection with this Ministry as **Paymaster of the Forces**, soon raised himself by his talents in debate to be leader of his party in the Commons.

The **new Parliament**, meeting March 15th, 1715, proceeded to impeach the three leaders of the fallen party—Bolingbroke, Oxford, and Ormond—for intriguing with the French Court and the royal exiles. Bolingbroke fled to Dover in a servant's dress, and crossed to France. Oxford and Ormond resolved to bide the storm. But, when the Report of the Secret Committee, of which Walpole was chairman, was read in the House, the ponderous charge of five hours long so appalled Ormond that he secretly followed in the track of Bolingbroke. Visiting Oxford in the Tower before leaving, he tried in vain to move that fallen statesman to attempt an escape. "Farewell, then," said he, "Oxford without a head." To which unshaken Oxford answered, "Farewell, Duke without a duchy." Ormond never returned to England.

When the **impeachment of Oxford** came before the Lords (July 9th, 1715), no decision could be arrived at as to whether the charges amounted to high treason. Oxford therefore was remanded to the Tower, where he lay for nearly two years. His public career was over. Upon his own pressing petition the trial was resumed in 1717; but no prosecutors from the Commons entered Westminster Hall on the day appointed. The Commons dropped the impeachment for ever, and the acquitted Earl retired to private life.

The Jacobite spirit broke out in several parts of the country. Staffordshire was hot with sedition. So menacing did the mobs become, that an old temporary statute of Mary and Elizabeth was revived and made lasting. This was the **Riot 1715 Act**, which provides, "That if any twelve persons are unlawfully assembled to the disturbance of the peace, and any one Justice shall think proper to command them by proclamation to disperse; if they contemn his orders, and continue together for one hour afterwards, such contempt shall be felony without benefit of clergy." A.D.

In the autumn **Jacobitism** blazed into actual rebellion.

Sailing from London to Fife, **Mar**, who had been already at George's levee, made his way to the deer-forests of Aberdeenshire. There on the 6th of September, at Kirkmichael in Braemar, sixty claymores gathered round the uplifted standard of the Stuart. The gilt ball dropped from the flagstaff as it was raised—an omen which struck a chill to many superstitious Highland hearts. But soon the white cockade appeared in several thousand bonnets. Aberdeen, Dundee, Perth—nearly every place of note north of Tay—declared for the rebels. If Drummond and his Jacobite conspirators had succeeded in climbing the castle rock of Edinburgh, as they had planned to do, at nine on a September night, the beacons blazing northward from hill to hill would have brought Mar down on the fair city by the Forth. But a lady disclosed the secret to the Lord-Justice-Clerk, and the garrison was warned before the climbers came. Even this would not have hindered the attempt, for the letter of disclosure was late; but some of the attacking party lingered two hours at a tavern, engaged, as the landlady phrased it, "in powdering their hair." The sentinels, who had agreed to draw up the scaling-ladders, let go the ropes, and all was lost. The **Duke of Argyle** then took the command in Scotland, Stanhope directing the general preparations for meeting this dangerous crisis. On the 28th of September Mar with five thousand claymores entered Perth, and might, had he pushed southward, have swept the scanty forces of the English beyond the Cheviots. But he lingered at Perth, while Argyle collected troops from Ireland and other places to swell his army at Stirling.

Mar did not move from Perth until the 10th of November. With nearly ten thousand men, he pushed on through Auchterarder to Ardoch. Argyle marched out to Dunblane. Upon the **Sheriffmuir*** the armies met in battle on Sunday the 13th of November.

Great was the tossing up of bonnets and loud the High-land cheering in the weary ranks of Mar, when the resolve to fight was announced. The battle began by a discharge

Nov. 13, 1715
A.D. of muskets from the left wing of the rebel army. Argyle, despatching a squadron of cavalry over a frozen swamp on his right, fell upon the musketeers with a double rush of horse. Ten times did the fragments of the gallant Highland array reunite and strive to stand, as the dragoons bore them back upon the Allan. All in vain. The left wing of the rebel army was completely broken. Singularly enough, what a brilliant cavalry charge had thus achieved, was repeated in reverse order on the other side of the field. There Mar and his claymores, undismayed by the sharp English fusilade, had broken and scattered the left wing of the royal army. The two victorious right wings reached the Sheriffmuir so exhausted by pursuit that they did not renew the fight. While Argyle waited the attack in a position of some strength, the sound of Mar's bagpipes, growing fainter and fainter, told him that the field was his own.

* *Sheriffmuir*, a tract of country between the Ochils and the river Allan, about three miles north-east of Dunblane.

English Jacobitism was trampled out at Preston on the very day of Sheriffmuir. Vigorous measures on the part of the Government had prevented the heat from becoming actual flame anywhere but in the North. There **Forster**, a Protestant member of Parliament, aided by the Earl of **Derwentwater**, a young Catholic nobleman, collected a few rebels at Greenrig. At Warkworth Lord Widdrington joined them; and, when they reached Morpeth, their numbers had swelled to three hundred, all horsemen. Lord Kenmure meanwhile had risen on the Scottish side of the Border, and had attracted to his ranks the Earls of Nithisdale, Wintoun, and Carnwath. Amounting to three hundred horse, this band of dalesmen passed the Cheviots to join "the handful of Northumbrian fox-hunters" at Rothbury. There soon came a third accession of force. Brigadier MacIntosh, sent by Mar over the Firth of Forth with nearly two thousand men to threaten Argyle in the rear, failing in his designs on Edinburgh, abandoned the Citadel of Leith which he had seized, and made his way from Seton Castle across the Lammermoors to Kelso. There he effected a junction with Forster and Kenmure, who had come to meet him. The united force now amounted to about two thousand men. It soon appeared that this little army contained varieties that never could amalgamate. The Highlanders would not leave Scotland; the northern English would not stay in that land. Marching along the north slope of the Cheviots, some of them—five hundred Highlanders deserting near the Solway Firth—entered England and pushed down to Penrith, to Kendal, to **Preston**, where a mob of people, with scarcely one weapon in a dozen, joined them. But a couple of old soldiers—Peninsular veterans—were on their track. General Carpenter was following them from the North. General Wills was moving up from Manchester. Madly neglecting the defence of the bridge over the Ribble and of the pass which led from the bridge to the town, Forster merely threw up some barricades in the streets. Wills, attacking these, met a hot fire, which caused him to withdraw at nightfall. But the arrival of Carpenter with some cavalry struck so great a panic into Forster's heart, that he offered to surrender. There was then nothing for the brave chieftains, who fought under his command, but to succumb. Eight Lords—Derwentwater, Widdrington, Nithisdale, Wintoun, Carnwath, Kenmure, Nairn, and Charles Murray—were at the head of the fourteen hundred men, taken in this ignominious way. It was the end of the English insurrection.

Mar fell back from Sheriffmuir to Perth, where his Highland army dwindled daily. Argyle in his old quarters at Stirling still guarded the line of the Forth, but with forces continually increasing in number. Such was the state of things, when the **Pretender**, **James Stuart**, landed at Peterhead on the 22nd of December with a suite of six officers. Mar, the Earl Marischal, and others, riding to greet him at Fetteresso, accompanied him on his public entry into Dundee, where the people crowded to kiss his hand in the market-place. Established at Scone, he issued six proclamations and pre-

pared for coronation. Great was his chagrin, when he saw that the scanty files of the clansmen were too thin to risk the exposure of a public review. They on the other hand were equally disappointed, having been led to expect a great train of officers and a heavy purse of money. He had brought neither. Even the look of this meagre pale leaden-eyed prince did not inspire confidence or hope. When a stir arose, portending the advance of Argyle, the Pretender's council resolved on a retreat. Over the frozen Tay and along the Carse of Gowrie a sullen mass of troops defiled towards Dundee. From

Dundee the march turned northward to Montrose; and there Feb. 4, the Pretender stole out of a back-door, picked up Mar at 1716 his lodgings, and was soon running in a little French ship under full sail out of the Basin of Montrose. Seven days

A.D. brought him to Gravelines. Straggling northward to Aberdeen, the deserted army melted away into the fastnesses of Badenoch and Lochaber. In spite of the extraordinary efforts made to procure their pardon, Lords Derwentwater and Kenmure went to the block on Tower Hill. Nithisdale, doomed to suffer with them on the 24th of February, managed to escape in his wife's clothes, she staying behind in his stead. Forster, MacIntosh, and Lord Wintoun also escaped. On the whole only six-and-twenty were added to the deaths already noticed.

The passing of the **Septennial Act** was the great constitutional event of the year. A Triennial Bill had become law in 1694, but twenty years had proved the device a bad one. Brought into 1716 the Lords by the Duke of Devonshire, the Bill passed without much difficulty. The fight was hotter in the Commons.

A.D. But there too it triumphed, being read a third time on the 26th of April. That very day the great Somers died.

Clouds began to grow thicker round the administration of Townshend and Walpole. The Prince of Wales, going into Opposition, disliked them because they advised his father. The foreign politics of England were so warped by the King's desire to aggrandize Hanover, that the ministers could not help condemning the movements, which embroiled them with Sweden and might have embroiled them with Russia. The King of Denmark, having taken the Archbishopric of Bremen and the Bishopric of Verden from Sweden, gave them up to the King of England for a sum of £150,000, on condition that England should declare war against Sweden. Solely for the benefit of his German State, George agreed to the terms, and in 1715 sent a British fleet to the Baltic. This was the beginning of a war, which might have proved a very serious one, but for the death of

Charles XII. Sunderland having succeeded in removing 1717 Townshend from the Government, Walpole, who had been A.D. latterly devoting all his energies to the framing of a plan for the reduction of the National Debt by means of a *sinking fund*, resigned and went into Opposition.

A daring and unscrupulous adventurer was then controlling the destinies of Spain. Entering life in the humble garb of a country

curate, **Giuglio Alberoni**, a native of Piacenza, climbed by various intrigues to be Prime Minister of Spain. He possessed the whole confidence of Elizabeth Farnese, the Queen of Philip V., since his management had secured for her a seat on the Spanish throne. Resolving to raise Spain once more to her old position among European States, he instituted a system of rigid economy and order in the trade, the finances, the army, and the navy of the kingdom. Driven by circumstances into war, he made a bold dash upon Sardinia, then belonging to the Emperor.

But the bare rocks and swampy valleys of Sardinia were not what Alberoni chiefly aimed at. It was shrewdly suspected that he had a covetous eye on Sicily. Startled by the news that a large fleet was assembling in the Spanish ports, the Great Powers—England, France, the Emperor, and afterwards Holland—signed the **Quadruple Alliance** in August 1718. War was not yet regularly declared; but England thought it right to send Sir George Byng with a fleet into the Mediterranean. Antonio Castaneta—who knew more about ship-building than about naval warfare—led a fleet of thirty Spanish war-ships to the northern coast of Sicily, and poured upon its fertile shore, twelve miles from Palermo, a huge army under De Lede, a deformed Fleming. The capital, unprepared for attack, fell an easy prey to the invaders. Messina was the next great object of assault, when Byng came sailing from Naples down the Faro in search of the Spanish fleet. Off **Cape Passaro** the fleets engaged. There seems to have been on the Spanish side no plan of action. The English line came bearing down under easy sail, and destroyed the fleet, with the loss of only one ship (August 11, 1718). Alberoni then resolved to send a second Armada against the English shores.

A sharp conflict took place during this year (1718) in the British Parliament. Two Acts, added to the old Test Act—the Occasional Conformity Bill of 1711 and the Schism Bill of 1714—had been pressing upon Protestant Dissenters. Stanhope, introducing a Bill into the Lords for the repeal of these two statutes, carried it through both Houses in triumph after a hard fight with Walpole and others.

Alberoni, having collected an armament at Cadiz, sent off to Italy for James, **the Pretender**, who was then contracted in marriage to Clementina Sobieski, grand-daughter of the famous John. James entered Madrid in triumph. Off Finisterre a twelve days' storm completely broke the power of the expedition. Two frigates reached Scotland. The Marquis of Tullibardine and the Earls Marischal and Seaforth were on board with about three hundred Spaniards. Landing (April 10) at Kintail in Ross-shire, they gathered round them a few hundred men, and lay waiting the turn of fortune for some weeks. The pass of Glenshiel* witnessed the fate of this fragment of the expedition. There General Wightman with a thousand men attacked the position of the rebels one evening in June and forced their rocky stronghold. The

* *Glenshiel*, a pass between Inverness-shire and Argyllshire.

Highlanders escaped easily. The Spaniards surrendered and went to prison at Edinburgh. The three Lords lurked among the Hebrides, until a ship took them in disguise to Spain.

The capture of St. Sebastian by Marshal Berwick and his French army and the fall of Vigo before an English force under Cobham hastened the ruin of England's arch-enemy, Alberoni, who fled to Italy. Spain then made peace with England and with France.

In 1719 the **Peerage Bill** passed, owing to the united efforts of Stanhope and Sunderland. The creation of twelve peers during the Administration of Harley, in order to form a majority for Government in the Upper House, had created a feeling that this branch of the royal prerogative might be greatly abused. Eleven clauses provided against the increase of the Upper House by more than six new peers, and arranged that there should be only one creation for each extinction. During the interval there was a great pen-war upon the subject. Addison's pamphlet, called *The Old Whig*, drew forth from Steele a powerful reply entitled *The Plebeian*. In the Commons, Walpole sealed the fate of the measure by a speech of power, and, for him, uncommon classic grace. On the second reading the Bill was lost by 269 to 177 (December 8, 1719).

The year 1720 was filled with the great commercial tragedy of the **South Sea Scheme**. In the fertile brain of Harley the idea of this scheme was first hatched; and a company was formed for the purpose of trading to the South Seas. When the problem of paying off the National Debt, at this time amounting to more than fifty millions, began to attract the minds of speculators, Sir John Blunt proposed on behalf of the South Sea Company to redeem the public debt in twenty-six years, if Parliament would grant them a monopoly of trade. Aislabie, Chancellor of the Exchequer, followed by Secretary Craggs, pressed the proposal strongly on the House. Awed by the magnitude and vagueness of the transaction the members sat silent for a quarter of an hour. Among the speakers who then found voice was Walpole, who agreed in the main with the proposal, but expressed a feeling in favour of a competition with other companies. Then began a bidding of the Bank of England against the South Sea Company, the latter gaining the advantage by offering a gift of £7,560,000 to the public. Walpole spoke in warning against the delusions of this dream. But his warnings only evoked sarcastic allusions to Cassandra. Earl Cowper, in the Upper House, looking to the probable results of the Bill, aptly recalled the story of the wooden horse that overthrew Troy. The fatal measure was notwithstanding passed.

A coalition with Sunderland admitted Walpole and Townshend once more into the Government. Early in June 1720 the former became Paymaster of the Forces; the latter, President of the Council. A reconciliation between the King and the Prince of Wales had preceded this return to office. With the heat of the dog-days, a fever of gambling came upon the people. False reports, garbled statements of income, fraudulent declarations of enormous dividends, rising to fifty

per cent., had set London in a ferment. Hard gold, houses and lands, property of every kind, flowed to Change Alley to be converted into South Sea stock. The shares rose from £126 to **1720** £1000, reaching this extraordinary price on the 4th of **A.D.** August. In the minor schemes, springing round the great one, as has been well said, "like mushrooms round a rotten tree," most of the leading men of the day were deeply involved. The Prince of Wales became Governor of a Copper Company; but, being warned that prosecution and exposure in Parliament would ensue, he withdrew his name, having netted however *only* £40,000. A blow, which the **South Sea Directors** aimed at these rivals, destroyed their own Company. Putting an end to the mushrooms by writs of *scire facias*, they caused the public to suspect that perhaps the tree was rotten. And so it proved. Down went the stock in three weeks to £400. Merchants, bankers, traders of every sort became bankrupt and fled. A temporary palsy fell on the commerce of the nation.

Called from Houghton to the capital, Walpole looked round on the ruin and bethought him of a plan to save something from the wreck. But the cry for vengeance was so loud that the House had no ear at first for anything else. Lord Molesworth declared that the Directors should be sewed in sacks and thrown into the Thames. Sir Joseph Jekyll pressed hard for a Committee of Investigation. The news that Knight the cashier had fled from England with a register, called the Green Book, threw the House into a panic lest the delinquents might all escape. And when the affair was publicly investigated, it was found that the principal statesmen and courtiers—not forgetting the mistresses of George—were implicated deeply in the nefarious proceedings. The names of Sunderland, Aislabie, Stanhope, (written *Stangape* for concealment), and Craggs were prominent in the distribution of spoil. Stanhope died of a fit of rage, brought on by the Duke of Wharton's attack on him in the House. Craggs died of small-pox, aggravated by anxiety. Aislabie was expelled and imprisoned in the Tower. Sunderland underwent a trial, but was acquitted through the skilful manner in which Walpole threw discredit on the evidence. His public life, however, was at an end. **Walpole, April 2,** who had already assumed Aislabie's post at the head of the **1721** Exchequer, now became **First Lord of the Treasury** and **A.D.** Prime Minister of England, Lords Carteret and Townshend acting with him as Joint Secretaries.

The plan, which Parliament finally accepted for remedying the national disaster of 1720, proved Walpole's grasp of financial difficulties. It consisted chiefly in remitting more than £5,000,000 of the bonus promised by the Company—applying the forfeited estates of the Directors to pay off the debts—and dividing £33, 6s. 8d. per cent. of the capital stock among the proprietors.

For nearly twenty years Walpole then continued to direct the Government of Great Britain. **Love of power** was his engrossing passion, and bribery his great engine of government. "He governed,

however, by corruption, because in his time it was impossible to govern otherwise." It was in debate that he chiefly shone; and no man of his day knew better "what it most concerned him to know, mankind, the English nation, the Court, the House of Commons, and the Treasury." His bluff good-humoured countenance, of the John Bull type, when lighted up with the wine of which he was very fond, glowed from under his huge periwig with the spirit of coarse and noisy mirth.

Francis Atterbury, the restless and intriguing Bishop of Rochester, who had stood by Sacheverell during the crisis of his trial, entered now into a plot in favour of the Pretender. Distinguished through all his career by a strong attachment to Tory principles, this prelate refused upon the accession of the Brunswick Sovereign to sign the Address of the Bishops to the Crown. The Jacobites asked aid from the Regent Orleans, who betrayed their intentions to the British Government. Walpole, on receipt of this information, proceeded to take active measures, levelling his chief energy against the conspirator in lawn sleeves. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended. A Bill of Pains and Penalties passed through both Houses, sentencing Atterbury to deprivation and exile. The last years of his life, spent at Paris and Montpellier, were devoted to scheming both in favour of James and in favour of his own return to England. Soured and baffled, he died at Paris in 1731, in the seventieth year of his age. What living he sought in vain, was not denied to his remains, for they crossed the sea to find a tomb in Westminster Abbey.

There was in the Cabinet a statesman, who never really joined hands with Walpole and Townshend—**John Lord Carteret**, who had succeeded Sunderland as one of the Secretaries of State, and had devoted himself to the maintenance of Sunderland's policy. From Westminster, and Christ Church, Oxford, he had brought away, as Swift slyly said, "more Greek, Latin, and Philosophy than became a person of his rank." Bentley was his familiar friend. But his acquirements did not stop with the dead languages. He could talk French, Italian, and Spanish with fluent grace, and made a point of learning German for use in the Council meetings. His knowledge of the last tongue made him a special favourite with George, who could not speak English, and could with difficulty understand the Latin of Walpole. It would not have required the gift of prophecy to foretell a rupture between Carteret and Walpole.

The schemes of **Bolingbroke** to get back to England put Walpole in a most unpleasant position. Pushed on by the King, the minister lent his name to the reversal of the exile's forfeiture, little dreaming that he was preparing a dagger to wound himself. To conciliate the infidel libertine was impossible. Throwing himself headlong into the Tory Opposition, he began under the name of Humphrey Oldcastle to write the bitterest articles against Walpole in the columns of the *Craftsman*. But Walpole's power remained unshaken by his attacks.

During the year 1725 Ireland and Scotland were convulsed by two questions. The Duchess of Kendal, having obtained from Sunderland

a patent for supplying Ireland with **copper coin**, sold it to a mine-proprietor named Wood. Under the viceroyalty of the Duke of Grafton, Wood, armed with the patent, proceeded to send his coin across the Channel. The *Drapier Letters* from the vigorous pen of the Dean of St. Patrick's then appeared. Carteret, succeeding Grafton, tried in vain to force into circulation these halfpence, which were not at all so bad as Swift represented them to be. But ultimately peace could be restored only by annulling the patent, and compensating Wood with a pension. The Scottish disturbance, caused by the imposition of sixpence on every barrel of beer or ale, looked alarming enough, when the brewers of Edinburgh leagued together in opposition to the tax. But the firmness of Lord Islay, a keen partisan of Walpole, sufficed to break the power of the disaffected, and to smooth away all symptoms of sedition.

The Treaty of Vienna (1725), formed between the Emperor and the King of Spain, caused England and France to unite in concluding the defensive Treaty of Hanover. The war, which followed, was as brief and eventless as any in our history.

A notable domestic event of the latter years of George I. was the trial of **Lord Chancellor Macclesfield** for corruption and extortion in the discharge of his high office. Impeached at the bar of the Lords and declared guilty, he was fined £30,000 and sent to the Tower till the fine was paid.

It was the misfortune of Robert Walpole to estrange from his party many of the ablest men of the day. **William Pulteney**, doubly armed with great riches and great rhetorical power, followed his star consistently and long. But, when he found that his devotion was rewarded on Walpole's accession to power merely with the second-rate post of Cofferer to the Household, he grew cool towards the Premier, and in 1725 flung himself into the ranks of the Opposition, where he became the head of the party known as the Patriots and formed of those Whigs who disliked the policy of Walpole.

The death of **George I.**, who was seized with apoplexy while travelling in his coach to Osnabruck, shook the stability of the Walpole Administration. The Premiership was declined June 11, by Sir Spencer Compton. But Walpole found in the new **1727** Queen, Caroline of Anspach, a friend who remained true to **A.D.** him till her death. By her influence over her husband, she succeeded in retaining for the country the services of a man, who knew the temper of the nation better than any of his contemporaries.

GEORGE I. (1714-1727.)

Married SOPHIA OF ZELL.

A.D.

1714. Sept. 18.—King George, late Elector of Hanover, lands at Greenwich. Halifax Chancellor of Exchequer—Marlborough Commander-in-Chief—Walpole Paymaster of the Forces.

1715. Impeachment of Oxford, Bolingbroke, and Ormond.
The *Riot Act* revived and made lasting.

THE FIFTEEN.

1715. Sept. 6.—The Stuart flag raised in rebellion at Braemar.
 Nov. 13.—MAR DEFEATED BY ARGYLE AT SHERIFFMUIR.
 Same day.—Forster and the English Jacobites surrender at Preston.
 Dec. 22.—James Stuart, the Pretender, lands at Peterhead.
1716. Feb. 4.—He escapes in a French ship from Montrose.
- April 26.—Passing of the *Septennial Bill*. Death of Lord Somers.
1717. Walpole goes into Opposition.
1718. Aug.—The *Quadruple Alliance* formed by England, France, the Emperor, and Holland.
- Aug. 18.—Sir George Byng defeats the Spanish fleet off Cape Passaro.
 Repeal of the *Occasional Conformity* and *Schism Acts*.
1719. Alberoni's Armada dispersed off Finisterre by a storm.
 The Skirmish of Glenshiel.
 Battle of the *Peerage Bill*. It is lost in the Commons on the second reading.
1720. Expansion and bursting of the SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.
1721. Robert Walpole becomes Premier, with Carteret and Townshend as his Secretaries.
 Inoculation brought from Turkey by Lady Mary Wortley Montague.
1723. Banishment of Bishop Atterbury for Jacobite plotting.
1725. The Wood coinage convulses Ireland (hence the *Drapier Letters*): and a proposed tax on beer agitates Scotland.
 May 20.—Trial of Lord Chancellor Macclesfield.
 The Treaty of Vienna produces the Defensive Treaty of Hanover.
 Pulteney secedes from Walpole and heads the Patriots.
1727. June 11.—Death of George I. from apoplexy: he was then aged sixty-seven.

CHAPTER II.

GEORGE II.

Excise Bill.
 Porteous Riots.
 Spanish War.
 Methodism.
 Fall of Walpole.

Dettingen and Fontenoy.
 The Forty-five.
 The Great Commoner.
 Byng and Minorca.

Pitt Secretary of State.
 War with France.
 Minden.
 Canada.
 Death of George II.

GEORGE II., forty-five years of age at the date of his accession, had this advantage over his father, as a King of England, that he could speak the English tongue. With that father he had been nearly always on bad terms, for he sided with his mother, Sophia of Zell, who for an alleged amour with Königsmarck a Swede, had been shut up for thirty-two years in the Castle of Ahlden on the Aller.

In the new Parliament, which met in January 1728, there was much sharp fencing between Walpole and Pulteney on the subject of the reduction of the **National Debt**. The latter contended that the sinking fund, on which Walpole had so greatly prided himself, was a failure, since the debt was actually increased. The charge of £250,000 for secret service money appeared to the Opposition so suspicious an item, that the King was addressed on the subject: and an

answer was received to the effect that a specific account could not be given without injury to the public service.

The Treaty of Seville, concluded on the 29th of November 1729 between Spain on the one hand and Great Britain and France on the other, left Walpole unhampered by a foreign war.

A breach between Walpole and Townshend split the Cabinet in 1730. The favour of the Queen—the peerage granted in 1724 to his son—the riotous splendour of his establishment at Houghton—and his own remarkable force of character and knowledge of human kind gave Walpole decided advantages over his less agreeable brother-in-law. Lady Townshend kept the peace for a **1730** while between her husband and her brother ; but after her **A.D.** death they actually on one occasion in a friend's house took each other by the throat, and a duel would have followed but for the interference of the company. After this collision Townshend found it necessary to resign his office.

The chief battle of Walpole's administration was for his **scheme of Excise**. Tobacco and wine, being the commodities in which most smuggling business was done, attracted his attention especially. The notion of Excise had been always, from its earliest mention in the reign of Charles the First, repugnant to the feelings of the people. Loud and fierce was the cry, when Sir Robert disclosed his intentions to the House of Commons on the 14th of March **March 14,** 1733. Confining himself to a single commodity, that he **1733** might feel the pulse of the nation, he proposed that the **A.D.** duty on tobacco should be reduced from something over sixpence to fourpence three-farthings, and that this sum should not be levied until the tobacco was sold for home consumption. A merchant, storing tobacco for exportation, would thus be enabled to reload his ship without any payment of duty. The grand result of the measure, according to its author, would have been to make London a free port and the market of the world. Pulteney, jeering at the proposed reduction or abolition of the land-tax, quoted Sir Epicure Mammon in the *Alchemist*, who got a little salve for the itch, instead of the philosopher's stone, for which he had paid his money. Wyndham spoke in a menacing tone of Empson and Dudley, whose extortion for a father had cost them their heads under his son. Walpole having inquired from the Attorney-General, who sat behind him, who Empson and Dudley were, retorted boldly enough. While Walpole was going to his coach, rude hands were laid on his cloak, and he might have been hurt, but for his friends. Upon the first reading of the Bill (April 4th) the minister had a majority. But this majority grew less after several votings on different clauses. The Common Council of London, and the Corporations of Nottingham and Coventry petitioned against the Bill. Walpole, able to detect danger in the political horizon, moved that the second reading be postponed to the 12th of June. Since the adjournment of the House would probably precede that date, this amounted to the shelving of the measure. When the 12th of June came, the House, not

yet ready for vacation, just adjourned for a day, and so made an end of the **Tobacco Bill**. The **Wine Bill** was never brought forward. All over the country bonfires and cockades testified the feeling of the people at the defeat of the Excise Scheme. Walpole did not lightly pass over those traitors in his camp, who had opposed his favourite scheme. Carteret had already carried his knowledge of many tongues into the ranks of Opposition. From Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth **Earl of Chesterfield**, the white staff of the High Stewardship was taken. We learn Walpole's spirit from such a step as this; for Chesterfield was an important ally, being a recognized leader of fashion, and a man of considerable literary power.

The defeat of the Excise Bill encouraged the Opposition next year to attempt the repeal of the Septennial Act. But in this they failed. The dissolution of the Parliament following immediately, the country was plunged into the turmoil of a general election, which is said to have cost Sir Robert £60,000. And yet the muster of his supporters was considerably weaker than in the old House.

The Porteous riots occurred in Edinburgh during the autumn of 1736. Enraged at the execution of Wilson a smuggler, who had given his accomplice Robertson an extraordinary chance of escape, the mob in the Grassmarket began to pelt the soldiers. Captain Porteous rashly ordered his men to fire, and some of the crowd were killed. For this he was tried and condemned; upon which the Queen sent down a respite for six weeks, that the matter might be fully investigated. But the lower classes of Edinburgh resolved to make a terrible example of the man. Mustering therefore to the sound of a drum at ten on the night of the 7th of September, they barricaded the Ports, disarmed the City Guard, and, having forced the keeper of the Tol-booth to give up his keys by heaping fire against the oaken door, dragged the unhappy Captain from his hiding-place in the chimney. Having then carried him to the Grassmarket, they hanged him over a dyer's pole.

There was much talk of this affair in Parliament during the next session (1737). A Bill was brought in to punish Edinburgh, by displacing Provost Alexander Wilson from the magistracy of Great Britain, abolishing the Town Guard, and taking away the gates of the Nether Bow. Met by the keenest opposition from the Scottish members, among whom **Duncan Forbes** the Lord Advocate was prominent, Walpole with his usual prudence agreed to abate the severity of the Bill before it passed. The clause against Wilson remained intact, but a fine of £2000 for the widow of Porteous was substituted for the other obnoxious parts of the measure.

A quarrel and a death made the year 1737 memorable. **Frederic, Prince of Wales**, who had in the previous year married Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, quarrelled with his father on the subject of an increased allowance. His cause being warmly espoused by the Opposition, Pulteney in the Commons and Carteret in the Lords moved to the effect that £100,000 a year should be settled on the Prince. Both motions were negatived; but the Prince joined the Opposition, and

henceforth fought bitterly against Walpole. This would have mattered less, had Queen Caroline lived. But an internal injury, which she foolishly concealed, removed that amiable and clever woman on the 20th of November, to the intense grief of the King and the great loss of Robert Walpole. To the latter, as she lay dying, she recommended her bereaved husband, saying, "I hope you will never desert the King."

Not very long after she expired, the question of a **Spanish War** began to agitate the nation. Spain's old claim to the *whole* of the New World was naturally set at nought by other great maritime powers in Europe. A system of smuggling having been long in existence on the West Indian shores, the Spaniards claimed the right of searching every British ship found near their American harbours. The *guarda costas* acted insolently and cruelly towards many British crews in exercising this pretended right. Merchants at home murmured loudly at the losses which they sustained, and the statesmen of the Opposition keenly took up the cry of dishonour to the English flag. Other causes of quarrel aggravated the bad feeling between London and Madrid. The right of Britons to cut logwood at Campeachy and to gather salt at Tortuga, and the exact position of the line which bounded Carolina and Georgia on the south grew also into national questions. Pulteney spoke out, insisting that Spain should not be permitted to trample upon Britain. The voice of almost the whole nation seconded his demand. War against Spain was **Oct. 19,** formally declared (October 19, 1739). Every bell in London **1739** rang out its joy, while the Prince of Wales, going into the **A.D.** City with the heralds in their robes, stopped at the door of the Rose near Temple Bar to drink a toast to the success of the war. Walpole made a bitter pun, as the noise of the bells caught his ear,— "They may ring their bells now, but they soon will wring their hands."

The debates on the Spanish War cost Walpole the support of the last of those great statesmen, whom his policy estranged. Pulteney, Carteret, Townshend, Chesterfield had gone. John, Duke of Argyle, whom we saw victorious at Sheriffmuir, now quarrelled with Sir Robert.

Admiral Vernon, having boasted one day in the House of Commons, where he sat as Member for Portsmouth, that he would undertake to reduce Portobello * on the Spanish Main with six ships, was taken at his word. Sailing from Spithead on the 23rd of July 1739, he succeeded in making good his random declaration. As he belonged to the ranks of Opposition, his name was lauded by the chiefs of the Tory faction, who ranked him with the great sea-kings of former days. During the year 1740 Commodore Anson set out with a few ships for the South Seas, having received orders to communicate with Vernon across the isthmus. And within the same year a greater expedition was prepared, consisting of a considerable land force under Lord Cathcart and a fleet of twenty-seven first-rates under Sir Chaloner

* *Portobello* or *Puerto Velo*, on the northern or Atlantic side of the rocky isthmus of Panama.

Ogle. They joined Vernon at Jamaica. The united forces made a splendid show ; thirty ships of the line, and ninety other vessels bore 15,000 sailors and 12,000 soldiers. Cathcart having died of fever, General Wentworth took his place. And then the fatal quarrelling began. Vernon hated Wentworth, who was not slow to respond. Whatever went wrong, was blamed by each upon the other. After hovering aimlessly about the Caribbean Sea, Vernon resolved to attack Cartagena,* and, having anchored off its batteries, lay for five days, while the Spaniards added treble strength to their works. The capture of an outwork completely turned his head. Then

April, he and Wentworth hung back, each waiting till the other
1741 stormed the town. Soldiers without powder were landed to
A.D. lie on the swampy ground and be shot at. Sailors lounged inactive on the forecastles. Wentworth at last resolved to

make an attempt on Fort Lazaro. It was the only dashing thing during the whole affair. But it too was unfortunate. Some Spanish guides, either ignorant or treacherous, led the attacking party to the strongest part of the wall. Arrived there, it was found that their ladders were too short, and in the midst of their perplexity the sun rose with tropical swiftness. Shot at from above and falling in dozens, the brave fellows tried to scramble up the wall. Grant and his grenadiers actually succeeded in gaining the top ; but, a ball having struck the gallant colonel, his followers lost heart and were driven down. So vigorous was the struggle of the English, that six hundred men lay dead or wounded before they thought of a retreat. Vernon, it is said, looked coolly on with his hands in his pockets, and sent aid only when aid was useless. Rain and fever wasted those on shore, who had escaped the Spanish bullets. The relics of the expedition retreated to Jamaica.

Heaven now sent two men, who did more than any of their century, to breathe a new and earnest life into the religion of the English people. They were **George Whitefield and John Wesley**. The latter, born in 1703, went from the Charter-house to Oxford, where two books, *De Imitatione Christi* and Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, produced a powerful effect upon his mind. When he went back to college after acting as his father's curate, he joined a little knot of students who met at stated times for religious worship. Whitefield, an innkeeper's son, who had come to Oxford as a servitor, was one of the number. Out of these meetings in college-rooms grew the great Methodist body, which like the Puritans of an earlier day, seceding from the parent Church, took root by itself and grew into a fair and stately tree. The preaching of Whitefield was something marvellous. Wesley too preached, wrote hymns, and rode over all the land, attacking as he went the formalism that held its stony reign everywhere. Open-air preaching was the chief instrument in promoting this good work. Whitefield, beginning at Bristol in 1739, preached also at Moorfields, Blackheath, and other places in the neighbourhood of London, drawing huge

* *Cartagena*, a sea-port of New Granada in South America, seventy miles south-west of the mouth of the Magdalena.

crowds round the rude extemporized pulpit, that supplied the place of the carved oak, from which he was shut out by offended churchmen. The Countess of Huntingdon invited Whitefield to preach in her house at Chelsea, where the courtly Chesterfield and cankered old Bolingbroke listened to his words of flame. But Methodism, spreading chiefly among the middle classes, took no permanent hold upon the aristocracy. Whitefield died in 1770 near Boston in America. Wesley survived till 1791.

Before the failure at Cartagena, Sandys, nicknamed "the motion-maker," stood up in the Commons (February 13, 1741,) amid a great crowd of members, some of whom had taken their seats at six in the morning, and, after reviewing the entire policy of Walpole at home and abroad, moved "That a humble address be presented to his Majesty that he would be graciously pleased to remove the Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole from his Majesty's presence and counsels for ever." Pulteney, Pitt, and others supported the motion. Rising to defend himself from this assault, the minister went step by step over all his great transactions, flinging out now and then a burst of indignant sarcasm which must have scorched like vitriol. Patriotism had been much talked of by the attacking band. "A patriot, sir," said Walpole, "why, patriots spring up like mushrooms. I could raise fifty of them within the four-and-twenty hours. I have raised many of them in one night. It is but refusing to gratify an unreasonable or an insolent demand, and up starts a patriot. I have never been afraid of making patriots." This motion was defeated by 290 against 106. And the same motion, made in the Upper House by Lord Carteret on the same day, met the same fate, although the fight was keener.

A vote upon the Chippenham election, leaving the Ministry in a minority of sixteen, decided the fate of Walpole. This reverse occurring on the 2nd of February 1742, the King created him Earl of Orford on the 9th, and on the 11th he resigned office.

Lord Wilmington (the Sir Spencer Compton to whom Thomson dedicated *Winter*) then became Premier, Carteret acting as Foreign Secretary, and Sandys as Chancellor of the Exchequer. But Carteret was the ruling spirit of the new Cabinet.

Feb. 11,
1742
A.D.

As Walpole now fades out of English history, I may here anticipate so far as to bring his story to a close.

A **Secret Committee**, appointed by Parliament, having gone into the case against the ex-Premier, brought against him charges reducible under three heads. (1.) Undue influence in elections. (2.) Granting fraudulent contracts. (3.) Peculation and profusion in the expenditure of the public money. But the House rejected the accusation. Though stripped of office, Walpole retained the confidence of George, who, displacing Carteret in 1743, raised Henry Pelham to the head of affairs. This arrangement, due partly to the quiet scheming of Walpole, struck a heavy blow at the ex-minister's most restless foe—Pulteney, now Earl of Bath.

Walpole died on the 18th of March 1745, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, after suffering severe tortures from internal disease.

The Emperor Charles VI. published an ordinance called the **Pragmatic Sanction**, in terms of which his daughters were appointed to succeed him, if he left no sons. But, when the eldest of his daughters, celebrated under the name of **Maria Theresa**, proceeded after his death in 1740 to assume the crown of the Austrian dominions, a vast Coalition rose for the purpose of wresting these possessions from a defenceless woman.

Only to the Hungarians, whose swords were bared at once in her cause, and to the English, whose gold was ready for her service, could she look in this hour of peril. In 1741 England made a treaty with her and sent her several hundred thousand pounds. While England aided the Empress, France supported Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, who had been elected Emperor.

Carteret, now Prime Minister of England, sent sixteen thousand men over into Flanders to support Maria's cause. These, however, unaided by the Dutch, could do nothing. The year 1742 having thus gone by without a single blow on the part of England, it became necessary to do something. Accordingly the King, his soldier-son Cumberland, and his Secretary of State Lord Carteret set out for the Continent in the spring of the following year.

The Duc de Noailles with a French army, and the Earl of Stair with a force of English and Germans, manœuvred in the basin of the Main, until the latter was cut off from Hanau, where his provisions lay. Shut into a valley through which the Main runs from Aschaffenburg to **Dettingen**,* the Allied army was reduced to great straits by want of food. Noailles made sure of his prey. To secure success, he erected batteries on the opposite side of the bank; and he also sent his nephew, the Duc de Grammont, to occupy the Dettingen valley, so that the road to Hanau might be securely blocked up. George meanwhile had made up his mind to fight rather than perish of starvation.

June 27, Moving, therefore, in two columns up the stream, and feeling his way, as he advanced, by means of outposts, he faced
1743 the French in the defile. Aschaffenburg behind him had

A.D. been seized, and his destruction seemed inevitable. Just then occurred one of those mistakes, which often ruin the best-laid plans. Grammont had been told not to stir—a very simple order to understand and to obey. But his hot blood urged him to the attack. Unable to withstand the sight of foes, he charged with a body of cavalry. The noise frightened George's horse, which ran off towards the wrong side. Fortunately the King managed to pull up in time, drew his sword, and made a telling little speech to his soldiers. With a rapid rush of infantry, he drove back Grammont's horse at the point of the bayonet, winning the battle, as Britons have often since done, with the cold steel. The bridges over the Main were choked with the flying French. The losses were six thousand on the French side—two thousand on the English.

* *Dettingen*, a small village in Bavaria on the Main, sixteen miles south-east of Frankfurt.

In the following autumn the Treaty of Worms, which Carteret induced George to conclude with Austria and Sardinia, strengthened considerably the interest of Maria Theresa.

The death of Wilmington in July 1743 permitted the introduction into the Cabinet of two brothers—the Pelhams: the Duke of Newcastle, who became Secretary of State; and Henry Pelham, who found a sphere for the exercise of his financial talents in the office of Paymaster-General.

A fourfold alliance, concluded by England, Austria, Saxony, and Holland, opened the year 1744.

Seven noble Scottish Jacobites having communicated with the Pretender at Rome, young **Charles Edward** left Rome in January 1744, and travelled secretly to Paris. A plan had been already arranged: three thousand men were to be landed in Scotland, while ten thousand, led by the famous Marshal Saxe and accompanied by the Prince, would land near London. The sails were actually spread, when so great a storm came on that the ships of Saxe were either wrecked or driven back to the haven of Dunkirk. The Chevalier Douglas, as Charles called himself, continued to live unknown at Gravelines.

The departure of **Anson** for the South Seas was mentioned before. Storms shattered his little squadron, while he struggled round Cape Horn; and he was ultimately reduced to one ship, the *Centurion*, scarcely half manned. Yet he steadily followed the course of Drake over the Pacific, in the hope of intercepting the great silver-ship which annually sailed from Manilla to Mexico. Fortune favoured the daring enterprise. Though the crazy *Centurion* could scarcely bear the recoil of her own guns, he succeeded in capturing the rich prize. His homeward voyage round the Cape was not free from peril. In the English Channel he passed through a French fleet under cover of a fog. His landing at Spithead (June 15, 1744) was celebrated with much rejoicing; and thirty waggons bore the silver to the Tower.

The influence of the **Pelhams** gradually increased in the Cabinet, until they bluntly told the King that either Carteret (now Earl Granville by his mother's death) or themselves must resign. And thus was formed the Broad Bottom Ministry, which had the singular good fortune of being for many years free from even the shadow of Opposition.

The war went on in the Low Countries. **Marshal Saxe**, a brave old soldier, so worn with sickness that he could not sit his horse, commanded seventy-six thousand men in Flanders. To him was opposed a motley Allied force, containing twenty-eight thousand Englishmen, and amounting in all to not quite twice that number. When by a sudden movement the French invested Tournay, a most important post, the Allied army under Cumberland advanced to the rescue. Posted on some gentle heights between **Fontenoy*** and the Scheldt,

* *Fontenoy*, a Belgian village in the province of Hainault, five miles south-east of Tournay.

the army of Saxe stood resolutely blocking up the way to Tournay. A wood guarded his left flank ; the river swept his right. An attempt to penetrate the wood failed, owing to the mistake of a British officer, who mistook some sharpshooters for a body of defenders. The Dutch prudently moved out of shot : some of

May 11, them, to make sure of being beyond cannon range, rode
1745 twenty miles away ! The whole brunt of the conflict fell on

A.D. the British and Hanoverian troops. Without their cavalry,

who could not act on the rugged ground—painfully dragging cannon up rocky steeps—pierced by a deadly cross fire from batteries on right and left, they advanced through the wooded gorge with the slow certainty of a lava stream, withering every obstacle as it flows irresistibly along. If the Dutch had fired a shot at this eventful moment, the victory would have been ours. But the last desperate rush of the French broke the advancing column. The Household Troops of France, and the Irish Brigade, composed of exiled soldiers, dashed on the exhausted and blinded ranks in a continuous torrent that nothing could withstand. There was no flight ; but a steady and masterly retreat began. Cumberland, riding in the rear, brought the army in comparative safety off to Ath. Tournay, Ghent, Bruges, Oudenarde, Dendermond, one after another, fell into the hands of the French, while the Allies could merely stand on guard, covering Brussels and Antwerp.

Weary of waiting for French aid, **Charles Edward Stuart** resolved to trust his father's cause to the devotion of the Scottish Highlanders. Borrowing 180,000 livres from two friends and writing to his father to pawn his jewels, he secretly collected fifteen hundred muskets, twenty small cannon, eighteen hundred swords, and a quantity of ammunition, which he stowed on board an armed privateer of sixty-seven guns, called the *Elizabeth*. Embarking in the *Doutelle*, a fast brig of eighteen guns, he pushed out of the mouth of the Loire and joined the *Elizabeth* off Belleisle. They sailed on the 13th of July 1745.

Meeting a British ship, the *Lion*, a fight of six hours took place between it and the *Elizabeth*, during which both vessels suffered so severely that they had to return to their harbours. The *Doutelle* went on alone, and but for her swift sailing might have been caught by another British cruiser. The islet of Erisca, between Barra and South Uist, was the first Scottish land pressed by the Pretender's foot. An eagle came wheeling out from the craggy shore as they approached—an omen upon which Lord Tullibardine congratulated the delighted Prince. It was not until the *Doutelle* entered that loch of Inverness-shire, which lies between Moidart and Arisaig, that he could persuade the Macdonalds to join him in what they thought a hopeless enterprise.

July 25, Attended by the "Seven Men of **Moidart**," among whom
1745 Tullibardine was prominent, the Prince went to the farm-
A.D. house of Borodale ; from which, however, he soon shifted his quarters to the more convenient house of Kinloch Moidart, seven miles off. Alarmed by some vague hints of what

had happened, the governor of Fort Augustus sent two companies to strengthen the garrison at Fort William. The Highlanders met them at Spean Bridge, and after shooting a few, took the rest prisoners. Small as the triumph was, it fanned the flame of rebellion; and when, on the 19th of August, the banner of red silk, with a white centre for the words *Tandem triumphans*, rolled out on the breeze that swept the bracken and the rocks of Glenfinnan, the muster was encouraging enough, for it amounted on the following day to sixteen hundred men.

On that very day **Sir John Cope**, the Commander-in-Chief for Scotland, left Edinburgh. Moving northward by way of Stirling and Crieff, he found the rocky steps of Corry Arrack, leading to Fort Augustus, in the possession of the clansmen. This diverted the general from his intended course. With the prospect of joining the loyal clans of the north, he turned aside towards Inverness, expecting to draw the insurgents after him. It was a false move, leaving the road to the capital open and undefended.

Through Badenoch and Athole the tartaned men marched towards Perth, fascinated with the frank demeanour and Highland enthusiasm of their handsome Prince. On the 4th of September he entered **Perth**, where he found but one Louis-d'or in his purse. Some grants and gifts, however, soon repaired the deficiency. Crossing the Forth at the Fords of Frew, eight miles above **Stirling**, he marched past that rock-built town, whose guns sent a few ineffective balls whizzing at the rebel array. Over the classic sod of Bannockburn he then proceeded to Falkirk, and next day (15th) took possession of Linlithgow. His vanguard soon reached Kirkliston, eight miles from the capital.

A band of Camerons under Lochiel, having surprised the gate of the Nether Bow, secured the various entrances of the city. King James the Eighth was proclaimed at the Market **Sept. 17**, Cross by the heralds, amid the music of bagpipes and the **1745** flutter of white kerchiefs. On the same day the Prince, **A.D.** dressed in tartan and wearing a white cockade in his blue bonnet, passed through the park to **Holyrood Palace**, which a ball from the Castle struck as he was just about to enter.

The same day Cope, having sailed southward, was landing his troops at Dunbar with the intention of marching upon Edinburgh. Charles resolved to give battle at once. Moving, therefore, with a force of twenty-five hundred men, he had reached the brow of Carberry Hill, when he saw the Royalist army in the narrow plain next the sea. The Highland army, broken into irregular masses corresponding to the clans which composed it, lacked weapons for uniform fighting. Some of the common men had nothing but a scythe-blade on a pole. Yet they longed to rush upon the enemy from the moment that the armies came in sight of each other, and with much murmuring lay down among the pease and corn to wait for another dawn. The great difficulty was the passage of a deep morass, which spread between the hosts. In the middle of the night, however, a gentleman in the

Pretender's army recollected a pathway at Ringan Head, which avoided the difficult portions of the swamp. In the darkness the Highlanders followed this guide, and reached firm ground without sinking beyond the knee. The white mists of an autumn frost curled up after dawn to show the Royal army the meaning of the sounds which their outposts had heard through the night. The armies now faced each other on the same firm and level field, undivided by any morass ;

and in about six minutes more the Highlanders had won **Sept. 21,** the Battle of **Prestonpans**, or Gladsmuir, as the Jacobites **1745** preferred to call it. One rush did all. Maddened by the

A.D. screaming of the pipes, they burst into a yell, flung themselves on the half-dozen cannon in front, attacked the dragoons with wheeling claymores, and then, unbroken by the murderous fire of the infantry, caught the bayonet points in their targets, and hewed gaps in the thick red lines. Driven back to the wall of Colonel Gardiner's park, the Royal army broke in two, some dragoons racing off to alarm the High Street of Edinburgh, as they clattered up to the Castle, into which they could not get admission—the main bulk of the army fleeing, with Sir John at their head, to the shelter of Berwick walls. We may judge from the incidents of the plundering how little the Highlanders of that day knew of civilized life. Chocolate was cried in the streets of Perth as "Johnnie Cope's salve." A mountaineer, who had picked a watch from some dead man's pocket, complained that "the creature tied the tay after he caught her." The fine clothes of the garrison dandies adorned the gaunt limbs of various Donalds and Duncans. Charles got the military chest, containing £2500, as his share of the plunder.

After the victory of Prestonpans, Charles lay **forty days at Edinburgh**, raising supplies of money in various ways, and drilling his irregular host, which lay in tents at Duddingston. The latter was not an easy task. The jails having been flung open, desperadoes of all kinds mounted the cockade ; and it was no uncommon circumstance for some stout grocer of the Canongate, covered with the muzzle of a Highland musket, to be obliged to purchase life at the cost of a *barobee*. The Prince held councils during the day, messed with his officers, rode out to Duddingston to review his increasing force, and danced the evening away in the long oaken gallery of Holyrood. So passed precious time, during which the Brunswicks were straining every nerve for the defence of their throne. During this interval of comparative inaction, Charles began the blockade of Edinburgh Castle, but gave it up when the governor, General Guest, threatened to lay the town in ruins.

At six on the evening of the last day of October Charles left Holyrood for the purpose of **invading England**. He had then **Oct. 31.** mustered nearly six thousand men, of whom five hundred were cavalry. The first march was to Kelso, from which he struck along the north slope of the Cheviots, and so through Liddesdale to Carlisle. The siege of this ancient town occupied some days. After its capture the southward march was resumed in two bodies—

one under the Prince himself, the other under Lord George Murray. No sign of an English rising greeted the invaders, as they passed through Penrith, Kendal, and Lancaster, on to Preston. There the first few recruits were obtained; and the popular English delusion, that Highlanders lived on babies, began to disappear. At Manchester so many joined the Pretender's flag that a Manchester regiment was organized under the command of Francis Townley, a gentleman of Lancashire. But now the enemy began to stir. Marshal Wade was marching down through Yorkshire; Cumberland, lying at Lichfield with eight thousand men, blocked the southward path; while George himself, whose Dettingen laurels were still green, covered London with another force. Crossing the Mersey near Stockport, the Prince led his "petticoat-men," as the English called them, to Macclesfield. A skilful move of Murray led Cumberland towards Wales, which enabled the Prince to march unmolested to **Derby**. Entering that town on the 4th of December, he thought with exultation how London now lay only one hundred and thirty miles away, and how daring and skill had enabled him to outmarch and outwit those generals, who ought then to have been blocking his path. His gaiety at supper that night was remarkable: next morning saw all his bright dreams marred by an unexpected cloud. Murray and the chief officers came then to his quarters to urge an immediate retreat. "We invaded England," they said, "in hopes of either an English rising or a French descent: neither has happened. Three armies, numbering thirty thousand, hem in our little force, now dwindled down to scarcely five thousand. Advance is suicide. An army of fresh levies awaits us in Scotland. Let us go back." Raving, reasoning, imploring, Charles endeavoured to shake their resolve. All would not do. Vainly the grindstones of the Derby cutlers new-edged the claymores of the rank and file. To the great indignation of the clansmen, the retreat to Scotland was begun on the 6th of December. Homeward in straggling groups they pressed by the same route, which they had so lately followed. Bare-backed horses with straw bridles carried the wretched remains of the cavalry. Cumberland came up with Murray by moonlight upon Clifton Moor near Penrith, where a skirmish took place, in which the claymore proved victorious. Still following the trail, Cumberland made himself master of Carlisle before the new year had dawned. **Dec. 20.** On the 20th of December the Highland army struggled arm-in-arm through the swollen current of the Esk, and stood once more on Scottish ground.

After eight days' rest at Glasgow Charles marched to Stirling, round whose embattled hill he was now able to concentrate nearly nine thousand men. General Hawley advanced to raise the siege. A battle took place on **Falkirk Moor**, in which the English army, blinded by rain driving fiercely in their faces, broken by the Highland fire and the Highland rush, were ignobly defeated (January 17, 1746). George Murray, meeting with the officers, induced them to petition the Prince to retreat at once into the Highlands. Spiking

their cannon and blowing up their powder, they turned their faces northward. Cumberland—known by the unenviable name of Butcher—had already come to Scotland to conduct the war. A body of Hessians, landing at Leith, enabled him to gather a considerable force for the Highland expedition. Perth became his head-quarters. Meanwhile Charles approached Inverness by way of Moy.

The **Battle of Culloden** decided the fate of this ill-starred invasion. Marching from Aberdeen with eight thousand foot and nine hundred horse, the Duke of Cumberland skirted the coast, until on the 14th of April he reached Nairn. The passage of the Spey was unopposed. At Culloden House, where the Lord-President Duncan Forbes used to reside, Charles fixed his head-quarters, and there he heard that Cumberland's army at Nairn had given themselves up to revelry in honour of their commander's birth-day. Murray and the Prince agreed in suggesting a night-march and a surprise. When the march began, the darkness of the night misled and impeded the starving Highlanders. Two o'clock came, when they were still four miles from the foe, so that the intended surprise could not be managed. Falling back, the rebels, to whom a good meal had been long unknown, drew up in line of battle on Drummossie or Culloden Moor.

The Athole Brigade, the Camerons, and the Stuarts formed the main portion of the right wing; the Macdonalds, angry at the loss of what they considered the ancestral privilege of their clan, mustered gloomily on the left. At eleven the foe began to appear in black masses on the horizon. Cumberland had drawn up his men in three lines, with cavalry on each wing, and artillery peering out April 16, through gaps in the front line. In the opening cannonade 1746 the Royal army had greatly the advantage. Impatient under the fire, Murray got leave from the Prince to make an onset A.D. with the right and centre. Round-shot and grape could not stay the whirlwind of their attack. Right through the regiments of the front line the Highlanders went; but beyond the broken array they rushed on a living wall, which burst into a sheet of flame at their approach and hurled them scorched and reeling back. Following up the effect of their volley, the Royal troops charged the exhausted rebels and swept them in pitiable rout from the scene of their short success. So much for the right and the centre. On the left stood the Macdonalds, watching with sullen brows the carnage of their countrymen. Refusing to fight, although Keppoch rushed forward in their view, till bullets pierced him with many mortal wounds, they fell back to the fragments of the second line. The battle was over. A faithful adherent, named O'Sullivan, seizing the bridle of the Prince's horse, forced him to leave the hopeless scene. One portion of the defeated army surrendered at Inverness; the other melted away into the glens and corries, from which its motley materials had come.

At dawn on the 17th Charles was sleeping in his clothes on the floor of Invergarry Castle, which he had reached in a state of miser-

able exhaustion. And, a little afterwards, the salmon, off which he was to breakfast, was dragged from a neighbouring pool. Eight days later, he put to sea in a small boat, which was buffeted hither and thither by storms, until he made South Uist. It proved a place of danger. From the keen search of two thousand men he was saved by the devotion of **Flora Macdonald**, who took him over to Skye in the disguise of her servant Betty. Betty, however, managed her skirts so unskilfully in crossing fords, that a man-servant's dress was substituted, before the Prince crossed to Rasay. Going thence to the mainland, he endured miserable hardships for some months. Once he saved himself only by creeping down in the dark among the boulders of a rocky river-bed, whose banks were lined with sentinels. On another occasion he lived for three weeks in a cave at the mercy of lawless men, who, instead of giving information and securing the offered reward of £30,000, used to bring him gossip, a newspaper, or a cake of gingerbread, when they came back from a visit to Fort Augustus. While living with Cluny and Lochiel in a tree-hidden cave called the Cage, on Mount Benalder, he heard that two French ships had arrived in Lochnanuagh, and were waiting there to take him off. Travelling only in the dark, he reached the shore in safety, and on the 20th of September—more than five months after the Battle of Culloden, and not quite fourteen months since he had sprung ashore at the same place with the Men of Moidart—he gladly reëmbarked for France. Running in a fog through the English cruisers, he landed on the 29th at Roscoff near Morlaix.

Chief of those, who suffered for a share in the rebellion, were the Earl of Kilmarnock, Lord Balmerino, and Lord Lovat. Kilmarnock repented of his folly; but to the last Balmerino cried, "God save King James." Tried at Perth, they underwent their doom on Tower Hill (August 18th, 1746). Lord Lovat, who had played a strange double part, was not tried till '47. Convicted then upon the evidence of Murray, the Pretender's secretary, who had turned approver, he followed the other "martyrs," as Jacobites called them, to the block.

The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle flung Charles homeless upon Europe. Neither France nor Spain would give him shelter. For many years he moved about under the title of "Duke of Albany," finding his way more than once, it is thought, across the sea to England (in 1750 and 1752 or 3), drinking himself ever deeper into the bloated figure he presented at Rome in 1770. His marriage at fifty-two with a girl of twenty did not mend matters, for after eight years of domestic misery and broil the Duchess of Albany eloped with Alfieri. The box of sequins, which the Prince kept always under his bed in readiness for the expected journey to England, never served that purpose. Paralysis smote him with a mortal blow at Rome in January 1788. His brother Henry, Cardinal of York, who claimed the English crown after the death of Charles, outlived him nineteen years.

Here I may most conveniently wind up the story of the war, in which the **Forty-Five was a romantic episode**. In the autumn of 1746 the Earl of Chesterfield became Secretary of State with a

view of bringing round a peace. He had already won diplomatic renown as Ambassador to Holland, and the higher fame of governing power in the Viceroyalty in Ireland. Two naval victories, one of which was gained off Finisterre by Anson, and the other off Belle-isle by Hawke, did a little to shake the power of France. But Cumberland was beaten by Saxe at Lauffeld before Maestricht (July 2), owing to the defection of the Dutch. The strong fortress of Bergen-op-Zoom also yielded to the French arms. And when, in

the spring of the following year, they drew a line round
 October Maestricht, which seemed doomed to a speedy fall, the
 1748 British Ministry, acting out Chesterfield's plans, although
 A.D. disgust had already driven him to his books, hastened to
 conclude the **Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle**.

Of this treaty the articles which most concerned Britain were:—

1. The mutual restitution of conquests in every part of the world.
2. The sea-fortifications of Dunkirk to be demolished.

3. The articles in the treaty of 1718, about the guarantee of the Protestant succession and the exclusion from France of the Pretender and his family, to be confirmed and executed.

4. The Emperor to be acknowledged by France in his imperial dignity, and the guarantee of the Pragmatic Sanction to be renewed.

Born—Nov. 15th, 1708—at Boconnoc in Cornwall—educated at Eton and at Oxford—**William Pitt** entered life as a Cornet in the Blues. His grandfather, the Governor of Madras, had made a fortune by selling a remarkable diamond to the French Government. Racked even in boyhood with the gout, the grandson of the diamond-merchant left college without a degree and entered the army. But drill and stable-duty, with an occasional review, did not satisfy the aspirations of the youth, who in 1735 found an entry into political life as Member for Old Sarum.

Joining the "Boys," as Walpole jeeringly called the young talent which adorned the ranks of the Opposition, he remained silent for a session. Having found the power of his tongue, he took a lead in the movement against Walpole, during the course of which conflict he rebuked the elder Horace, brother of the minister, in that famous speech, whose antithetical sting, however, is probably rather due to the pen of his reporter—a not unknown man, called **Samuel Johnson**. A ready debater Pitt assuredly was not, an affected and often pompous declaimer he certainly was; but there were times—not infrequent—when the inner fire of the man fused away the frost of his delivery, and carried his whole audience with him in a blaze of sympathetic ardour.

The old Duchess of Marlborough, dying in 1744, left him £10,000. And he then set himself to overcome a great dislike, which had been growing towards him in the King's mind in consequence of his anti-Hanoverian speeches. It took a considerable time to soften this feeling, for George had much German obstinacy. Nor was it, until the country was shaken by the Jacobite rebellion, that the aspirant found his way to office. The Pelhams resolved to force this leading

Commoner into the Cabinet; but the King held sturdily out against his admission. Secure in their own strength, they resigned with nearly all their colleagues. "White staves and gold keys" came pouring in. Aghast at the sudden move, George summoned Lord Bath, the Pulteney of old; but he could do nothing to form a new Administration. There was nothing for it but to recall the Pelhams and accept Pitt. A minor post—Vice-Treasurer for Ireland—was at first conferred on him; but he soon afterwards received the office of **Paymaster of the Forces**. Rejecting all the perquisites of his post and all presents from subsidized sovereigns, he rested content with the small salary attached to the office which he administered.

May 6,
1746
A.D.

The eight years which followed are very barren of incident. Appearing as **Member for Seaford**, one of the Cinque Ports, Pitt began to undo a good deal of his former work. The great Cerberus, who had barked at Hanover so long and loudly, now sat quiet with a cake between his jaws. Opposition melted away almost to nothing, when Prince Frederic died in 1751. The debates on the Regency Bill, following this event, brought Pitt and Henry Fox, Secretary at War, into direct collision. The fathers rehearsed in this generation a rivalry, which their eminent sons inherited and increased. The coarse exterior and ungainly address of Fox did not prevent him from excelling as a debater, in which he decidedly surpassed Pitt.

The adoption of the **Gregorian Calendar** came into operation in 1752 under the name of the New Style. There were many ignorant people in the country, who could not see the necessity of any change. Newcastle was one of them. And silliest amongst all the silly cries ever got up against a Ministry was that of the mobs, heard soon afterwards—"Give us back our eleven days."

The death in 1754 of **Henry Pelham** gave a fatal shock to the interest of that great family, for Newcastle was a man of comparatively no talent. The rise of the Duke to the head of the Treasury plunged the King into great perplexity, there being no man of talent disposed to lead the Commons on the terms offered by this Premier. A Sir Thomas Robinson was at last selected. "The Duke might as well send his jackboot to lead us," said indignant Pitt to sympathetic Fox. Fox, however, was induced to help the Jackboot, who managed thus to wade through the session with tolerable ease. This did very well in a time of peace; but clouds of war were fast blackening on the horizon. War, indeed, had never ceased in our distant possessions beyond Atlantic and Indian seas. France and England were striving there for the foundations of a great Colonial Empire.

Establishing a central station at Pondicherry, with smaller settlements at Mahé, Carical, and Chandernagore in Bengal, the French made good their footing on the Indian peninsula, where the English East India Company had already established settlements—Fort George (1639), Bombay (1662), Fort St. David (1691), and Fort William (1698).

Labourdonnais, the French Governor of Mauritius, sailing to India in 1746, opened such a fire on Madras as speedily reduced it to

submission. He then agreed to restore it on payment of a ransom. But his success had filled the ambitious soul of **Dupleix**, Governor of Pondicherry, with dreams of empire, based on the *non*-restoration of Madras to the British; and this so vexed Labourdonnais, that he sailed away. Dupleix then refused to give up Madras, and exposed the British residents to most insulting treatment. His attempt to capture Fort St. David was frustrated by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, which also compelled him to restore Madras.

Supporting the claims of Mirzapha Jung, who sought to be Viceroy of the Deccan, and Chunda Sahib, who contested the Nabobship of the Carnatic, a position subordinate to the former, Dupleix raised these pretenders to power in the hope of ruling all Southern India through them. The English espoused the cause of Mohammed Ali, the true Nabob of the Carnatic, who was besieged in Trichinopoly by his rival and the French. Dupleix was suddenly checked and baffled by the military genius of a young Englishman, named **Robert Clive**. Fitted rather for the field of war than for the merchant's desk, Clive saw that everything hinged upon the relief of Trichinopoly; and he accordingly made a diversion by marching suddenly with five hundred men upon **Arcot**. His success drew the strength of the enemy round this centre of the Carnatic; and there he endured a siege of fifty days, with skill so triumphant, that the besiegers were driven from the crazy ramparts. The turned tide then swept strongly backwards. The British soon held the Carnatic. A second siege of Trichinopoly by the French and their Hindu allies availed nothing. And, when Count Lally came from France in 1758, a series of blunders ensued, which resulted in the loss of Pondicherry and the consequent extinction of all the French hopes (1761).

The enterprise of Clive added Bengal to the British territories in India. Surajah Dowlah, the boyish Nabob of Bengal, attacked the English settlements by the Ganges in 1756. Fort William, abandoned by its governor and the commander of the troops in garrison, speedily became his prey (June 19th, 1756). The massacre, which has made the **Black Hole** of Calcutta tragic in the annals of the East, then occurred. One hundred and forty-six English prisoners were crushed into a chamber twenty feet square, with only two little gratings to admit the air. Next morning twenty-three ghastly figures staggered or were lifted, barely living, from the fetid den. Landing at Fulta in December, Clive captured the fortress of Budge-budge, ten miles below Calcutta, and then forced his way through an intervening army to that town. The fort of Hooghly also fell. Early in 1757 Surajah Dowlah flung himself with all his might on Calcutta, but found his efforts so ineffectual that he came to terms at once. Clive and his colleague then turned on the French settlement of Chandernagore, which they took in the May of that year.

Meer Jaffer, the Vizier, was the most prominent in the band of traitors round the despot of Moorshedabad; and upon his aid or opposition hinged the success of an expedition, which left Chandernagore on the 13th of June 1757.

When Clive's little army, amounting in all to only three thousand one hundred men and containing not eight hundred British troops, approached the village of **Plassey**,* round which the crimson blossoms of the pullus tree glowed in the jungle like drops of a bloody shower, he saw huge masses of horse and foot to the number of fully sixty thousand men, encamped among the trees. Undismayed by the fire of fifty cannons, which were drawn by white oxen and pushed from behind by butting elephants, the British, protected by a wood and a steep bank, replied briskly with their field-pieces. The action, beginning at six in the morning, was confined to a double cannonade all day. Clive, whose sleep the night before had been disturbed by the drums and cymbals in the native camp, snatched an hour's rest, even with the roar of many guns in his ear. Many officers of the Surajah's force fell under the fire. And towards evening the forces of Meer Jaffier began to creep towards the English lines, with no hostile intention. Clive gladly saw his opportunity, hurled his whole force upon the camp, and swept the vast mob in rout before him. The Nabob headed the flight on a swift camel. And, when Clive came to count his loss, he found that only twenty white men and about fifty Sepoys had perished in the fight, which secured for Britain the Empire of India.

June 23,
1757
A.D.

Conquest of Canada.—The arrival of Marquis Duquesne in Canada (1752) inaugurated a system of vigorous encroachment on the part of the French. Resolved to keep in French hands the traffic between Canada and the lower Mississippi, he lined the Ohio and the Alleghanys with fortresses, seizing even the unfinished works at the junction of the Ohio and the Monongahela, and erecting there a stockade called Fort Duquesne (Pittsburg). This colonial embroilment occurred just on the eve of that great European conflict, known as the **Seven Years' War**, in which France and England took opposite sides. In 1756 the first trumpet note was heard. In the previous year, an English expedition under General Braddock had advanced to attack Fort Duquesne, but had been routed and scattered by an ambuscade of French and Indians near the Monongahela. The preservation of the defeated army was due to the coolness and skill of a young Virginian Colonel, named George Washington.

In 1756 the Earl of Loudon took command of the English forces in America; the Marquis de Montcalm served the French King in a similar position. The French Marquis destroyed Forts Ontario and Oswego, thus gaining complete command of the inland sea, on which they stood. Lake George too passed into the hands of the victors. Things were looking gloomy for English rule in America, when the **Great Commoner** came suddenly to power (1757). A defeat near Ticonderoga was amply atoned for by the splendid successes of Bradstreet at Frontenac and Forbes at Duquesne.

While General Amherst was driving the French before him from the forts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and Johnson was investing Fort Niagara, a fleet under Saunders, bearing an army of eight

* *Plassey*, a village not far south of Cossimbazar, on a branch of the Hooghly.

thousand men under **General James Wolfe**, a young Kent man, who had already displayed power at the siege of Louisbourg, was on its way from England, bound for Quebec. Montcalm with twelve thousand men lay within the city. Having placed his cannon on Point Levi opposite Quebec, and also on the Island of Orleans, where his troops landed (June 27th, 1759), Wolfe began the siege. Bombardment and assault, however, availed little for nearly two months. At length stratagem was tried. Sailing up stream past the beleaguered town to *Cap Rouge*, the ships seemed to draw after them the soldiers, who marched along the south shore, until they came opposite the anchored fleet. This misled Montcalm. But in the dead of night a crowd of flat-bottomed boats swept silently with muffled oars down the current to the foot of the bush-clad precipice, which forms the base of the high **Plain of Abraham**—a position of eminence commanding the city of Quebec. Boat after boat landed its freight at the foot of the rocks; and, Highlanders and light infantry leading the perilous way, the whole army, now wasted to five thousand men, clambered up the crags to the level ground. Montcalm Sept. 13, next day rushed madly with little preparation on the English lines. In his hurry he forgot his artillery, and thus lost **1759** a decided advantage; for the English, unable to drag guns up the heights, had scarcely anything of the kind. In the battle that ensued, the English were victorious. Three balls—in wrist, belly, and breast—struck Wolfe, the last inflicting **a mortal wound**. Montcalm too died on that fatal field. On the 18th Quebec capitulated; and on the 8th of September 1760 Vaudreuil, the last French Governor of Canada, being hemmed in at Montreal by sixteen thousand foes, signed a document transferring Canada to Britain. The treaty of 1763 confirmed this act of conveyance.

When the Parliament met in November 1755, a debate on the Address took place, which resulted in the **dismissal of Pitt**, and Legge, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. From three in the afternoon till five next morning the debate pealed through St. Stephen's. But the Opposition were worsted, and the bolt of vengeance fell. Subsidies to buy the safety of Hanover formed the chief subject of debate. There was no man more popular in England than William Pitt, who in this respect had a great advantage over his rival Fox. And deep in the heart of the whole nation burned a feeling, that the only man fit to steer the country in a time of peril had been driven from the wheel.

War was formally declared in 1756; and before June the flag of Britain had received a humiliating stain. The Duke of Richelieu, having made a swoop with sixteen thousand men upon our island of **Minorca**, blockaded stout old Blakeney in the fortress of St. Philip. Byng was despatched with ten ships, not in the best condition, to the relief of the English garrison. To defeat a French fleet, cruising off Port Mahon formed another part of the Admiral's duty. He neither fought the fleet nor succoured the garrison, owing probably

to want of trust in his ships or himself. After a few aimless shots the French fleet escaped to Toulon; and he went back to Gibraltar. Blakeney was forced to surrender, being fairly starved out. A cry so great and angry broke from the English people, when the news of these things came, that the Newcastle Government fell to pieces; and, Pitt having refused to act in concert with Fox, it became necessary to apply to the Duke of Devonshire to form a Cabinet. In this short-lived Administration, Pitt became Secretary of State; Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Temple and the Grenvilles, George and James, all three brothers-in-law of Pitt, receiving office in the Admiralty and the Treasury.

Lasting not quite five months, this Devonshire Ministry, in which Pitt really directed affairs, signalized itself by the execution of **Admiral John Byng**. A want of decision rather than a lack of courage seems to have been this officer's greatest crime. It is said that Pitt protested against the death of Byng, yet he did not seem inclined to risk his popularity by forcing his objections to the extreme. On the 14th of March 1757 on the quarter-deck of the *Monarque* at Spithead Byng sat down on a chair to be shot. Blindfolded with a white cloth, he flung up his hat, and next instant received the fire of two files of marines.

Upon the dismissal of Temple, **Newcastle** became first Lord of the Treasury, but only nominally **Premier**. Pitt, as Secretary of State and leader in the Commons, undertook the conduct of the war and the general business of the Foreign Office. June 29,
1757
A.D.

At first, indeed, the war seemed full of blunders. Hawke and others took the useless island of Aix off the French coast, and did not take Rochefort, against which the expedition was aimed. At Kloster-Seven Cumberland was forced into a capitulation by the strategy of his French adversary. But away among the rice-fields by the Ganges, Clive, taking righteous vengeance on the butchers of Calcutta, was making the field of **Plassey** a memorable name in the history of India. And the following year produced a series of brilliant successes, which caused men utterly to forget Aix and Kloster-Seven. A blunder, however, marked the opening of the war in 1758. Admiral Howe led to the coast of France a great fleet, which spent almost the whole season in absurd attempts on St. Maloes and the capture of a few brass cannon at Cherbourg. But across the Atlantic, Cape Breton became ours, and some French islands in the West Indies—Guadaloupe among them—were also taken. Even on the African coast victory crowned our flag at Goree and the forts by the Senegal. Hanover too was saved by Ferdinand of Brunswick, who drove the French over the Rhine and defeated them at Crevelt.

A Derbyshire millwright, named **James Brindley**, born in 1716, having distinguished himself greatly in the improvement of mill machinery, received an introduction to Francis, third Duke of Bridge-

* *Crevelt* or *Crefeld*, in Rhenish Prussia, lies ten miles north-west of Dusseldorf.

water. His Grace being very anxious to supply Manchester with coal from his pits at Worsley, Brindley constructed that great canal of twenty-seven miles, which bears the name of the nobleman whose munificence called it into being. Leaping streams by means of a far-stretching aqueduct, flowing in tunnelled caverns deep under ground, the watery road—the first of its kind in Britain since Roman days—remains a remarkable memorial of genius and scientific skill. Begun in 1758, the work occupied about five years, during which Brindley directed nearly all the operations.

Great but very costly glory gilds the year 1759. First in order of time came the Battle of **Minden**,* won by Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick over the French, then again threatening Hanover. From dawn to noon—July 31st—the battle roared, English guns and bayonets contributing much to the defeat of the enemy. The English cavalry, too, would have shared in the glories of the day, but for some unfortunate misunderstanding between the Prince and Lord George Sackville, the latter of whom was puzzled by the receipt of two contradictory orders. On the 18th of August, Admiral Boscawen shattered the Toulon fleet in a naval engagement off Cape Lagos,† as they were trying to effect a union with the Brest squadron under Conflans. The crowning victory of the year was that sealed with the blood of Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham—a victory which resulted in the conquest of all Canada. And then to close a heroic season

Nov. 20. came that tempestuous November night, when Sir Edward Hawke, who had been watching the Brest fleet, swooped upon Conflans at **Quiberon Bay** in spite of the French rocks which showed dark through the roaring surf of a lee-shore, and with only a dozen of his ships so shattered the French vessels, that but a remnant of the fleet found refuge in the neighbouring rivers. Clive and Coote were meanwhile victorious in India.

Before the blaze of these glories had grown dim, George II. died, one of the ventricles of his heart having suddenly broken. He had attained his seventy-sixth year, and had reigned for nearly thirty-four years (October 25, 1760).

GEORGE II. (1727–1760.)

Married CAROLINE WILHELMINA OF ANSPACH.

A.D.

1728. Jan.—The new Parliament meets. Its chief discussions are upon the National Debt and the Secret Service.

1729. The Treaty of Seville (Nov. 29) frees Britain from foreign war.

1730. Rupture between Walpole and Townshend. The latter resigns.

1733. March 14.—Walpole lays his *Tobacco Bill* before the Commons—the measure is shelved and ultimately dropped by its framer. This, with a Wine Bill, forms **WALPOLE'S EXCISE SCHEME**.

* *Minden*, a town in Prussian Germany, on the left bank of the Weser. It lies close to the frontier of Hanover, only thirty-five miles south-west of the city so called.

† *Cape Lagos*, a cape and port in Algarve in the south of Portugal, forty-five miles west-north-west of Faro.

1736. William Pitt the elder makes his maiden speech.
The *Porteous Riots* at Edinburgh.
1737. The Prince of Wales, quarrelling with the King, opposes Walpole.
Nov. 20.—Death takes from Walpole his warm friend Queen Caroline.
1739. Whitefield and Wesley lay the foundations of Methodism.
War declared against Spain, Oct. 19.
Admiral Vernon takes Porto Bello with six ships.
1740. Commodore Anson sets out for the South Seas.
1741. Feb. 13.—Sandys and Carteret bring forward motions against Walpole.
April.—Miserable repulse of Vernon and Wentworth at Cartagena.
Maria Theresa of Austria secures a treaty with England.
1742. Feb. 11.—*Resignation of Walpole*, who is succeeded by Wilmington, with Carteret as Foreign Secretary.
1743. June 27.—*BATTLE OF DETTINGEN*—the last time a King of England was under fire.
The Pelhams rise to the head of affairs upon the death of Wilmington.
1744. *A Fourfold Alliance* formed by England, Austria, Saxony, and Holland.
Jan.—An expedition under Saxe, destined for the invasion of England, shattered by a storm in the Channel.
Anson returns with thirty cartloads of Spanish silver.
Formation of the *Broad Bottom Ministry*.
1745. Mar. 18.—Death of Robert Walpole.
May 11.—*BATTLE OF FONTENOY*.
July 25.—Charles Edward Stuart lands near Moidart.
Sept. 21.—Defeats the Royal army under Cope at *Prestonpans*.
Dec. 6.—Reaches Derby, when his officers urge a retreat.
1746. April 16.—*THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN*.
Sept. 20-29.—Voyage of Charles Edward to France. He dies of palsy at Rome in 1788.
Pitt receives office as Paymaster of the Forces.
1748. October.—*The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle*.
1752. Adoption of the Gregorian Calendar or New Style; Sept. 3 being reckoned as Sept. 14.
1754. The death of Henry Pelham raises his brother, the Duke of Newcastle, to the head of the Government.
1755. The dismissal of Pitt and Legge, to the intense anger of the country.
1756. *War with France declared* in connection with the great European struggle, called The Seven Years' War.
Byng's failure at Minorca.
The Devonshire Cabinet formed, with Pitt as Secretary of State.
1757. Mar. 14.—Byng shot.
April.—Pitt resigns office.
June 23.—*Battle of Plassey*.
June 29.—Coalition of Newcastle and Pitt; Newcastle nominal Premier; Pitt, Foreign Secretary; Fox, Paymaster.
Sept. 8.—Convention of Kloster-Seven.
1758. Brindley begins the Bridgewater Canal.
1759. July 31.—*Battle of Minden*.
Aug. 18.—Boscawen defeats the Toulon fleet off Cape Lagos.
Sept. 13.—Wolfe meets his death on the victorious field of the Plains of Abraham, by which Canada becomes a British possession.
Nov. 20.—Sir Edward Hawke defeats Confians at night in Quiberon Bay.
1760. Oct. 25.—George II. dies suddenly of heart-disease, aged seventy-seven.

CHAPTER III.

LONDON LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The Streets.	The Coffee-house.	At Church.
Mohocks.	Promenades.	The Watering-places.
Hoop—Fan—Patches.	The Theatre.	Literary Life.
The Toy-shop.	Cards and Dice.	Citizen Life.
Snuff-box and Wig.	Duels.	

OUT of almost every window and door in the **London of a hundred years ago** jutted a pole, from which hung creaking in the breeze a painted sign. Black Lions and Blue Boars, Golden Keys and Saracen's Heads shone in gaudy rows, to direct or amuse the bewildered stranger. The streets were whity-brown with summer dust, or ink-black with the mud of winter. Down the centre of the causeway and in the kennels on each side an unsavoury puddle flowed, thick with rotten vegetable-parings and not a few departed cats. A row of wooden posts separated the side-walks from the street, along which the heavy hackney-coach rumbled at the heels of its starveling horses. Swinging along with their scented fare, a couple of brawny chairmen now and again bore past the convenient and cheaper sedan. At the river-stairs a pair of oars could be got for a few pence to carry passengers up or down the water. Eager lawyers bound for Westminster, or roistering citizens bent on a day's junketing in the Folly at Blackwall, shot up and down, impelled by stalwart arms, rivalling in thickness of muscle the chairman's iron calf. The streets swarmed with hawkers of both sexes, whose varied cries rang through the roar of traffic. Thimble-riggers had then no fear of the police, but plied their cheat fearlessly at every corner. A wheel-barrow full of mouldy apples had scarcely passed, when a red-faced fellow came trundling a hand-cart, on which gin and ale stood in jars to tempt the weak street-lounger. Passing a mercer's shop, one might see a straight-limbed apprentice in bob-wig and fashionable dress, displaying a new brocade for waistcoats—green flowered with gold, or sky-blue shot with silver—and putting forth all the tricks of his tailoring eloquence to persuade a passing beau into an order for the novelty. During the early years of the century **Soho Square and Bloomsbury** were fashionable localities. Lincoln's Inn Fields, alive with beggars by day and footpads by night, bore a very bad name after dark. Rows of oil-lamps twinkled feebly along the principal streets until midnight in winter; in summer the city lay in darkness. To aid those whom business or pleasure took abroad after nightfall, there was a class of street-prowlers, called link-boys, upon whose honesty, however, complete dependence could not be placed. Enticing their employer into some lonely corner, they would often suddenly put out the light and leave the victim to be plundered by a gang of thieves, on whose booty they levied a per-centage. It was there-

fore a difficult and dangerous thing to walk London streets by night in those times. But thieves were not the only terrors of the night. From the coffee-house in Tilt-yard and other resorts where the bully-beaux, clad in scarlet and Ramilies wigs, congregated to ape military airs and storm the air with bushels of oaths and boasts, darkness brought a flood of desperadoes upon the streets, who varied their devotion to the dice-box and the bottle with a raid upon those weak and inoffensive wayfarers, who had the misfortune to be abroad. Known by many names at various times, they became objects of especial dread under the name of **Mohocks**, which they borrowed from the savages of America. Nor was it an unworthy designation, as we find by reading the account of their exploits. Having caught a wretch, they proceeded to "tip the lion" by pressing his nose down flat and scooping out his eyes with their fingers. Or, bent upon a "sweat," they gave chase to a loiterer, and, having run him into a corner, they surrounded him with drawn swords. A smart stab behind made the poor sufferer wheel round; but there was a point always ready for him, and so he revolved, wincing and bleeding, until his tormentors thought that he was perspiring with sufficient freedom. The brutes spared not even the gentler sex, for it was a pleasant joke with them to put a woman into a barrel and roll it down Snow Hill. Rejoicing in the slang name of Nickers, other bands used to go about at night, breaking with handfuls of halfpence the windows of such shopkeepers as were most pressing for the payment of their bills.

For the various phases of life at this time the poems of Pope and Gay, the papers of the *Spectator*, the comedies of men like Cibber, and the paintings of inimitable Hogarth are among the most accessible authorities.

The introduction of foreign woods, especially mahogany, as the chief material of furniture—the general use of carpets, for the manufacture of which Kidderminster and other places now became noted—the improvements in the quality and appearance of both glass and pottery, especially when Josiah Wedgwood invented his shining white and creamy ware—made the still life of an English household in the last century not unlike what surrounds us now.

About twelve o'clock the **belle** or **beau** wakened to begin the whirl of a new fashionable day. Let us accompany the lady first. A foaming cup of chocolate or coffee refreshes the scarcely rested beauty, before she faces the serious ceremonies of the toilette. Pope's Belinda, wakened by the tongue of her lap-dog Shock, opens her eyes upon a billet-doux, full of "wounds, charms, and ardour." To trace with any vividness the dissolving views of dress during a century would exceed my power and my space. Some distinctive touches, suggesting description rather than giving it, must suffice at present. A **belle** in the *Spectator* days was distinguished especially by her *Hoop*, her *Fan*, and her *Patches*, points in her portrait, which lasted with slight variation until the century was well spent. When fully rigged, with all her colours up, each fair craft sailed to conquest with

a skirt which covered several square yards. Nor was this monstrous garment always conical; at one period it resembled a broad barrel, at another a flattish bell. The brocade, which covered the interior structure or scaffolding, was generally flowered on a white ground and plentifully spangled with gold or silver thread. But minute description of the hoop is unnecessary during an age which has witnessed the reign of crinoline and steel. One of the papers of the *Spectator* gives an amusing account of an academy, supposed to be set up for teaching ladies the use of the **Fan**. Armed with this "little modish machine," a girl might show off all her graces and express most of her feelings in the most fascinating and effective way. The first exercise consisted in "Handling the shut Fan;" which required the weapon to be shaken with a smile, to be applied smartly to a bystander's shoulder, and then to be rested gently against the lips. The "Cupids, garlands, birds, beasts, and rainbows," shed a sudden flush of colour from the unfurled Fan. But the "Fluttering of the Fan"—angrily, modestly, timidly, coaxingly—according to the designs or feelings of the owner, formed at once the most difficult and (to onlookers) the most dangerous part of the drill. Black patches, coquettishly placed everywhere, as Goldsmith's Chinaman slyly observes, except upon the tip of the nose, formed a very important part of the female equipment. At one time, when the Whig and Tory fight was raging hotly and the ladies took sides in these political questions, the manner of spotting the face came to betoken a certain sort of party-feeling. The dress-circle in the Haymarket theatre was thus divided into hostile camps. Whigesses, patched on the right temple, darted flashes of bright scorn across the pit at Amazons of the other creed, on whose left eyebrow the significant dot was seen. The Trimmers, or the ladies who came to enjoy the opera, not to advertise their politics, sat between with faces spotted as fancy might dictate. The case of a beautiful Whigess, who had a mole on the Tory side of her face, and who could thus deceive unwary Tory beaux into a clear expression of their views, affords a sly satisfaction to the observer of these womanish whims; while with serio-comic sorrow he bewails the misery of a lady, who was perforce a traitor to the Tory side, because an ill-conditioned pimple in the Whig region obliged her to conceal its ugliness with a patch of black. When hoods of various colours—pink, pale green, yellow, blue, and so forth—came into fashion in 1711, the hue of this head-dress also became significant of political leanings.

In the rush, which a lady of fashion made through the town before dinner, the **Toy-shop**, where old china, curiosities from India, Japan monsters, fans, shawls, perfumes, and all such things were sold, formed a principal centre for time-killing and tittle-tattle. A short row on the river, or a turn through the Mall in St. James's Park served to create at once an appetite and a complexion.

But before entering the resorts of fashion we must see how the beau constructed his apparatus of conquest, and what sort of picture

he presented in full dress. Various as the colours and patterns of such water-flies have been the names, by which social history knows them. The Carpet Knight of feudal days—the Gallant of Elizabeth's reign—the Beau of Anne's time—the Macaroni, the Buck, the Blood, the Dandy—have been all ancestors of the thing called "Swell" in Victoria's reign. What the Fan was to the Belindas of this time, the Snuff-box was to **Sir Plume**. Armed with this toy, full of perfumed snuff, he rapped its lid, which was adorned with a picture or a jewelled design, and inserting his thumb and forefinger in the most elegant manner, could run through all the gamut of feeling, as he conveyed the grains to his nose and daintily dusted his fingers in the air. The pinch nonchalant—the pinch angry—the pinch scornful—the pinch surly—with endless other shades of expression were at the finger-ends of an accomplished artist. The Periwig also during some decades of the century elevated its bush of borrowed hair on the crania of the beaux. The visitors of a man of quality, who flocked to his bedroom at ten, saw the costly thing, all newly powdered and arranged, lying in state by his bed. To comb the wig in public was at one time a fashionable trick. White hair was most prized—then light grey became so modish, that the scanty locks of some venerable dames sold after their deaths for sums like £50. The queue with an enormous bow behind by-and-by superseded the great flood of false hair, which had formerly rolled down on well-dressed shoulders. But the century had not grown very old, when some men of sense rested content with their natural locks, over which they sprinkled a little powder to avoid the appearance of singularity. The velvet coat of many colours—claret and sky blue being the favourite—with its broad buckram skirts and heavy bordering of gold or silver lace—the vest of flowered silk flapping far down the leg—the little cocked hat, carried under the arm so long as periwigs towered on high, and squeezed by changing fashion into every conceivable set of angles—the knee-breeches, silk stockings and buckled shoes—the clouded cane and tasselled gloves—the amber snuff-box, and silver-hilted small-sword made up the elements external of the beau. About the middle of the century instead of swords men about town began to carry huge oak staves, four or five feet long, with an ugly face carved on the knob. Many parts of a modern footman's dress have been retained from the fashions of 1750. Take any man-servant from Belgravia, and give him a frock coat, whose skirts have been expanded by an imperfect kind of crinoline, and you will have a giant butterfly not unlike the kind I am describing. It was not to be expected that a lay-figure, so brilliant in colour and so affected in every gesture and step, should speak as common mortals do. We have lately got Lord Dundreary to typify the brainless maundering "swell" of the Victorian age. A comedian of the past century gave us, to represent a similar character then existing, the picture of Lord Foppington, who prefaces his drivell with "Stap my vitals," and announces to the admiring company "It's nine a'clock—naw I'm going aut."

The coffee and chocolate houses were the especial resort of the

men, where they discussed news and circulated gossip. First started in 1652 by a Greek, who opened a shop in George Yard, Lombard Street, these places of meeting had come at the beginning of the eighteenth century to enter very largely into the everyday life of London. John Dryden, sitting pipe in hand at Will's in the chimney corner or on the balcony according to the season, and laying down literary law to a crowd of admiring visitors, who had come to see the old lion and hear him roar, has made the coffee-house classic ground. As in our modern clubs, which are indeed the lineal descendants of the coffee-house, politics and professions made considerable differences in the frequenters of these places. The Tories sipped their chocolate and praised Sacheverell within the bar of the Cocoa Tree; the Whigs planned their anti-Jacobite movements, inspired by the roasted berry at the St. James's. The citizens too had their coffee-houses; and for the artisan and lower orders there sprang up a crop of mug-houses, where ale flowed instead of the fragrant Eastern drink. Clubs of more or less celebrity flourished during this century; the most celebrated being the Kit-Kat, of which Addison, Steele, and Garth were distinguished members, and which took its name from a cook, Master Christopher Kat, who used to make mutton pies for the members.

After dinner, which was generally taken between two and five, the **fashionable evening** began. In fine weather the open air had preference. The Mall in St. James's Park—Spring Gardens, which afterwards became Vauxhall—and the Mulberry Garden, standing on the site of Buckingham Palace, were crowded with masks in the soft twilight of spring and summer. Seven was the modish hour for a lounge upon the Mall. Boundless facilities for intrigue and licentiousness were afforded by the fashion of wearing masks and the free and easy way in which acquaintance was begun. No ceremony of introduction was necessary. Everybody spoke to everybody else, and a constant fire of repartee and what we significantly call "chaff" sparkled through the scented dusk. Wit grew sharper, to be sure, but feminine modesty lost its bloom in these exchanges of raillery. Ladies of quality had their little black footboy, or a solemn powdered lackey as their escort on the fashionable promenade. Nothing showed want of spirit or of *ton* so much as to be seen abroad in the company of one's own husband. The false ideas of duty and morality, growing out of this life, and the numberless cases in which Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode* proved to be sad and stern truth, may easily be guessed at. It is scarcely going too far to assert, that the reigns of Anne and the Georges First and Second were socially as rotten at the core, though not so brazenly immodest, as the reign of the Second Charles.

Ranelagh proved a formidable rival of Vauxhall in the latter half of the century. A great Rotunda for the dance, cascades and fountains glittering in the sun, shady alleys and bowers, fireworks at night, and trees hung with coloured lamps drew crowds of the quality in summer time, when the *ridottos* and *drums* of Soho and Blooms-

bury did not hold out superior attractions. There Sir Charles Buckram and Belinda Brocade walked those stately minuets, in the rhythm of whose music we can still detect some echo of the formal airs and graces of the pair. The formalism, which radiated from the brilliant iceberg at Versailles, fixed its frost upon our gardens, our houses, our dances, our dress, our books, and our manners, giving to each and all a stiff artificiality, which it took many years and much instinctive struggle to thaw and fling away. If the Round House of Ranelagh and the music of Vauxhall ceased to charm, there were the puppet-shows in Covent Garden, and, more attractive still, the theatres, of which four flourished—Drury Lane, Covent Garden, the Haymarket, and the Italian Opera House. With all of these, especially the first, some great histrionic names are associated; for Cibber, Garrick, Sheridan, Siddons, and Kemble trod the boards within the limits of the eighteenth century.

Soon after four o'clock **the theatre** began to fill. Pit, boxes, and gallery occupied much the same relative positions as at present. The actors did not dress in character, but wore fashionable clothes of the same kind as the audience—a custom which must have interfered greatly with the effect of the play. The tragic hero wore a towering plume, which in the wildest bursts of passion he was obliged to balance carefully on his head; the princess drew a sweeping train behind to mark her rank, and it was well if her majestic grace of motion did not end in a trip and a fall. The difficulty, which still exists, of representing armies or bodyguards upon the stage, troubled the managers of this past time. A few scene-shifters, candle-snuffers, and porters in red, carrying halberts and axes, represented a mighty host. In the mechanical arrangements many improvements were introduced, to which the *Spectator* sarcastically refers. Thunder, snow, cascades, and storms locked up in chests, as if in the cave of Æolus, formed very novel and valuable properties. And, where groves filled with singing birds were supposed to form a portion of the scene, a flock of sparrows flitted and chirped among the painted foliage, while the fifes of the orchestra imitated the sweet woodland strains. The worst result of this innovation was that the sparrows, once admitted to the theatre, would not be displaced, but, taking possession of the loftier parts of the building, insisted on making their appearance at most inconvenient times, perching perhaps on the corner of a throne or pecking at nothing among the gilded emptiness of a pasteboard banquet. So much for actors and for stage. I have already described the way, in which ladies aired their politics in public. Similarly the beau asserted his right to be considered a dramatic critic by smearing his upper lip with snuff. It looked, he thought, so knowing and sagacious, although the mystery of its meaning is lost to us. He went from his coffee-house to the pit, where he stood up to display his finery and to survey the audience. To mind what was going on upon the stage proved at once vulgarity and want of spirit; to make himself the target of many eyes formed the prime ambition of the true

exquisite. Of course it was not to be expected that he could remain still. Ever on the move, he passed from pit to boxes, from right to left, sometimes leaping on the stage, stabbing at the curtain with his cane, and grimacing for the amusement of the audience, before he disappeared behind the scenes—acting, in fact, in such a way as would now secure for him the immediate attention of the police. The noise of catcalls meanwhile resounded loudly through the house; and, when a song was finished, the fashionable cries of “*Altro Volto*” and “*Ancora*” announced the wish of the audience to have it repeated. The masks abounded also in the theatre. The top gallery was reserved for the footmen, who escorted the people of quality to the house. Massed together and quite free from all control, they at last used to behave so badly that a courageous manager shut them out, and with the help of soldiers contrived to prevent them from getting a footing there again.

During all this century **gambling** was the great vice of English society. Under various names—bassett, ombre, tic-tac, crimp, quadrille—cards slew time and happiness and character and fortune. Forests of timber, acres of rich plough-land, chests full of red guineas melted into nothing from the grasp of poor wretches, fascinated by the deadly rattle of the dice-box. At nearly all the places of public assembly, especially at the dens of iniquity called “*Midnight Masks*,” there were great facilities for gaming, in which both sexes took a very eager part.

Scenes like the last were the most fruitful in **duels**. Every morning saw steel glitter and blood flow behind Montague House, in Hyde Park Ring, or away at Barn’s Elms. The pistol had not yet come into vogue as the instrument of honourable murder. A man was then obliged to fence his way to success with the slender small-sword which hung at his side, ready to be whipt fiercely out on the smallest possible pretext.

The fashionable people or persons of quality, as they then called themselves, went to **church** of course; but devotion was far from their thoughts on any Sunday in the year. A lady came to stare about her, to make grand courtesies to all her modish acquaintances, to let her knowledge of the Opera show itself in the melodious excursions which she made from the solemn music of the Psalms, to flirt her fan and wink at some very intimate friend, who happened to be extra well dressed. A beau would saunter in, when prayers were half over, look into his hat for some minutes, bow to every one he knew, and then refresh himself with a pinch of snuff, before settling down into a nap. This languor and indifference, however bad, were scarcely so offensive as the behaviour of fellows, who banded together under the name of the “*Rattling Club*,” and whose mode of action was as follows. Having collected in a certain pew, they would wait till the preacher made some stronger statement or took some higher flight than usual, and then, bending their heads together, they would start up and begin to discuss the point in clamorous tones, disturbing everybody in the church, and continuing their noise all through the re-

mainder of the service. The loud "Hum-m-m," with which a congregation expressed its pleasure when the preacher concluded an eloquent passage or made some good political hit, was still in vogue during the opening decade of the century.

The great world went **out of town** of course, when drums and theatres palled upon the jaded appetite ; but it did not then, as now, resort to the banks of the Rhine, the Tiber, and other Continental streams. War and the difficulties of travel caused the Continent to remain an unknown region to the majority of Britons. Shut up within the circle of the sea, the persons of quality went off to drink the mineral waters of Bath, Epsom, or Tunbridge Wells, there to rehearse in somewhat fresher air the frolics and follies of the life which they had left behind. Raffling, hazard, masquerading, junk-eting, intriguing went on at the Wells as madly as in the dingy brick labyrinth by the Thames. The faded beauty, who had come down to seek real roses for her cheeks, found a touch of carmine still necessary in the morning to conceal the pallor of the previous night's exhausting excitement at the card-table. And the beau, who thought to pick up an heiress, or at least to attach himself to some rich pigeon, whose plucking would form an agreeable and profitable pastime for the autumn months, was often obliged to flee from the splendours of the watering-place, carrying with him an empty purse and leaving behind a score of unpaid debts.

I have elsewhere sketched **the literary life** of this period. There was no medium between splendour and grinding want. An author was either a Secretary of State, or a miserable hack, slinking about in gin-cellars and tripe-shops and huddling at night under a scanty coverlet in the attic of a Grub Street den. The great engine of the newspaper press was only in its infancy, and the demand for books had not yet set in.

In citizen life there was less change than in the idle world above. Dressed in clothes, which were a sombre reflection of those lately described, the worthy shopkeeper did his honest day's work, dined at two off knuckle of ham or marrow-bones, took an apoplectic nap, went off at six to the club to smoke Virginia and drink purl, and turned in regularly and soberly at ten o'clock. The *Supplement* and the *Daily Courant* supplied food for his grave political speculations about the doings of the Grand Vizier and the price of stocks. His clergyman was often the leader of his opinion and the unfailing oracle to be consulted in every domestic difficulty and to be asked to dine on days of extra cookery. Thus did John Gilpin live his quiet days, stirred by nothing more exciting than a review of the trainband, until he borrowed that vicious horse and galloped off to fame.

CHAPTER IV.

GEORGE III.—(First Part, 1760–1783.)

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UPON the death of George II., his grandson George then ascended the throne. It soon became clear that the Princess-
1760 Dowager of Wales and the Groom of the Stole, **Lord**
 A.D. **Bute**, had complete ascendancy over the young King's mind.

A petticoat and a *jackboot* symbolized this influence in the rough masqueradings of the London mob, the latter forming a rude pun on Bute's Christian name and title. John Stuart, third Earl of Bute, born in 1713, distinguished himself more in private theatricals than in any other sphere. His good figure, especially his well-turned leg, suited the display of a splendid dress.

A Secretary of State resigned in order to give Bute a seat in the Cabinet, whose stability he began at once to sap. Pitt the orator and Grenville the financier, although related by marriage, had come to look on public questions with very different eyes. As Macaulay puts it, in relation to the war—"Pitt could see nothing but the trophies; Grenville could see nothing but the bill." And so Bute's influence grew daily stronger. Legge was the first to resign. Then arose the question of a new war, which ended in the resignation of Temple and of Pitt.

That remarkable secret treaty, the **Family Compact**, made between the Bourbon monarchies of France and Spain, had become known—in its drift at least—to the sharp-eyed Minister of England. Foreseeing an inevitable war, he boldly proposed to strike the first blow against the colonies of Spain, selecting Havannah, Pan-
1761 ama, and Manilla as the fittest centres of attack. Bute, and of
 A.D. course the King, refused to follow his advice; and then (October
 6) Pitt resigned the seals of office. The young King spoke so kindly in the audience-chamber, that Pitt's eyes filled with tears. The statesman would accept nothing for himself, but gladly received a peerage for his wife and a pension of £3000 a year for three lives.

The people took a public opportunity of showing their feeling in the matter. Scarcely casting a look at George and his young bride, as they went in state to dine at Guildhall on Lord Mayor's Day, they

overwhelmed the great Commoner with acclamations, some going so far as to kiss the horses that drew their favourite. Bute could find safety only by surrounding his coach with a crowd of noted pugilists.

The Spanish War went on; everything proposed by Pitt being undertaken and accomplished. Martinique, Havannah, Manilla fell; and the American bullion, talked of by Pitt with a view to capture, slipped through the feeble fingers of Bute, safe into the coffers of Cadiz. Yet Pitt steadily refused to enter into any quarrel with the Ministry, from which he had separated himself. Bute did not rest content with Pitt's removal, while Newcastle remained. Ignored and insulted, the old man, who had grown by habit into the routine of Premiership, was forced at last to retire to Claremont.

A Treaty was at once framed at Fontainebleau, chiefly under the direction of the Duke of Bedford. We obtained from France an acknowledgment of our right to Canada, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, and part of Louisiana—the islands of Tobago, Dominique, St. Vincent, and the Grenadas—the settlement of Senegal, and the island of Minorca. We gave up to our powerful neighbour Martinique, Guadaloupe, Goree, Belleisle, and other islands. The fishing-grounds of Newfoundland were distinctly marked off. From Spain we received Florida, and the settlements between it and the Mississippi, by which our territory was made to stretch in an unbroken line of valuable shore between the mouths of the two grand rivers of North America. Getting back Havannah and the Philippines, Spain was only too glad to waive all old claims and obstructions about codfish and logwood. On the whole, this Treaty of Paris worthily crowned a very glorious war. But it was not signed without a struggle. The unpopular favourite began, through Henry Fox, to bribe on a scale at which Walpole would have blushed. It was necessary to consolidate the Ministerial Party in this way; and in this way only did he tide over the critical debate on the treaty. Carried down to the House, a mere bundle of flannel and pain, Pitt managed to reach his seat by the help of friends, and spoke vigorously for more than three hours against the Peace. So exhausted was he that he could not stay to give his vote. In spite of all the treaty was approved. The Pay Office had done its corrupt work successfully.

Bute's resignation soon became a necessity. George Grenville, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, then assumed the toils of Premiership (April 8, 1763). The new Prime Minister plunged at once into the prosecution of **John Wilkes**. This man, the son of a Clerkenwell distiller, had been returned in 1757 for the borough of Aylesbury. For ribaldry and vice his character in London was notorious. Having started a paper called *The North Briton*, in opposition to Lord Bute's organ *The Briton*, he reviled the Scotch nation; but took a more daring flight in No. 45, in which he charged the King with having uttered a lie, while speaking from the throne at the prorogation of Parliament. A general warrant—i. e., a warrant naming nobody—was issued against the authors, printers, and publishers of this libel; and in virtue of this, Wilkes was arrested and sent to the Tower. His

papers, too, were seized. When a writ of *Habeas Corpus* led to his appearance at the bar of the Common Pleas, Chief-Justice Pratt declared him free, because a Member of Parliament could be arrested only for treason, felony, or breach of the peace. His first act on recovering his liberty was to write a letter to the Secretaries of State, charging them with the possession of goods stolen from his residence. An action for libel, founded on No. 45, was then begun against him; and he lost his colonel's commission in the Bucks' Militia. When Parliament met (November 15, 1763), a licentious poem by Wilkes, of which a few copies had been printed for use in the orgies to which he was addicted, was laid before the House. Just at this crisis he received a bullet in the side, while fighting a duel with Martin, a creature of Bute, whom he had assailed in his notorious paper. After sending, in answer to the summons of the House, repeated medical certificates, he went to spend the Christmas at Paris. The Commons condemned No. 45 as a wicked libel, and expelled its author from his seat. He was soon afterwards declared by the King's Bench guilty of the publication; but this was balanced by the decision of the Chief-Justice against general warrants as illegal.

During the withdrawal of Pitt from active life, his kinsman, George Grenville, took that step which led to the loss of the American Colonies. A Bill for laying upon the Transatlantic settlements the same Stamp-duties as prevailed in England, passed

1765 into a law (March 22). Benjamin Franklin, a chandler's

A.D. son and once a printer's apprentice, but now Agent for Pennsylvania, warned the Government that the Colonists would never submit to bear this burden. The battle of the Regency at this time, though of infinitely less importance, excited more interest. A slight attack of that mental malady, whose clouds afterwards so sadly thickened, made it necessary that this matter should be arranged. The chief quarrel was about the insertion of the Princess-Dowager's name. The Government had actually led the King to consent to her exclusion, when a reaction, brought round by Bute and his friends, caused her name to be placed on the list. A new Ministry of leading Whigs was then formed under the Premiership of the Marquis of Rockingham. General Conway and the Duke of Grafton became Secretaries of State, while Newcastle got the Privy Seal. **The Stamp Act**, fruitful in discontents on both sides of the Great Water, surged up to the surface of debate at once. There were three opinions prevailing on this celebrated question. Grenville and the King, although a gulf now severed them in other things, thought steel and powder the true way of dealing with the refractory Colonists. Pitt thought the Act a flagrant breach of the Constitution. Rockingham held that, while Parliament had an undoubted right to tax the Colonies, this Act was "unjust and impolitic, sterile of revenue and fertile in discontents." The private secretary of Rockingham, who had lately entered Parliament for Wendover in Bucks, adopted the last view and enforced it with striking eloquence. He was an Irishman of thirty-five, named Edmund Burke, who, born at Dublin and trained

in the University of that city, had studied law for a while in the Temple, and had afterwards devoted himself to a literary life.

The Stamp Act was ultimately repealed. The Ministry of Rockingham has been blamed as very weak—a defect, which may perhaps be ascribed to its freedom from the corrupt practices so largely carried on by preceding Premiers. Rockingham bought no votes.

Lord Clive now extorted from the puny representative of the Mogul Empire, the *Dewanee* or right of collecting the revenues in Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar—an acquisition, which extended **1766** the power of the British directly up to Patna, and in reality, A.D. though not in name, as far as the mighty Jumna. The want of rain in 1770 and a consequent failure of the rice-crops reduced India to a state so miserable that it attracted the notice of the British Parliament. **Lord Olive** was **impeached** before the House by Burgoyne, the chairman of a hostile committee, and defended himself with singular ability. The inquiry ended in favour of the conqueror of Bengal. But this availed little to cheer the spirit-broken soldier, who was obliged to eat opium that he might find a temporary relief from the maladies of mind and body that beset him. In 1774 the founder of our Indian Empire committed suicide at the age of forty-nine.

Pitt undertook the formation of that "**Mosaic**" Ministry which Edmund Burke has so graphically described. The Duke of Grafton became First Lord of the Treasury; witty **July**, Charles Townshend took the Exchequer; General Conway **1768** and Lord Shelburne acted as Secretaries of State. The A.D. Great Commoner, to quote Chesterfield's apt expression, "fell up stairs" into the House of Lords. As **Earl of Chatham**, he received the minor office of Privy Seal, which exempted him from almost any share in Cabinet toils. The truth is, the great orator's mind became unhinged about this time. Gout and the excitement of public life had done an evil work upon him. Before sinking into the long eclipse, which clouded nearly three of his years, he spoke in the Lords to defend that embargo on wheat and wheat-flour, which the King had thought it necessary to impose in consequence of the scarcity of food.

Hypochondria then deepened upon Chatham's mind. He could bear no noise. All the houses around his villas at Hayes and Hampstead were bought up that he might be muffled in silence. He took odd fancies. At one time he could not find cedars enough in Somersetshire to plant his grounds. Trees were carried down from London to be planted by torchlight. The cooks in his kitchen needed always to keep the spits going, for they did not know the second when a dinner might be called for. In the Castle Inn at Marlborough he dressed all the waiters in his livery, in a freak of extravagance during a journey to London. From these fantastic humours and the deep gloom, which followed them, a sharp fit of gout set him free. But he had then (1768) resigned the Privy Seal.

John Wilkes again excited riot and dispute. Taking advantage

of a general election in 1768, he came over from France and stood for London. Rejected there, he carried the election for Middlesex. But his outlawry stood in his way. After he had been two months in prison the Court of King's Bench decided on reversing his sentence, but inflicted on him a fine of £1000 and imprisonment for two years. As often as the Commons expelled Wilkes, the electors of Middlesex returned him for that shire. And, when a Colonel Luttrell attempted to oppose him, and the Commons decided that the colonel, although he got fewer votes, ought to have been elected, every tongue and pen, from Chatham in the Peers down to Junius in the *Public Advertiser*, fought for the freedom of election. Before he came out of jail in 1770 Wilkes had obtained damages in the Common Pleas for £4000 against Lord Halifax, for false imprisonment and illegal seizure of papers. As Alderman, Sheriff, and Lord Mayor of London, he ran the round of civic splendour, and continued to represent Middlesex in the Commons for many years.

Charles James Fox spoke his maiden speech against the election of Wilkes for Middlesex, supporting Luttrell the rival candidate. He had attached himself to the Ministerial Party, presided over by that Duke of Grafton, whose memory the pen of Junius has covered with ignominy. In January 1769 the first of a series of letters, directed against the existing Government, appeared in the *Public Advertiser*. To this day it is uncertain who wrote them. There is indeed one name, to which the evidence that we have seems to point with some clearness—**Sir Philip Francis**. Like Burke a native of Dublin, this man, whose father was the translator of *Horace*, held several secretarieships before finding his way into the War Office, where he was serving during the appearance of the Letters. Afterwards appointed Member of Council in Bengal, he fought a duel with Warren Hastings, got a bullet through his body, and came home, to sit in Parliament and uphold Whig principles. In 1818 he died, aged seventy-eight.

Burke's name too has been connected with these brilliant letters, and he was in Opposition at the time. But few now believe that Burke was Junius.

Grafton having resigned in 1770, a new Ministry was formed by Frederick, Lord North, a nobleman who was in face remarkably like the King. Fox took office as a junior Lord of Admiralty, and Edward Thurlow became Solicitor-General. On the whole the Cabinet contained almost the same men as had served under Grafton.

Four grand subjects occupied the mind of Burke during all his life. The first of these—America—was associated with the very opening of his parliamentary career. Sympathy on this great question drew together the minds of Burke and Fox.

A dispute of no small importance raged during the early part of 1771 between the House of Commons and the London printers, who had begun to publish the speeches and debates of the House. A Colonel Onslow called the attention of the House to the reporting

of debates, which had been previously (1728) declared a punishable offence. Burke calmly told the House that such things were natural and must go on. The Sergeant-at-arms was nevertheless sent into the city to seize the printers; but some of them could not be found. And, when one named Wheble was carried before Alderman Wilkes, he dismissed the charge. Alderman Oliver and the Lord Mayor, following this audacious example, were sent to the Tower by the Commons. The Government was afraid to meddle with Wilkes. Finally the Commons yielded, and the right of publishing the proceedings of Parliament has stood unquestioned since. Woodfall, the publisher of Junius, turned his surprising memory to good account in the *Diary*, by going to listen from the Strangers' Gallery and then transcribing all that he had heard.

Out of this disturbance grew a rupture between Fox and North. Pitt had resigned his post in the Admiralty, but was again received into the Ministry as one of the Lords of the Treasury. Fox proposed that Woodfall should be sent to Newgate. North, **1774** resenting this interference, sent Fox a note of dismissal. The A.D. death of his father Lord Holland in this year served still further to cut Fox loose from the trammels, which had bound him to the Ministry.

Nearer and blacker grew the cloud, which at last burst into the American War. While the entire horizon gloomed under its shadow, Edmund Burke, who had since 1771 been Agent for the State of New York, spoke against the taxation of tea in the American Colonies. The general election of 1774 having deprived him of his seat for Wendover, he entered the new Parliament as Member for Bristol, which was then the second commercial city in the land. As representative of the great sea-port, which owed her wealth to Transatlantic trade, Burke addressed himself to the task of inducing Parliament to conciliate the offended Americans. In this endeavour, which he called "laying the first stone of the Temple of Peace," he placed before the House thirteen resolutions. His strength was wasted on the obstinate and the blind. Taxation went on. The Americans took up the rifle, and the disastrous war began.

The ground, on which the hardy colonists took their stand, was this:—"We consider that representation and taxation imply each other: we have no representatives in the British Parliament: therefore we have no right to pay taxes to the British Government." Chancellor of Exchequer Townshend laid taxes on tea, lead, glass, paper, and paints in America. Again the Government at home—Lord North being then Premier—repealed all taxes except one: they retained the duty on tea. That eminent man **Benjamin Franklin** was then the Agent of the States in England. To his native city of Boston, a hotbed of revolt, where already shots had been fired, Franklin sent letters, which the English Colonial Secretary had received from Hutchinson and Oliver, the Governor and Deputy of Massachusetts, and which contained advice to crush out the embers of rebellion by instant force. These letters revived the somewhat

sinking fire. One December night of 1773 "**Boston harbour grew black with unexpected tea**" (as Carlyle phrases it), several of the colonists in the dress of Mohawks having boarded the vessels just newly anchored there, and flung the contents of the obnoxious chests overboard. This daring act brought heavy retaliation upon Massachusetts, and especially upon Boston. The Charter of the State was taken away; the Custom House was removed from Boston to Salem, the port being actually closed. In vain Franklin strove to effect a reconciliation. The American States, with the exception of

1774 Georgia, met in solemn Congress at **Philadelphia**, to confirm

A.D. with their approval the course taken by Massachusetts, to frame a *Declaration of Rights*, and to forward to King George III. a document, stating their case and pleading for redress. The petition was slighted. Chatham told the Lords, "that it was folly to force the taxes in the face of a continent in arms." Edmund Burke bade the Commons beware, "lest they severed those ties of similar privilege and kindred blood, which, light as air though strong as iron, bound the Colonies to the mother-land." The Ministers were deaf to these eloquent warnings and blind to the coming storm.

Campaign of 1775.—The first collision took place between Boston and Concord, chiefly at **Lexington**, fifteen miles from the former city. General Gage, in command of the British force at

April 19, Boston, sent a detachment to seize some military stores collected by the Americans at Concord. Reaching the town,

1775 they destroyed the stores, and then turned towards Boston.

A.D. Every hedge was lined with the rifles of the American marksmen. If a detachment with two cannon had not met the returning force at Lexington, every man would have fallen. As it was, sixty killed and one hundred and thirty-six wounded did not complete the tale of the British loss.

The greater affair of **Bunker's Hill** soon followed. Gage at Boston received from home three Generals—Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton—and many men. Right in front of him across the river Charles lay the eminence of Bunker's Hill, commanding all Boston. The buildings of Charlestown lay at its foot, all standing on a peninsula easily approachable by land. Yet it never occurred to Gage to secure this important position. The American militia, centred at Cambridge, resolved to seize the hill. This they accomplished during the night of the 16th June. At daybreak a British vessel, noticing the works which had sprung like mushrooms in the summer

June 17, night, began to fire on the hill. But until noon no men crossed. There was then a delay for reinforcements; and, when the attack began at last, the column moved up the hill in the face of the intrenched Americans—to be received with a murderous fire at scarcely barrel-length. The arrival of Clinton enabled the British to sweep the works with the bayonet. But they lost one thousand and fifty men in opposition to an American loss of four hundred and fifty. This very dubious victory of Bunker's Hill was a bad omen for the issue of the war.

In 1775 the Americans invaded **Canada** at two points. **Montgomery** led a force from Lake Champlain to Montreal, which he occupied (Nov. 19) on the departure of Governor Carleton to defend Quebec. The last-named city was threatened by **Benedict Arnold**, who had made a march late in autumn over the watershed, that divides Maine from the basin of the St. Lawrence. When Montgomery and Arnold united their forces, Quebec stood in imminent peril. On the last day of 1775 under falling snow the two American Generals assailed opposite sides of the rock-built capital. A shower of grape met and checked the attack. Montgomery was killed; Arnold, severely wounded. After spending four months in a feeble blockade, the Americans retreated on the approach of three ships from England, which heralded the arrival of a larger fleet.

The hero of the war came prominently on the scene soon after the affair of Bunker's Hill. This was **George Washington**, born in 1732 at Bridge's Creek, Westmoreland, Virginia. He had already seen service in the war, which resulted in the conquest of Canada. Assuming the command at Cambridge (July 2), he began the difficult task of organizing the American Army, in which he succeeded admirably. When he reached Cambridge, he found not enough powder in camp to give nine cartridges to each man. Having put his raw forces into shape, Washington established the blockade of Boston, within whose forts Howe now commanded in the room of Gage. This was the situation at the end of the first year.

Campaign of 1776.—Gradually pushing his approaches towards Boston, Washington longed for the time when he could destroy "the nest." Howe, following the bad example of his predecessor, had left unguarded Dorchester Height, which commanded the shipping and the town. Having taken this one night in March under cover of a bombardment, Washington forced Howe to evacuate the city. For the time Howe retired to Halifax in Nova Scotia, while Washington hurried to New York, where he had reason to expect the next attack.

A decided step was taken by the colonists, when they issued their celebrated **Declaration of Independence**, a document drawn up by Thomas Jefferson, a young lawyer of Virginia, and revised by John Adams of Massachusetts and Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania. When the vote of the States was taken, New York alone refused her assent.

July 4,
1776
A.D.

It was the 29th of June before General Howe appeared off Sandy Hook. An attack upon Long Island soon followed. Washington poured his forces into the island, but was out-manceuvred, and but for a timely fog would scarcely have been able to ferry his men over to New York (August 29). The evacuation of that city was the almost necessary consequence of this disaster. Washington crossed the Hudson and fell back behind the line of the Delaware.

Campaign of 1777.—General Howe did not open the third campaign till June; and even then, by not sufficiently studying the weather, he wasted all July and August. Having landed his troops at Elk Head on the shore of Chesapeake, he moved at last on Phila-

delphia. The Americans had had ample time to fortify the forks and wooded banks of the **Brandywine**, a river which crossed his line of march. Howe attacked their position on the stream by sending the Second Division to attempt the passage of Chad's Ford. Meanwhile Lord Cornwallis crossed the stream and took Washington in flank. A sudden fight ensued, but there was no pursuit. The American Army, though loaded with baggage-waggons and cannon, got clear away; and Washington lingered for two whole days in Philadelphia. In this battle the French Marquis de la Fayette fought his first fight and received a bullet in the leg.

Lord Cornwallis took possession of Philadelphia on the 27th of September. On the 4th of October Washington, attempting a surprise, came into collision with our troops at Germantown, six miles from the Quaker City, and suffered a very decided check.

But later a very severe humiliation fell upon the British troops. General Burgoyne, moving in June from the Canadian frontier, caused the Americans to evacuate the important lake-fortresses of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and then exultingly pressed forward to the Hudson. He was too late in asking for a coöperative movement from New York. Howe had sailed for the Delaware. Instead of falling back upon Lakes George and Champlain, he rashly advanced to a position within four miles of an American redoubt, held by General Gates near the meeting of the Mohawk and the Hudson. Skirmishing and waiting there from September 20th to October 7th, he consumed time, strength, and *food*, in the vague hope that some movement up the Hudson would be made from New York. The Americans cut off his retreat; the Indians deserted him in crowds.

Oct. 16, Vainly he attempted to reach Fort George by forcing his way up the right bank of the Hudson. Thicker grew the **1777** toils round his path, until at last he was forced to surrender at Saratoga with his army of five thousand seven hundred and ninety-one, on condition that the troops, marching out with the honours of war, should not again take part in the conflict.

The last decade of Chatham's life (1768-78) had been big with fate. The **American question**, growing more gigantic every year, called forth the latest gleams of his eloquence. At first he had declared the impossibility of conquering America; but, when France recognized the daring young Republic that was rising across the sea, whose Declaration of Independence had been recently borne across the Atlantic, whose trappers and woodcutters had forced Burgoyne into surrender at Saratoga, he caught fire from the memory of those old days when he had humbled France; and he spent his last strength in a speech opposing the Duke of Richmond's motion that the King should be asked to put an end to the war. The old man came down to the House carefully dressed in velvet, but with wrappings round his tortured limbs. Aided by his crutch and the ready arms of his son and his son-in-law, he crept like a shadow to his seat; and then, in feeble tones, with many wanderings and hesitations, he made his

last speech. Richmond replied gently and kindly. The veteran rose to reply, but words failed him: he pressed his hand upon his breast, and fell, struck with a fit of apoplexy. Some weeks afterwards (May 11, 1778) he died at his villa of Hayes, and was buried with honour in Westminster Abbey. A son remained to revive the glory of that famous name, for which the coronet of Chatham had proved but a poor exchange.

Campaign of 1778.—Within the lines of Philadelphia, “for the sake of which Clinton had been cooped at New York and Burgoyne sacrificed at Saratoga,” the army of Howe plunged into the wildest excesses. It was the **Capua of the War**. Twenty miles off, in huts at Valley Forge lay the army of Washington, shoeless and almost coatless—their legs often frozen black, so that amputation was necessary—their food of the scantiest and poorest kind. The sufferings of the troops were heroically borne; yet was their heroism dim beside that of their calm and resolute chieftain. Goaded by murmurs that he ought to have beaten Howe ere this—stung by the knowledge that Gates and others were plotting to depose him from his high command—expected by Congress to feed an army without money, in the face of a yeomanry, who could ~~da~~ would not give their grain for nothing—harassed by yet a hundred other troubles incidental to his position, **George Washington** held resolutely and calmly on the path of duty, content to bide his time. Having remodelled his army and obtained some promise of future pay from Congress, he prepared for the opening of a campaign. As a good omen for the American cause, we may note the ratification of a Treaty with France, acknowledging the independence of the Colonies (May 6). The campaign opened ignobly on the British side (June 18th), when Sir Henry Clinton, the successor of Howe, abandoned Philadelphia, and, crossing the Delaware, moved towards New York. Washington followed with caution. At Monmouth there was a battle, resulting in favour of Clinton, who managed to reach New York safely on the 5th of July. Washington, crossing the Hudson at King’s Ferry, fixed his camp at White Marsh. Some fighting in Rhode Island and Georgia filled up the rest of this campaign, during the latter part of which the leaders on both sides lay inactive. Washington, having resolved to stand on the defensive, fortified the heights of the Hudson, and drew a line of cantonments round New York. So he spent the winter.

Campaign of 1779.—Some fighting in Georgia and South Carolina—an attack on Virginia by the British, who sought to crush the tobacco trade and cut off Washington’s principal source of supply—the capture by Clinton of Verplank’s Neck and Stony Point, two important posts up the Hudson, which commanded the navigation of the river—an expedition of the American General Sullivan against the Indians on the Mohawk and Upper Susquehanna—and a fruitless attempt of the French and Americans to take Charleston—made up the principal events of this campaign, in which on the whole the British had the advantage.

Campaign of 1780.—No great operations except the siege and cap-

ture of **Charleston** by Sir Henry Clinton (May 12) marked the sixth campaign. But an event occurred, which brought into sad and disgraceful prominence an American and an English officer. The disgrace attaches to the name of Benedict Arnold, who had risen by dint of real military talent from the chicaneries of a horse jockey's life to the position of a General in the American Army. His lavish life as Governor of Philadelphia had entangled him in deep debts, and the refusal of Congress to pay him a sum, which he claimed for disbursements in the public service, induced him to open a correspondence with Clinton, offering to surrender the fortress of West Point on the Hudson, which he commanded. Major André, an accomplished officer on the British staff, was appointed to conduct the negotiation. In an evil hour he met Arnold on the Neutral Ground, and was riding back to the British lines, with some important papers hidden in his boots, when he was arrested and searched. In spite of all entreaties and explanations Washington would not spare him. He was hanged on the 2nd of October; while Arnold became a Major-general in the British service.

Campaign of 1781.—The great event of the eighth and decisive campaign was the surrender of **Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown**. Having advanced from North Carolina into Virginia, this General concentrated his army round the villages of Yorktown and Gloucester, which faced each other across the stream of the York, an affluent of the Chesapeake. Washington, with whom was the French General Rochambeau, shipped his troops at the head of Chesapeake Bay for Williamsburg. Thence they marched to the neighbourhood of Yorktown, and began to open trenches a few hundred yards from the defences of Cornwallis. The French fleet under De Grasse aided in the operations. Ground was broken on the 6th of October. On the 14th two important redoubts were taken by the besieging force. Looking eagerly for ships and men, which he expected from New York, Cornwallis held out until his shells were nearly all used. A daring attempt to seize the horses of the French cavalry, for the purpose of carrying off his infantry to New York, was

Oct. 19, frustrated by a storm. There was soon no glimpse of hope
1781 left, and on the 19th of October the articles of surrender
A.D. were signed. This virtually closed the war. Some operations in Carolina, in which the American General Greene had probably the best of the fighting, also occurred during this year.

Preliminaries of peace were signed at Paris on the 20th of January 1783; Adams, Franklin, Jay, and Laurens signing for the Americans. Lord North had resigned the year before, upon the occasion of an Address to stop the war being carried. Great Britain acknowledged the complete Independence of the thirteen revolted States, granting them leave to fish at Newfoundland and other privileges. Both nations were equally to enjoy the right of navigating the Mississippi. The war cost £100,000,000 sterling.

In 1778 Britain was embroiled in a war with France, owing to the

aid afforded by the latter to the revolted Americans. Spain, excited by grievances old and new, took part with France against us, and the two supported by an *Armed Neutrality* formed by Russia, Denmark, and Sweden, put forth their entire strength in the siege of Gibraltar (1779).

General George Augustus **Elliott**, afterwards Lord Heathfield, then commanded the garrison of Gibraltar. The defenders of the Rock soon began to feel the pinch of famine. Admiral Sir George **Rodney**, on his way to Gibraltar, captured a heavily-laden fleet of provision ships bound for Cadiz. A Spanish fleet met him off Cape St. Vincent (January 16, 1780). Amid all the terrors of a midnight storm, Rodney fought until the capture of four Spanish vessels, the loss of two among the breakers, and the flight of the remaining four proclaimed his victory. From the scene of this action he then proceeded through an open sea to the relief of the garrison at Gibraltar. A similar service was rendered in the following year (April 1781) by Admiral Darby. By land things looked better for the besiegers; for they had been pushing their works nearer to the town in spite of the English fire, and the fourth line was nearly finished. Acting on the information of a deserter, Elliott collected two thousand soldiers and three hundred sailors on the sands of the Isthmus, and moved steadily towards the embankments (November 1781). After a few shots the Spaniards fled. In less than an hour spiked guns and levelled heaps of smoking wreck marked the site of the taken line. Forty thousand men, under the direction of the Duc de Crillon, gathered round the Rock in 1782. To meet the storm of red-hot balls, which Elliott poured from the town, a French engineer devised a plan, which excited high hopes of success. At enormous expense **ten vessels**, thickly planked below and walled with timber, cork, and wetted sand, were provided with slanting roofs of wet hide stretched on cable netting, whose angle could be changed at will. Armed with new brass guns, these vessels swam slowly up to the English batteries, attended by shoals of gunboats, frigates, and other craft. At nine on the eventful morning (September 13th, 1782), the "constructions" received a warm English welcome of red iron as they moved to the attack. All day the cannon roared. Towards evening ominous smoke-jets, issuing from the sides of the monsters, whose bellowing had ceased, excited alarm. But, when the flames burst out, the hopes of the besiegers withered away. Two of the sand-and-hide structures blew up—the rest were burned either by the English balls or by their own crews. This repulse, however, did not relieve Gibraltar; for it was known that food and powder were running low within the walls: the blockade continued, therefore, fifty sail of the line with other vessels occupying the Bay. The final relief of the garrison was accomplished by Admiral **Lord Howe**. On the 11th of October 1782 he ran before wind and current through the Strait with thirty-six ships of the line and six frigates, attended by more than a hundred smaller sail. The double force of wind and tide carried nearly all his vessels eastward past

Europa Point. The morning of the 13th saw the Allied fleet all sailing out of the Bay, prepared for battle. But the breeze favoured the English—blew their enemies past the nook in which they lay, and then, conveniently chopping round, blew themselves into the unguarded Bay (October 14th, 1782). Stretching a chain of ships across the mouth of the Bay, Howe spent the four following days in directing the unloading of the store-ships. The raising of the siege of Gibraltar soon followed this third and greatest relief.

In June 1780 the **Gordon riots** took place in London. A mad Scottish nobleman, Lord George Gordon, finding the majority in the Commons anxious for some change in favour of Roman Catholics, prepared, as the head of the "Protestant Association," to present a monster petition against any such movement. Summoning a crowd to St. George's Fields, he headed a march of blue cockades sixty thousand strong towards St. Stephen's (June 2). "No Popery!" "Repeal the Bill!" resounded from all the streets of Westminster: some of the strongest and most reckless fellows swarmed in the very lobby of the House. The debate was adjourned for four days. On that Friday night some chapels were burned. But it was not until Monday the 5th that the work of destruction really began. No invading enemy could have defaced the capital so completely as the mob of drunken fanatics defaced it in three days. The Friday saw silent ruined streets; the Saturday saw Gordon in a Tower cell.

Burke now laid before the House of Commons his celebrated scheme for the Reform of the **Public Economy**. Every department of the Public service fell under his searching **1780** scrutiny, and in all—Ordnance, Mint, Exchequer, Army, **A.D.** Navy, Pensions, Household—he found something that might be retrenched without injuring the system of Government. Fox lent his friendly aid to the support of this measure, which, however, was lost in the higher stages.

In February 1782 Lord North resigned, because an Address to the King for the discontinuance of the war was carried by a small majority. A second Rockingham Ministry then sprang into being, in which Fox was Foreign Secretary and Burke Paymaster of the Forces. The latter, however, was not admitted into the Cabinet. He ceased in this year to represent Bristol, the electors of which disliked his views in favour of Irish trade and the relief of the Roman Catholics. Falling back, therefore, on Malton, he continued to sit for that borough during the remainder of his life.

When Rockingham died—only four months after taking office—the Cabinet dissolved, and the Shelburne Ministry took its place (July 10, 1782), **William Pitt** being called to fill the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Little more at that time than twenty-three years of age, he had already been sitting in Parliament for eighteen months. Born at Hayes in Kent, May 28th 1759, he enjoyed a careful training at home, and went afterwards to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where his precocious scholarship excited much wonder. A short stay in France

was followed by a course of legal study, which qualified him for admission to the Bar in 1780. In less than a year he took his seat in the Commons for the borough of Appleby, and displayed at once an eloquence which awed and dazzled even that distinguished audience.

The Rockingham Administration had enacted the independence of the Irish Parliament (1782), by repealing a former statute of dependence. It was left for the Shelburne Ministry to acknowledge the independence of the United States (December 5, 1782).

The Shelburne Ministry was overthrown by a Coalition of Whigs and Tories. In the new Cabinet, formed April 5th, 1783, the Premiership was allotted to the **Duke of Portland**; but Fox and North were the ruling spirits of the band, the latter managing the Home, the former the Foreign Office. Burke took office in the Coalition as Paymaster of the Forces. This Ministry, however, did not live a year. When Parliament assembled in the following November, Fox brought in two Bills upon the proper government of India. Proposing in one Bill to vest the territorial government of India in the hands of seven Directors, to be appointed at first by the Parliament but afterwards at intervals of four years by the Crown, and to place the commercial government in the hands of nine Assistant-directors, Fox in the other Bill aimed at the regulation of the powers exercised by the Governor-General and Council. Burke supported the measures with all the might of his eloquence. And Pitt opposed them with all the energy of youth and the vigour of aspiration. Long the battle raged. Fox carried the first Bill through the Commons in triumph, but it was lost on the second reading in the Lords, the King having conceived or received the idea that the passing of the measure into law would place all Indian power in the hands of the Ministry. Thus the Coalition broke down. At twelve one night (December 18), a royal messenger demanded Dec. 19, the seals of office from North and Fox, and on the next day 1783 **Pitt was appointed First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer.** A.D. Fox naturally became leader of the Opposition, which assumed a portentous contrast to the handful thinly scattered on the ministerial benches. The Coalition did not die without a struggle. But Pitt, supported by the King, won his way inch by inch against the majorities dwindling every night, until the dissolution of Parliament completed the ruin of Fox's party. One hundred and sixty retainers of Charles James lost their seats in the election that ensued, retiring with the poor consolation of living in history as "Fox's Martyrs."

GEORGE III. (1760-1783.)

A.D. Married CHARLOTTE OF MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ.

1761. Oct. 6.—Resignation of Pitt and Temple: *Bute becomes Premier.*

1763. Arrest of John Wilkes of the *North Briton*.

Formation of the *Grenville Ministry*, Bute having resigned.
The Treaty of Fontainebleau.

1764. Oct. 23.—Sujah Dowlah of Oude defeated in the *Battle of Buzar*.
 1765. Mar. 22.—THE STAMP ACT PASSED.
 Formation of the *Rockingham Ministry*.
 First speech of Edmund Burke in the Commons.
 1766. The Stamp Act repealed.
 July.—Pitt, created Earl of Chatham, joins Grafton in forming the *Mosaic Ministry*.
 1767. Captain Cook's first voyage.
 1768. Pitt, broken by gout and hypochondria, resigns.
 Arkwright completes the model of his *Spinning Frame*.
 1769. The *Letters of Junius* begin to appear in the *Public Advertiser*.
 1770. Grafton having resigned, the *North Ministry* is formed.
 1771. London printers arrested for publishing the *Parliamentary Debates*. The authorities support the printers.
 Arkwright brings his *Water Frame* to a perfect form.
 1772. Captain Cook's second voyage.
 1773. Trial of Lord Clive.
 1774. The First American Congress meets at Philadelphia.
 Quarrel between Fox and North.
 1775. April 19.—The outbreak of the American War.
 1776. July 4.—*The Declaration of American Independence*.
 Captain Cook's third voyage.
 1778. May 11.—Lord Chatham dies of apoplexy.
 War with France and Spain declared.
 1779. The great Siege of Gibraltar begins—ends 1783.
 Crompton invents the *Spinning Mule*.
 Captain Cook murdered at Hawaii.
 1780. Burke lays before the Commons his scheme of *Economical Reform*; supported by Fox.
The Gordon Riots.
 1782. Mar. 30.—Lord North having resigned, the *Second Rockingham Ministry* is formed.
 July 10.—The *Shelburne Ministry*, with Pitt as Chancellor of Exchequer, formed, owing to Rockingham's death.
 Dec. 5.—THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE AMERICAN STATES ACKNOWLEDGED.
 1783. The Shelburne Ministry overthrown by a Coalition. Fox, North, and Burke have a place in the *Portland Ministry* (April 5)—killed by Fox's India Bill, it gives way (Dec. 18) and is followed by an *Administration under Pitt* as Chancellor of Exchequer.

CHAPTER V.

GEORGE III.—(Second Part, 1783-1807.)

Hastings in India.
 Trial of Hastings.
 French Revolution.
 Quarrel of Burke with Fox.
 Wilberforce.
 St. Vincent.
 Nelson.

The Mutiny.
 Death of Burke.
 Camperdown.
 Irish Rebellion.
 The Nile.
 Acre and Abercromby.
 Union of Ireland.
 The Addington Cabinet.

Copenhagen.
 Treaty of Amiens.
 Threatened Invasion.
 Pitt again in Office.
 Trafalgar.
 Death of Pitt.
 Grenville Cabinet.
 Death of Fox.

THE second of the great names associated with the foundation of our Indian Empire is the name of **Warren Hastings**. Descended from the Hastingses of Daylesford in Worcestershire, this eminent

man grew up in the poor rectory of the parish, where his ancestors had been lords of the soil. After attending the village school he went to Westminster, whence he was shipped off (1750) at the age of seventeen to Bengal, to work at a desk in the Secretary's office. In the troubles that ensued young Hastings carried a musket in the English ranks as a volunteer under Clive. After residing for a while at Moorshedabad as the Company's Agent, he became a Member of Council at Calcutta; and after a visit to England returned as Member of Council at Madras—a post which he soon exchanged for the Governorship of Bengal (1772).

The first great change, accomplished by Hastings, related to the revenue. The office was transferred from Moorshedabad to Calcutta, the Company relieving the Nabob from the trouble of collection.

Hastings, anxious to make large remittances to the Company at home, hired out British troops to the Nabob Vizier of Oude, who desired to subdue the fair-skinned Afghans of Rohilcund. For this ignoble service Hastings received £400,000. The districts of Korah and Allahabad, placed under English protection, were sold by Hastings to the same despot. The *Regulating Act*, passed by the North Ministry in 1773, appointed **Hastings Governor-General** of India, and appointed also four Councillors to aid him in the discharge of his duties. One of these Councillors was Philip Francis, the supposed author of the *Junius' Letters*. Sir Elijah Impey, an old school-fellow of Hastings at Westminster, came out at the same time as Chief-Justice. From the first, Francis, aided by two other of the Councillors, set himself to thwart Hastings; and a Brahman, named Nuncomar, came forward with a long list of accusations against the Governor-General. Nuncomar was disposed of in 1776 by being hanged for forgery; and in spite of all that his enemies in India and at home could do, Hastings held his high position, and, when his term of five years had expired, was reelected.

The father of **Hyder Ali** was a poor officer of foot, whose ancestors had been beggars in the Punjaub. Reared himself, as his father had been, by charity, he became a leader of guerillas in the service of Nunjeraj, the sovereign of Mysore. By thieving and fraud he collected wealth and soldiers, and then by playing off his accomplice Kunde Row against his employer Nunjeraj, he secured the one in an iron cage and deposed the other from the throne. The **Mah-rattas**, who came originally from the gorges of the Western Ghauts, overswept Mysore, placing Hyder's position in peril of overthrow. Hyder thought the English at Madras should have aided him at this crisis. Instead of doing so, they took the French fortress of Mahé in Malabar, over which he claimed some right of prior conquest. Hyder in a great rage assembled an army of nearly a hundred thousand men, and descended on the Carnatic, pushing his approaches so near Madras, that the night-sky, reddened with flame, appalled the gazers who thronged the summit of Mount St. Thomas. While trying to join Sir Hector Munro at Conjeveram, Colonel Baillie was attacked by Tippoo Sahib, Hyder's

1780
A.D.

son, whom he repulsed ; but within sight of the spires of the rendezvous he was attacked by the whole force of Mysore, and was obliged, owing to the explosion of two powder-waggons, to surrender at discretion. This disaster was followed by the fall of Arcot, which Hyder Ali took, November 3, 1780.

When the news of these events reached Bengal, Hastings sent General Sir **Eyre Coote** to undertake the management of the war. Finding only seven thousand men, and of these only seventeen hundred Europeans, Coote nevertheless encountered and defeated Hyder at Porto Novo near Cuddalore. The arrival of French aid under Suffrein and Bussy appeared for a time to turn the scale against the English ; but death smote Hyder in 1782 : peace was made between England and France ; and Tippoo found it necessary to follow the example.

Hastings' treatment of **Benares**, and his dealings with the Begums of **Oude** especially, left a stain on his administration. In his urgent want of money he demanded from Cheyte Singh, Zemindar of Benares, a supply in addition to the ordinary tribute, which was regularly paid. Several times the Rajah yielded to this demand ; but a request that he should support a body of British cavalry met with some show of objection. Hastings came to Benares in person, and arrested the recusant in his own city. The mob rose, slew the Sepoys, afforded the captive a chance of escape, and besieged Hastings in his temporary lodging. Letters, rolled into thin cylinders and passed through that hole in the lobe of the ear, where natives generally hung their ear-rings, conveyed the tidings of his danger to Calcutta ; and then a force came swiftly to his rescue. Hastings went then to Oude. Demanding from the Nabob immediate payment of a debt due to the Company, he was met by the request that Oude should be relieved from the expense of keeping up a British force. There seemed no way out of this difficulty but, as Macaulay puts it, the robbery of some third party. The Princesses of Oude, of whom one was the Nabob's own mother, were selected for this purpose. They were confined to their palace at Fyzabad and nearly starved : their servants suffered torture : their wealth was extorted to the last coin ; and then they were set free. Upon these transactions and the Rohilla War was founded the trial of Hastings. Yet we must not look upon his government as entirely oppressive, or even chiefly so. During his administration the Asiatic Society was founded. It may be noted also that the Board of Control, a department of the Government, which dealt with the affairs of India in connection with the Company, was first formed during his tenure of office.

The discussions on this subject in the Commons resulted in an **impeachment**. The trial began before the Lords on the 13th of February 1788, when an audience of beauty, rank, and genius lighted up the sombre shades of Westminster Hall. The principal Managers of the impeachment were Burke, Fox, and Sheridan ; Pitt having refused to be one, and the good taste of the House having decided

against the admission of Francis, a personal foe of the culprit The eloquence of Burke, who opened the charges by displaying a colossal panorama of India scathed by the tyranny of Hastings, penetrated the audience like a magician's spell. One lady fell into a fit. Fox then spoke. The case of the Princesses of Oude fell to the advocacy of **Richard Brinsley Sheridan**, who had in the previous session delivered in Parliament upon the same subject a speech, which Windham and Fox, excellent judges, characterized as the finest ever spoken in the Commons. 1788 A.D.

This remarkable orator was born in Dublin in 1751. Educated at Harrow, he passed his youth at Bath, and then began to write for the stage. *The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, and *The Critic* flowed in succession from his brilliant pen. During this time he acquired some shares in Drury Lane Theatre, and through the influence of Fox was returned in 1780 for the borough of Stafford.

After the grand oration of Sheridan the trial of Hastings ceased to have much public interest. Not until the spring of 1795 did the Lords pronounce judgment in this celebrated cause. The seven years, which had elapsed since its commencement, had disunited with quarrel the band of Managers; and more than one third of the Peers, who walked in procession on the opening day, were resting in the grave. The accused was acquitted and discharged. But his fortune had melted away. In this crisis the East India Company came to his aid, by conferring on him a life-annuity of £4000, advancing ten years' income to meet his debts, and lending him £50,000 without interest. Trying to naturalize at **Daylesford** Indian fruits and Indian animals, he lived in retirement until 1813, when a discussion upon Indian affairs brought him from seclusion to be fêted and cheered; but not, as he expected, promoted to the Peerage. He died in 1818, aged eighty-six years.

The autumn of 1788 brought the sad news that the mind of the King was deranged; and it became necessary to think of appointing a Regent. Upon this point Pitt and Fox disputed during all the illness of King George; the former contending that Parliament had the right of settling the **Regency**; the latter maintaining the right of the Prince of Wales to govern during his father's incapacity. The fortunate recovery of the King prevented the question from coming to an issue then.

Edmund Burke was identified above all other statesmen of his time with the subject of the French Revolution. His celebrated work, *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, expressed his abhorrence and his dread of that Atheism, which had long been sapping the foundations of French society, and which he now looked upon as almost the sole cause of the frightful disorder reigning beyond the Channel.

His opinions upon this subject estranged him from Fox. The final breach took place in 1791. When speaking about the government of Quebec on this occasion, he introduced a fiery attack upon the Revolution party in France; to which Fox responded sharply enough by twitting the great Edmund with 1791 A.D.

inconsistency, since he had upheld in the American quarrel the very principles which he now condemned in France. **Burke** grew dark with rage. Whispers **Fox**, "There is no breach of friendship." "There is, there is!" passionately exclaimed the orator. "I know the price of my conduct. Our friendship is at an end." In this unhappy affair the Whig Club took **Fox's** part, upon which **Burke** and his friend **Windham** resigned their connection with that body.

The neutrality observed by **Pitt** was broken by the knife, which beheaded **Louis XVI.** of France. In vain **Fox**, supported by **Sheridan** and **Grey**, tried to reason down the cry for war, which broke from nearly all England. War was declared against the French Convention (February 11). A Coalition of nations, including Austrians, English, Dutch, Spaniards, and Prussians, was formed to crush the daring French Republic. On the Rhine, in the Pyrenees, among the valleys of Savoy war burned fiercely. An English fleet under **Lord Hood** took **Marseilles** and **Toulon**; but the science of young **Bonaparte** forced that nobleman to abandon his hold on Southern France.

The fear of invasion led to the enrolment of **Volunteers**—an idea due, it is said, to the inventive mind of **Henry Dundas**, a friend of **Pitt**. This eminent Scotsman, afterwards raised to the Peerage as **Lord Melville**, passed through the lower offices of **Lord Advocate** and **Treasurer of the Navy**, before joining the Ministry of **Pitt**. He afterwards became **Secretary at War**. A naval victory won in the Channel by **Lord Howe** (June 1, 1794)—another in the following year (June 22) gained by **Lord Bridport** off **L'Orient**—the capture of the **Cape of Good Hope** and of some of the finest of the **Antilles** crippled severely the power of the French and their newly gained Dutch Allies.

Spain too broke off from the Coalition. **The French Directory** sought to wound Britain through her turbulent sister in the west. Irish officers eagerly encouraged the thought of such a thing. A fleet, collected at **Brest**, sailed in December 1796 with an army under **General Hoche**; but a storm prevented the invasion by driving the ships far and wide from the appointed meeting-place in **Bantry Bay**. The *Légion Noire*—a band dressed in black, the scum of the French galleys—made descents on **Ilfracombe** and **Fishguard Bay**, preparatory to setting **Bristol** in a blaze: but, panic-struck at the sight of the red cloaks worn by the Welsh peasant girls, they yielded ignobly to **Lord Cawdor**.

The French Directory, intoxicated by the splendid successes of **Napoleon** in Italy, burned to make a descent upon **England**. In order to accomplish this, it was arranged that the Dutch and Spanish fleets should effect a junction at **Brest** with the collected navy of France. The Spanish fleet under **Cordova** had passed the Strait of **Gibraltar** on its way to the place of meeting, when it was met by a British squadron from the **Tagus** under **Sir John Jervis**. The news that the Spaniards were under sail near **Cape St. Vincent** had been brought to the English Admiral by **Commodore Nelson**, who came opportunely with some ships from **Elba**. The Spaniard mustered twenty-

five sail ; Jervis commanded only fifteen. But a daring movement of the English ships through the hostile fleet, cutting off six vessels from the main body, reduced the fighting numbers to something like equality. Commodore Nelson covered himself with glory in the action that ensued. Aided by Collingwood, he boarded, Feb. 14,
 first the *San Nicolas*, through whose cabin window he sprang, 1797
 and then the *San Josef*, a vessel of eighty guns, lying beyond. A. D.
 As he sprang on the deck of the latter, his famous cry, "Victory or Westminster Abbey," rang clear above the din of war. Four Spanish ships struck in this **Battle of St. Vincent** ; several could hardly sail away. A Peerage and a pension rewarded Jervis, while Nelson received knighthood and the Order of the Bath.

Born in 1758 at the parsonage of Burnham Thorpe in Norfolk, where his father held a small living, **Horatio Nelson** began his career as a midshipman on board the *Raisonnable*, 64, of which his uncle Suckling was commander. When this vessel was paid off, the boy preferred the stirring life of a West Indiaman to the slow sameness of a guard-ship in the Thames. This taught him seamanship in a rougher and perhaps a better school. A short stay on board his uncle's guard-ship revived his love for the Royal Navy, besides giving him a useful knowledge of pilotage. Arctic ice, Indian hurricanes, South American fevers had their share in his education for greatness. The siege of Fort San Juan, at Nicaragua, and the conquest of St. Bartholomew's added much to his reputation for skill and daring. After his marriage in 1787 he spent some years ashore. His appointment as captain of the *Agamemnon* (January 30, 1793) opened to him in the new French war that field of action, whose brightest laurels he plucked and wore. The western basin of the Mediterranean formed his cruising station for about three years. At Calvi he lost an eye, from the violence with which a round-shot, striking near him, scattered a shower of sand. And from Elba he started on the cruise, which resulted in the Battle of St. Vincent.

The bright gleam of St. Vincent was succeeded by a **gloomy time**. A sudden run upon the Bank of England having occurred, it took all the sagacity and resolve of Pitt to stem the tide of disaster that seemed to be setting in upon the country. But by a prompt issue of bank-notes, which the leading merchants agreed to accept, the danger was averted. Mutiny in the fleet added much to the depression of the time. Through April, May, and June the fleets at Portsmouth and the **Nore** were in the hands of the seamen, who appointed delegates to make known to the Government their grievances and demands. Insufficient pay—unfair distribution of prize-money—and tyrannical treatment by their officers formed the ground-work of their complaints. The crews at Portsmouth, softened by concession, soon returned to their duty ; but the mutiny in the Thames assumed a more formidable shape, owing to the levelling tendencies of its ring-leader, Richard Parker, a native of Devonshire, who had taken to the sea as a last resource. Some idea of this man's character may be gathered from his device of hanging images of Pitt and Dundas

on the yards of the vessels as targets for ball-practice. Lasting for about a month, this second and more dangerous mutiny melted away owing to various causes, of which the chief were the introduction of two severe Mutiny Bills by Pitt, the revival of loyal feelings on the King's birthday (June 4th), the tyranny of the upstart delegates, and the want of fresh water and food. Parker was hanged at the yard-arm of the *Sandwich* on the 30th of June.

As St. Vincent had flung a ray of gladness over the opening months of 1797, **Camperdown** tinged its autumn with a hopeful light. Fears of invasion from the Low Countries had been rife in Britain; and Admiral Duncan had been watching the mouth of the Texel most vigilantly. While he was refitting at Yarmouth Roads, De Winter, the Dutch Admiral, incited by the French Directory, moved out to attack the few ships on guard. Duncan came down with swelling canvas, before the Dutchmen had lost sight of the lowshore between Camperdown and Egmont. **Oct. 11, 1797** Onslow led the English van; Duncan in the *Venerable*, 74, sailed at the head of the second line. From noon to four the cannon roared, until the Dutch gave way and fled, leaving eleven prizes in the victor's hands. Duncan and De Winter played whist that night in the cabin of the *Venerable*, and the latter suffered a second defeat of a different kind.

The **Irish** rose in rebellion in 1798. Many of their leaders were seized by the Government—five at Margate on their way to France—several in Dublin at a secret meeting—the noblest, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, a son of the Duke of Leinster, while lurking in a feather-dealer's house in Thomas Street in the same city. Lord Edward died of his wounds. The massacre of Prosperous, seized by the rebels at midnight, rivals in atrocity the horrors of Cawnpore. Connaught remained quiet; Ulster was agitated only slightly. In the county of Wexford the pike grew red with savage triumph for a while. Under a priest, who pretended to catch the bullets as they flew past, a mass of men passed through Ferns, where they burned the episcopal palace, to Enniscorthy, whence they drove a garrison of Royalist troops. Wexford was then abandoned to their rage. Clustering to the number of fifteen thousand on the slopes of **Vinegar Hill**, which fronts Enniscorthy on the opposite bank of the Slaney, they began to show some rough semblance of military discipline under the conduct of their leaders, of whom a Protestant gentleman,

Bagenal Harvey, was chief. General Lake, seconded by **June 21, 1798** General Moore, attacked the camp on Vinegar Hill with a body of thirteen thousand men. Scarcely a shot was fired or a pike levelled by the rabble that streamed away in flight from the slopes of the hill. Lake had only one man killed.

The Wicklow mountains sheltered thousands of the fugitives; but the insurrection gradually yielded to the conciliating spirit displayed by the new Viceroy Lord Cornwallis, who was seconded faithfully by young Lord Castlereagh, the Chief Secretary. Several of the leaders were executed; and Henry Grattan, the greatest Irishman

of his age, although he had no share in the rising, was struck off the list of the Irish Privy Council.

This outbreak was seconded too late by a French force under General Humbert, which landed (August 22) at **Killala in Mayo**. Cornwallis, appearing with a large force, obliged Humbert and his men to surrender at Ballynamuck.

Napoleon's secret expedition to Egypt started from Toulon on the 19th of May 1798. The **capture of Malta** delayed the voyage for a time; but he landed his troops on the shore of Egypt on the last day of June, having narrowly escaped Nelson on the southern side of Candia. The march from Alexandria to Cairo was interrupted by a skirmish with the Mamelukes, vaingloriously styled the **Battle of the Pyramids** (July 21st). The French occupied Cairo without delay. Nelson cruised up and down the Mediterranean between Sicily and Egypt, little dreaming at one time that a fog-bank off Candia alone separated him from the object of his eager search. At the Morea he received distinct intelligence, and three days later (August 1) he saw the French masts bristling like a pine wood in the **Bay of Aboukir**.* The French had thirteen ships of the line, four frigates, and some gunboats; the English had the same number of first-rates, and but one fifty-gun ship in addition. Anchoring his vessels inside the French line of battle, Nelson opened fire a little after six o'clock, and through the summer dusk, deep into the midnight and on to the sudden dawn, the flashes of the cannon lighted up the curving shore. Hugest of all the French ships was the *Orient*, which bore the flag of Admiral Brueys and carried a hundred and twenty guns. Engaged during the action with two of the British vessels, it took fire owing to some oil-jars which the painters had left lying about. At ten o'clock the flames reached the powder-magazine, and a terrific explosion split the great vessel into burning fragments, which fell in a hissing shower over all the bay. Ten minutes of death-like stillness passed, before a gun dared to break the awful pause. Nelson, whose forehead had been severely cut by a splinter, appeared with a bloody bandage round his head to direct our boats in their merciful attempt to save the poor scorched swimmers that dotted the surface of the sea. At dawn a few guns were fired; the battle was over; and the French fleet then consisted of *two* runaway ships. The *Orient* was destroyed; eight had struck their flag; two were helpless on the shore. Unbounded joy filled Britain when the news came. Nelson was created **Baron Nelson of the Nile**, receiving in addition a pension of £2000 a year for three lives.

Aug. 1,
1798
A.D.

The spring of 1799 saw Napoleon moving along the shore to Palestine, where Djezzar Pacha shut himself up in **Acre** and soon secured the aid of some English blue-jackets under Sir Sidney Smith. For sixty-one days the French tried vainly to reduce this stronghold. Baffled and dispirited, the Corsican returned to Egypt, where he

* *Aboukir*, a castle, point, and bay about twelve miles north-east of Alexandria in Egypt.

soon had the satisfaction of scattering a badly organized Turkish army at Aboukir. He longed, however, for France, and stole away at midnight in one of his frigates (August 22). Clearing out the effete and unpopular Directory at the point of the bayonet, he then lifted himself to the post of First Consul. Kleber held Egypt for the French, until an Arab knife cut short his command. Menou, then becoming leader of the French army, continued to hold the Delta until 1801, when an English force under Sir Ralph Abercromby and Sir Sidney Smith made a descent upon the shore of Aboukir Bay and won the Battle of **Alexandria** (March 21st, 1801). A wound from a musket-ball, which he received in the thigh during the battle, caused the death of veteran Sir Ralph a few days later. The capitulation of Cairo completed the restoration of Egypt to the Turks.

In 1798 Lord Mornington or Marquis Wellesley went out to India, and made no delay in declaring war against Tippoo. The army of invasion amounted to more than eighteen thousand fighting men, of whom above five thousand were Europeans. They had with them one hundred and four cannon. The Nizam supplied sixteen thousand men, and General Stuart was marching from Malabar with six thousand four hundred veterans. On towards **Seringapatam** swept the invading army, bent upon striking to the very heart of Mysore.

The siege began on the 5th of April. And, after a breach one hundred feet wide had been made, the assault took place **May 4,** on the 4th of May under the direction of General Baird. **1799** In seven minutes the British flag floated from the surmounted breach. For a time **Tippoo** could not be found.

A.D.

He had been last seen with a musket in his hands, loading and firing like a common soldier. After careful search his palanquin was discovered; and not far off lay his lifeless body. He had been shot through the head by a soldier, who sought to rob him of his jewelled sword-belt. The government of the conquered city was intrusted to Colonel Arthur Wellesley, who had distinguished himself greatly during the operations of the siege. Thus fell the great Mahometan kingdom of Mysore. The Company retained "the coast of Canara, the district of Coimbatore, the passes of the Ghauts, and Seringapatam,"—possessions which gave them the coastline and a direct hold upon the centre of the southern plateau of India.

The First Consul of France wrote in autograph to the King of England, proposing a negotiation for peace, and received through his Foreign Minister Talleyrand a reply from the pen of Lord Grenville. The Corsican then bent his energies to the prosecution of the war in Italy. The Alps were climbed. Milan was entered. Marengo was fought. The Austrians were swept from Lombardy. The victory of Hohenlinden in Bavaria added the last drop to the cup of humiliation offered to the lips of the Hapsburgs, who gladly welcomed a cessation of the war in the Peace of Luneville.

In Ireland the **Union question** meanwhile worked its way onward to completion, receiving its final shape during the year 1800. As was

natural, the mere mention of such a thing excited a whirlwind of opposition in the Houses of Parliament by the Liffey. Henry Grattan, who had paid more than £2000 for the right of representing Wicklow, crawled to his seat, though worn with severe illness, and spoke with more than his wonted fire against the measure, attacking especially the published speech of Pitt in its defence. Isaac Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer, replied to him: the debate of eighteen hours ended by a division in favour of Union. In the British Parliament the opposition to the measure was very slight. Fox objected to it, but did not give an opposing vote. Receiving the royal assent on the 2nd of July, this most beneficial Act Jan. 1, came into force on the 1st of January 1801, after which the 1801 King met a threefold Legislature, entitled the Imperial A.D. Parliament.

Four spiritual Peers by rotation of sessions—twenty-eight temporal Peers elected for life by the Peers of Ireland—and one hundred Commoners (increased to one hundred and five by the Reform Bill) were appointed to represent Ireland in the Imperial Parliament. The Church of Ireland, established upon an Episcopal basis, was united to the Church of England by agreement in doctrine, worship, and discipline. The privileges of trade and navigation, enjoyed by British subjects, were extended to Irish merchants also. The taxation and expenditure were henceforward to be levied and defrayed according to a certain regular proportion. And all laws and courts were to remain as before in both kingdoms, subject to any alteration which Parliament might enact.

A question connected with the Irish Union now overthrew the long Ministry of Pitt, and continued to convulse the Legislature at intervals for nearly thirty years. It consisted of a claim in favour of **relieving Roman Catholics** from the heavy penalties and close restrictions, under which the Test and other Acts had placed them. They had given generous support to the Irish Union. Pitt justly thought that they deserved some return, and that the Union would be cemented by an Act of Emancipation. But the King set himself in opposition to any measure of the kind, leaving the Minister no resource but resignation of the high office he had held for seventeen years. Mr. Addington, the Speaker of the Commons, was then intrusted with the formation of a Government; in which process he did little more than bring into the front rank of the Cabinet those who had been subordinates with Pitt. Feb. 5,
1801
A.D.

Two blows broke the Armed Neutrality among the nations that surround the Baltic Sea. These were the **Battle of Copenhagen** and the murder of the Czar Paul. A fleet of eighteen sail under Sir Hyde Parker and Admiral Nelson left Yarmouth Roads for the Sound on the 12th of March. Sir Hyde was a nervous man. But his colleague was made of sterner stuff. Nelson undertook to reduce the batteries of Copenhagen with ten ships, and, having got twelve, proceeded to take soundings and to lay down buoys in the winding

channel which led up to the Danish position. In the hottest of the cannonade a signal fluttered on the top-mast of Parker's ship, commanding Nelson to cease firing. The hero turned his sightless eye towards the bunting, and went on with the attack, desiring his own signal for "closer action" to be nailed to the mast. At about two in the afternoon the Danish fire slackened and ceased. Some of the ships which had struck fired on boats that were pulling to take possession of them; upon which Nelson wrote as follows to the Crown Prince :—" Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence, which covered her shores, has struck to the British flag; but, if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies of the English." This humane and dignified remonstrance had its effect. A flag of truce came from the shore, and next day the victor landed to tell the Crown Prince, why the battle had been fought. This "glorious disobedience" was rewarded, not with hanging, as he comically suggested that it might be, but with promotion to the rank of Viscount.

The way being thus smoothed for peace, Amiens was appointed as the place for its discussion. After some wrangling about March 27, Malta the **Treaty of Amiens** was brought to a conclusion 1802 on the 27th of March 1802. It was a shallow pretence on A.D. the First Consul's part, deserving to be called an Armed Truce rather than a Peace.

Instead of giving up Malta to the Knights of St. John, the British Government, quite aware that Bonaparte waited only for their evacuation of the place to seize it for himself, proposed to hold it for ten years, and then restore it to the natives. This *ultimatum* being rejected, war with France was declared by the King on the 18th of May 1803. Four days later, a decree of the First Consul flung into captivity several thousand English tourists, whom the peace had induced to cross the Channel.

In Ireland an outbreak, which might have been serious, had it not been premature, took place on the 23rd of July. Its leader was Robert Emmett, a Protestant, round whose unhappy fate a love story, celebrated in poetry and romance, hangs its pathetic light. A store of gunpowder having exploded, the rebels were forced into action, and, breaking into various bands in the streets which branch from the Castle of Dublin, were dispersed by the fire of the military and the police. The murder of Chief-Justice Kilwarden degraded their pseudo-patriotic enterprise. Seized in his lurking-place amongst the hills of Wicklow, Emmett was brought to trial, condemned, and executed,—a doom which also righteously fell on seventeen of his accomplices.

The great **terror of a French invasion** took a very distinct shape in the summer of 1803. At last the *Armée d'Angleterre* seemed really to be destined for the English shore. One hundred thousand men

lay encamped at Boulogne, and the wings of this great central body spread to the number of fifty thousand more from Brest on the one hand to Antwerp on the other. Quietly and resolutely Britain collected her energies for the conflict. In addition to her previous resources a force of Volunteers begirt her with a ring of defence reliable and solid. Civilians to the number of three hundred thousand went to drill and learned the use of arms, exactly as we saw a greater number do under similar circumstances in 1860. Gunboats also clustered along the line of the Cinque Ports, those ancient enemies of France.

When the Addington Ministry broke down in 1804, the King commissioned Pitt to form a new Cabinet, under the special condition that Fox was to have no place in it. Receiving the seals of office on the 10th of May, he constructed a Government, in which his intimate companion Harry Dundas, now Lord Melville, was First Lord of the Admiralty, and Castlereagh acted as President of the Board of Control, while he took the Exchequer for himself. The Treasurership of the Navy was given to George Canning, a young statesman of rare wit and eloquence, who, as Under Secretary, had been a valuable member of Pitt's earlier Administration.

May 10,
1804
A.D.

Descended from those Bristol Canyniges who were celebrated by the forgeries of Chatterton, **George Canning** owed his start in life to the kindness of an uncle, Stratford Canning, the banker, at whose house he met Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and other notable men. The statesman's father was a literary adventurer, whom debt and failure sent to an early grave; his mother, braving the risks of a theatrical life, became a manager's, and then a mercer's wife. At Eton George distinguished himself by his verses. A little weekly paper called the *Microcosm*, which flourished for about a year, owed its birth to his literary taste and most of its best matter to his pen. His reputation preceded him to Oxford, where in 1788 he entered Christ Church College. His *Iter ad Meccam* is said to be the best prize poem, which that University has ever produced. Pitt, who watched the rising talent of the day, lured this ardent young Whig across to the Tory ranks, of which he became a champion and a crown. Entering Parliament in 1793 as Member for Newport in the Isle of Wight, he sat for a session quietly watching the House which he was destined to command; and then, when he knew his ground, he startled the House with a speech so logical as to defy all attempts at refutation. In 1796 Canning, having accepted office as Under Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, took his seat as Member for Wendover in Bucks, Burke's old borough. His rare power of epigram found a channel in the *Anti-Jacobin*, which first appeared, with Gifford as editor, in 1797, expressly for the purpose of opposing the spread of French principles. Canning went out of office with Pitt in 1801, to return as Treasurer of the Navy in the last Cabinet formed by his Mentor. The fortune of his wife made him independent of office in 1800; but his spirit was already limed with the perilous charm of political power.

The year 1804, beholding Pitt's return to power, beheld also the elevation of Napoleon to the **imperial throne of France**. When Spain, swayed by the potent influence of the Tuileries, declared war against England in December, it was evident that a critical time was approaching.

The year 1805 is not marked in our domestic history by any event of remarkable importance. A death brought Pitt and Addington again into friendly relations, which resulted in the return of the latter to office as President of the Council and his elevation to the Peerage as Lord Sidmouth.

But what gave undying lustre to the year was the **Victory of Trafalgar**, which was by sea the equivalent of Waterloo by land—a death-blow to one great branch of the Napoleonic scheme. Relying for defence upon the wooden walls, which floated along the threatened seaboard of our island, Pitt bound together in a Coalition—the third which he had formed—the three great powers, Russia, Austria, and Sweden, with the design of meeting the *parvenu* Emperor in the heart of Europe. Napoleon, on the other hand, meditated a swift blow at England, and then a rapid march against the gathering Austrians. Eagerly he wished and schemed for twenty-four hours' command of the Channel. To accomplish this, he directed Villeneuve to sail out of harbour at Toulon, effect a junction with the Spanish Admiral Gravina, and threaten the West Indies with the united fleets. His hope was that this feint might draw a large part of the English navy from the Channel, and that a sudden return of his ships to European waters would give him the desired chance of invading England. Villeneuve sailed to the West Indies, where he did little beyond the capture of a few merchantmen. Thither Nelson chased him; but a false report turned our Admiral towards the mouth of the Orinoco, and enabled the enemy to re-cross the Atlantic. Nelson stayed not long behind, but missed the fleet in this exciting ocean chase. Had he overtaken the object of his pursuit, the eleven ships sailing under his flag would certainly have engaged, and would probably have beaten the combined fleets of twenty sail. Sir Robert Calder with an inferior fleet encountered Villeneuve and Gravina near Cape Finisterre (July 22), and after a day's fighting took two Spanish ships. Villeneuve sailed off next day, and anchored his ships in Cadiz harbour. There Collingwood kept him trembling by making signals to an imaginary fleet, supposed to lie within sight of a vessel stationed in the offing. The retreat of Villeneuve to Cadiz threw the Emperor Napoleon into a fury. His long cherished project of an invasion had vanished again into the uncertain distance. The news, which had brought rage to Napoleon's breast, shot a sudden thrill of exultation and unrest through the heart of **Nelson**, who had landed to repose his weary body for a week or two at Merton. Hastening to Pitt, he announced his intention of destroying the Allied fleet. On the 14th of September his flag ran to the top-mast of the *Victory* in Portsmouth Roads, and fluttered out its signal that the Admiral was again on board. A fortnight later, he was within easy sail of

Cadiz, with his old ships patched up for action, and his whole spirit strung with a resolve to strike a blow, which should reward him for his two years' search. Hiding behind Cape St. Mary—twenty leagues west of Cadiz—he watched the foe by means of a few frigates, as eagerly, to use his own phrase, “as a cat watches mice.” Not until the 19th of October did Villeneuve steal out with the hope of passing the Strait, and getting ultimately into Toulon. At first Nelson feared that his prey had escaped him. But, when the autumn daylight shone grey upon the sea on Monday the 21st of October, the low dark headland of **Trafalgar*** breaking the south-eastern horizon twenty miles away, a huge line of vessels was seen riding on the heavy waves six miles off to the east. The longed-for day had dawned at last: before its sun went down, the distant sand-hill was immortal; and Nelson was no more on earth.

The combined fleets of France and Spain amounted to thirty-three sail of the line, five frigates, and two brigs. Nelson had twenty-seven first-rates, four frigates, one schooner, and one cutter. A presentiment of death clouded the spirit of the hero, as he looked across the sea at the foe, whom he was rapidly nearing; and one of the first things he did, after giving the signal of approach, was to write in his diary a short prayer. In two columns, the one led by Nelson in the *Victory*, the other by Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign*, each ship carrying one hundred guns, the British line of battle bore down upon the enemy, whose ships had drifted out of a straight line into the form of an irregular crescent. Words, which have come to stir the heart like a peal of national music, “England expects every man to do his duty,” were signalled from the mast-head of the *Victory*. The French opened the action by firing single shots to try their range. At the cannon's boom every one of the Allied Admirals hoisted his flag with the remarkable exception of Villeneuve. Nelson paced the quarter-deck of the *Victory* in his well-worn frock, whose tarnished stars on the left breast displayed the decoration of the Bath. At ten minutes past twelve Collingwood reached the centre of the enemy's line, and engaged in a double duel the *Santa Anna* and the *Fougueux*, pouring into each, as he passed between, a broadside of double-shotted guns. For a quarter of an hour the *Royal Sovereign* was surrounded by five vessels of the enemy, which fired at her, and of course at one another in the most reckless style. Tiring soon of this and pressed by other British ships that followed their noble leader into the heart of action, four of these foreign vessels turned to defend themselves. The line of Villeneuve, though yet unbroken, was bent by this attack in a very confusing way. Nelson then directed his flag-ship the *Victory* against that horn of the French crescent, which pointed towards Cadiz. The *Santissima Trinidad* was the goal at which he aimed his course; and, as he bore steadily down, a galling fire tore his rigging and raked his deck. Like his gallant second, he bore the

Oct. 21,
1805
A.D.

* *Trafalgar* (*Promontorium Junonis*), is a low sandy ridge of coast stretching toward Tarifa, on the coast half way between Cadiz and the Strait of Gibraltar.

brunt of a cannonade from a half-dozen of the foe. Men fell and splinters flew. Yet not a match was laid to touch-hole in the *Victory*, until she reached the *Bucentaur*, in which Villeneuve was thought to be. Then out burst from every port in the side of Nelson's ship a roar and jet of fire, hurling double and treble shot into the devoted hull, which in two minutes swung a log upon the rolling sea. But the interest of the scene deepened, when the rigging of the *Victory* got entangled with that of the *Redoubtable*. The latter shut her lower ports, lest boarders might leap through; and the ships, whose guns lay almost mouth to mouth, continued to crush and rip each other's oaken sides with solid shot. Every stage or cradle on the masts of the *Redoubtable* was filled with soldiers, who shot down at the officers and men on the decks of the *Victory*. The figure of a one-armed officer with stars upon his breast, walking on the quarter-deck of the English ship, attracted the eye of a musketeer in the mizen-top of the French vessel. He fired; and **Nelson fell**, shot through epaulette, shoulder, and spine. It was half-past one. Carried to the cockpit, our greatest sailor breathed his last words into the ear of Captain Hardy, and died about three hours after the fatal bullet had struck him. Meanwhile every captain in the British fleet had been keeping in mind the hint of Nelson, that no man should look for signals in the smoke, but that each should see that his vessel lay alongside one of the enemy. The result of this was that the wounded Admiral was cheered, before his spirit fled, with the glorious news of a complete victory. Ere the battle ceased, nineteen ships of the line had struck the French or the Spanish flag.

So died **Lord Nelson** on the day of Trafalgar. The bullet, which struck his spine, only anticipated the work which constitutional decay would in all likelihood have done before many months had passed. For the Admiral, worn with toil and wounds, had for some time been breaking down in health—was in fact a confirmed invalid, when his burning spirit urged him from the repose of Merton to the bloody deck of Trafalgar. A grave in St. Paul's received the body of this great Englishman, while wealth and honours flowed in upon his kindred.

It was well for Pitt that the news of Trafalgar came at a time, when the tidings of General Mack's surrender to Bonaparte at **Ulm** had filled his soul with sudden consternation. Trafalgar gave him a new lease of life, for it completely destroyed that French fleet, upon which the Emperor built vain hopes. So moved with mingled joy and sorrow was the great English Minister, that he rose and dressed on receipt of the news, although it was then three on a winter morning.

But soon there came other news, which killed him. The sun of **Austerlitz** was a baleful orb to him, of evil omen to the Coalition, on which chiefly his hopes rested. The Treaty of Presburg declared the humiliation of Austria, and preluded the defection of Russia from the league.

Gout attacked a vital part of Pitt's body. Wasting to a shadow, he died at Putney on the 23rd of January 1806. So completely undermined was the constitution of the statesman, that there is no paradox in saying, as has been said, that "he died of *old age* at forty-six." A magnificent public funeral, a tomb in Westminster Abbey, and a grant of £40,000 to pay those debts, which his carelessness rather than his self-indulgence had caused to accumulate, attested the respect and the affection, with which his generation had regarded him. For nearly nineteen years Pitt had held the helm of government: they were years of peril, gloom, and change. Yet he had steered boldly and skilfully on the whole; nor is Canning's affectionate lyric, "Here's to the pilot that weathered the storm," an unmerited tribute to the achievements of the illustrious statesman.

Jan. 23,
1806
A.D.

On the 4th of February the list of the Grenville Ministry was complete. Lord Grenville took the Treasury, Fox was Foreign Secretary, and Sidmouth Privy Seal. To this Ministry the nickname of "All the Talents" was applied, because it contained the leaders of nearly all the factions in the Parliament. Living little more than a year, it yet outlived its greatest member, Charles Fox. The last energies of this statesman were directed towards the accomplishment of two objects,—the suppression of slavery and the conclusion of peace. Wilberforce had the satisfaction of seeing Fox in the Commons, and Grenville in the Lords, move and carry by considerable majorities a resolution agreeing to take measures for the abolition of slavery.

The impeachment of Melville, which Pitt could not prevent, resulted in the trial of that noble Scotsman before the Lords and Commons in Westminster Hall (April 29). The substance of the ten charges laid against him was, that he had permitted his Paymaster, Trotter, to appropriate large sums of public money, and that he had derived private emolument from these peculations. Whitbread led the impeachment; Fox and Sheridan, though ranked among the Managers, hardly spoke a word. The result of sixteen days' uninteresting investigation was the complete acquittal of the Viscount. This terminated the official career of Harry Dundas, who spent most of his remaining days in Scotland, where he died in 1811.

The summer of 1806 proved fatal to Fox. Dropsy of the most obstinate kind setting in, he tried to reach the house he loved at St. Ann's Hill, but could get no further than the Duke of Devonshire's at Chiswick. Surrounded by friends and but rarely visited by any of his colleagues, he lingered out the last painful days of his memorable life. On the 13th of September he breathed his last, being then in his fifty-eighth year. Scarcely seven months had elapsed, since he spoke words of sorrowful tribute over the early grave of Pitt, whose policy he had combated with all his might, but whose genius his noble soul had forced him to admire.

GEORGE III. (1784-1807.)

A.D.

1784. Cartwright invents the *Power-Loom*.
 1787. First movement towards the Abolition of Slavery.
 1788. THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS IS BEGUN.
 James Symington's Steam-boat placed on Dalswinton Loch.
 1790. Burke writes *The French Revolution*.
 1791. Rupture between Burke and Fox about the French Revolution.
 1792. Fox supports Wilberforce in urging the gradual Abolition of Slavery.
 1793. Feb. 11.—War declared against the French Convention. A great Coalition of nations formed: the British obliged to evacuate Toulon.
 1794. Volunteers raised at the suggestion of Dundas.
 June 1.—Lord Howe victorious in the Channel.
 1795. April 23.—Warren Hastings acquitted.
 June 22.—Victory of Lord Bridport off L'Orient.
 Cape of Good Hope and several West Indian Islands taken from the Dutch.
 1796. Spain declares war.
 A French expedition under Hoche, destined for Ireland, is dispersed by a storm (Dec.)
 Napoleon's brilliant Italian campaign.
 1797. Feb. 14.—BATTLE OF ST. VINCENT.
 Mutiny of seamen at Spithead and the Nore—Parker hanged, June 30.
 June 9.—*Death of Edmund Burke*.
 Treaty of Campo Formio.
 Oct. 11.—Admiral Duncan's victory at Camperdown.
 1798. Irish Rebellion—Battle of Vinegar Hill, June 21.
 Aug. 1.—BATTLE OF THE NILE.
 The French under Humbert land in Connaught (Aug. 22.)
 Pitt's *Income Tax Bill* brought in.
 1799. *Vaccination* introduced by Dr. Jenner.
 March 30.—Bonaparte beaten at Acre.
 Duke of York invades Holland.
 1800. Triumph of Bonaparte at Marengo and Hohenlinden.
 1801. Jan. 1.—LEGISLATIVE UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND TAKES EFFECT.
 Feb. 5.—The King and Pitt differing on the Catholic Question, the *Addington Ministry* is formed.
 Mar. 21.—Battle of Alexandria and death of Abercromby.
 April 2.—BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.
 Assassination of Czar Paul, and dissolution of the Northern Confederacy.
 1802. Mar. 27.—*The Treaty of Amiens*.
 1803. May 18.—Renewal of war with France.
 July 23.—Insurrection in Dublin under Emmett.
 Fears of invasion by the French.
 Sept. 24.—*Battle of Assaye* in India.
 1804. May 12.—Pitt's *Second Ministry* formed, in which George Canning is Treasurer of the Navy.
 1805. War declared against Spain.
 Oct. 21.—BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR AND DEATH OF NELSON.
 Dec. 2.—Battle of Austerlitz.
 1806. Jan. 23.—DEATH OF WILLIAM PITT.
 Feb. 4.—*The Grenville Ministry* (All the Talents) formed, Fox being Foreign Secretary.
 April 29.—Impeachment of Lord Melville.
 Sept. 13.—DEATH OF FOX: succeeded by Lord Howick.

CHAPTER VI.

GEORGE III.—(Third Part, 1807–1820.)

The Portland Cabinet.
 Arthur Wellesley.
 In India.
 Canning and Copenhagen.
 The Peninsula.
 Rolica and Vimiero.
 Corunna.
 Oporto and Talavera.
 The Walcheren Expedition.

The Perceval Cabinet.
 Busaco and Torres Vedras.
 Burdett Riots.
 The Regency.
 Albuera.
 Badajoz and Salamanca.
 The Liverpool Cabinet.
 Vitoria

Past the Pines.
 American War.
 Four Days in Belgium.
 Quatre Bras and Ligny.
 Waterloo.
 National Debt.
 Algiers.
 Manchester Riots.
 Death of George III.

THE Ministry of "All the Talents" soon broke up. It happened thus:—A Bill for allowing Roman Catholics to serve as soldiers in England, and to attain the highest rank in both army and navy, stirred up that horror of Roman Catholics, which was the strongest feeling of the King. The withdrawal of the Bill did not satisfy his Majesty, who insisted on Ministers pledging themselves not to attempt such a measure again. Refusing to give this pledge, the Grenville Cabinet gave way (March 1807) to an Administration, nominally headed by the **Duke of Portland** but really directed by Spencer Perceval, a barrister in considerable practice and a man of the sternest intolerance. Canning took the Foreign Office; and to Ireland as Chief Secretary went the man, who stands prominently out as the hero of his time, Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley.

The **Hon. Arthur Wesley or Wellesley**, third son of the first Earl of Mornington, was born in Ireland in 1769. There is some doubt as to the exact time and place. For the latter Dangan Castle in the county of Meath, and Mornington House, Dublin, have both been named. Having received his education at Eton, Brighton, and a military school at Angers, where his French instructors little dreamed that they were sharpening a sword to smite themselves, he entered the 73rd infantry as Ensign (March 7th, 1787). During the next seven years, he rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and first entered action in 1794–5, when he commanded the 33rd in that useless expedition, which the Duke of York conducted in the Low Countries. His skill as a tactician showed itself very clearly during the winter march to Bremen. In 1797 he went to join his regiment in India, whither next year his brother the Earl of Mornington proceeded as Governor-General.

Leading a force, consisting of British troops and a contingent furnished by the Nizam of the Deccan, into the highlands of Mysore, he took part in the siege of Seringapatam, the capital of Tippoo Sahib (May 1799). For about four years he ruled Mysore with almost the power of a Viceroy. But, being promoted to the rank of Major-General, he won yet brighter laurels in the Mahratta War, over-

coming Scindia in the two great battles of **Assaye** and **Argaum** (Sept. 23rd and Nov. 29th, 1803). Landing in England in September 1805, he went, two months later, in charge of an English brigade to Hanover, where he spent the winter. Although he had formerly held a seat in the Irish Parliament for Trim, his entrance on political life may be more accurately dated from 1806, when he entered the Commons as Member for the borough of Rye.

Taken from the Dutch in 1795, **Cape Colony** was given up to that nation once more by the Treaty of Amiens. But, upon the outbreak of the war between France and Britain, it was resolved to secure a place so essential to the safety of our Indian Empire. Accordingly, in January 1806 Sir David Baird, in command of five thousand men, aided by a fleet under Sir Home Popham, commenced warlike operations. Governor Jansens did not yield without a struggle. But the British bayonet pierced the Dutch lines, and left the way to Cape Town open. Upon the advance of Baird a flag of truce came from the town, which was then given up to the British. General Beresford completed the conquest by following the Dutch forces, which had retreated inland, and forcing them to yield. The terms of the surrender were honourable to both sides, for the Dutch soldiers were carried safely to Holland in British ships.

Canning saw with alarm the union of Napoleon and the Czar, who upon a raft in the river Niemen concluded the **Treaty of Tilsit**. He knew that Napoleon meant to seize the fleets of Denmark and Portugal, and use them in his designs upon England. With all speed and secrecy, therefore, he prepared an expedition against Denmark. Admiral Gambier commanded a fleet of twenty-five sail of the line and forty smaller vessels of war; Lord Cathcart, at the head of an army of twenty-seven thousand men, enjoyed the valuable aid of General Wellesley. Caution was necessary, since a French army lay ready for action close to the Danish frontier. While the British got their batteries planted, Wellesley led some troops to Kiøge for the purpose of dislodging an intrenched force of Danes. In this he was completely successful. And then, upon their refusal to surrender the fleet, shot and shell began to fall on **Copenhagen** with such devastating fury that the whole city seemed wrapped in flame. Opening on the 2nd of September 1807, the fire continued to roar till the evening of the 5th, when the Danish General agreed to surrender the ships.

What Napoleon had so bitterly blamed us for doing, under pressure of necessity, in the case of Denmark, he undertook himself in the case of Portugal. He formed a **secret Treaty with Spain**, by which the Government of that country permitted him to send his troops through their territory to the inner frontier of Portugal. Godoy, the Prime Minister of Spain, connived at this, being tempted by a bribe in the shape of a Principality to be granted, when Portugal was conquered. Heralded by the pompous declaration of the *Moniteur*, "that the House of Braganza had ceased to reign in Europe," Junot crossed the Bidassoa with thirty thousand men, and moved

through Spain towards Lisbon. When the invaders climbed the heights, on whose slope the terraces of the city rise, they saw the Portuguese fleet spreading its sails for Brazil with the Regent and the flower of the nation on board. The British flag was flying on the masts of another squadron, that watched the Tagus mouth with untiring vigilance. Meanwhile a quarrel was disturbing the royal family of Spain. The imbecile King Charles IV.—his infamous Queen Maria Luiza—their weak-minded son Ferdinand, and Godoy, who was styled Prince of the Peace, were the actors in this political comedy. Ferdinand and Godoy intrigued against each other incessantly. Murat entered Spain with a French army. A Revolution brought about the abdication of Charles, and the proclamation of the Prince of Asturias as King of Spain. Luring Ferdinand to Bayonne, and then luring thither the other three, the Emperor of the French brought all together in a scene of the greatest violence, and ultimately extracted both from the old King and the young one a complete transference to himself of all right over the crown of Spain. He then removed his brother Joseph from the throne of Naples and Sicily, where he had lately placed him, to the more commanding dignity of the Escorial. The crown of Naples was conferred on Murat.

The National party in Spain opposed this usurpation. Castanos, taking the lead, applied to our Government for help; which was given at first scantily and tardily, because Britain was at war with Spain. Sir Hew Dalrymple, governor of Gibraltar, deserves credit for his efforts in behalf of the patriotic Spaniards. Scarcely had Joseph composed his mind to the nature of the change which he had made, when the surrender of the French army under Dupont at Baylen,* obliged him to leave the capital in haste; and Castanos entered Madrid. The defence of **Saragossa** on the Ebro, maintained under Palafox for two months (June 16—August 13), until the French retired defeated and disheartened, displayed tokens that chivalry was not extinct in Spain, and that a Spanish war of the nineteenth century could kindle in a woman's heart devotion of the truest and bravest type. For had not Saragossa her Maid, as dear to History as that prophetess who led relief to beleaguered Orleans?

Campaign of 1808.—Canning selected Sir Arthur Wellesley to command the English forces destined for the Peninsula. Sailing from the Cove of Cork, July 12th, 1808, that General called at Corunna to confer with the Spanish authorities, but upon their advice proceeded southward to effect a landing in Portugal. The bay, into which the **Mondego**† flows, was selected as the place for disembarking his troops, which was done in safety on the 1st of August. When Spencer arrived with the Cadiz division, the British army numbered thirteen thousand infantry, but not five hundred horse. Moving

* *Baylen*, a town of Andalusia in Spain, near the upper Guadalquivir, and twenty-two miles north of Jaen.

† *Mondego* flows through the Portuguese province of Beira; Coimbra is on its banks.

southward parallel to the shore, Wellesley encountered at **Roliça** * a French General called Delaborde, whom Junot had sent to check his progress. In three columns the British force went to **Aug. 17.** battle, the central line bearing the brunt of the attack. Up a steep ridge, whose grey rocks were rendered only more difficult to climb by the tangling growth of myrtle and arbutus, the bearskins of our grenadiers struggled steadily amid a rain of rifle-balls. The French fell back, dismayed at the cool precision of the British fire and the dauntless order of their upward march. Against a loss of six hundred killed and wounded on the part of the French we reckoned four hundred and eighty.

But a ship was already off the Spanish coast with Sir Harry Burrard, who had been appointed to act as second in command under Sir Hew Dalrymple. Sir John Moore was also on his way to the Peninsula, so that the victor of Roliça had already sunk to be only fourth in command—a mere General of Division. Having posted his men, now increased to the number of nearly nineteen thousand, on the hills round **Vimiero**,† Wellesley was attacked there by Junot's force on the 21st of August, and had the satisfaction of beating his opponents after a sharp struggle, before the baton of command had actually passed from his hand. Burrard stepped in, just in time to prevent the British troops from seizing the heights of Torres Vedras, towards which the flight was streaming in disorder. Sir Hew arrived next day from Gibraltar.

And then followed that Convention of Torres Vedras,‡ which has been wrongly named from the village of Cintra. Dalrymple made terms with Junot, by which the French were permitted to leave Portugal with all their *baggage* (August 30). This word meant no less than all the booty they had heaped together during the ten months of their invasion. This convention was severely criticised in Britain. A Court of Inquiry sat at Chelsea, and Sir Hew lost the command of Gibraltar.

Sir John Moore remained in the Peninsula. This eminent Scottish soldier, son of the author of *Zeluco*, was born in Glasgow in 1761. In Corsica, in the West Indies, in Ireland, but more especially in Holland and in Egypt, he had proved himself to be endowed with the highest qualities of soldiership and strategy.

Moore found a hard and weary task imposed upon him. Reports of fine Spanish armies, waiting to unite with his force of twenty thousand men, induced him to push in a north-easterly direction from Coimbra. The road, he was told, would not allow the passage of artillery; he accordingly detached a guard of four thousand men under General Hope to escort his cannon into Spain by way of Elvas. At

* *Roliça*, a village of Portugal among the spurs of Sierra d'Estrella, about ten miles from Caldas.

† *Vimiero*, a village in Portuguese Estremadura, close to the sea and lying about thirty miles north of Lisbon.

‡ *Torres Vedras*, a mountain-village on a small stream, lying twenty-four miles north of Lisbon, celebrated for the "Lines" of 1810.

the same time he knew that Sir David Baird was about to disembark an additional force of ten thousand men at Corunna.* Pushing on to Salamanca, he waited for the arrival of the detachments, without which his force was incomplete. Meanwhile Napoleon crossed the Pyrenees in person, to drive into the sea "those leopards whose hideous presence," he bombastically declared, "was contaminating the Peninsula." Before his approach one of his Generals had scattered a Spanish army under Blake among the defiles of the Asturias. Under his direction Soult defeated Belveder at Gamonal in front of Burgos; and in a yet greater victory Lannes routed the patriots Castanos and Palafox in the Battle of Tudela.† The way then lay open to **Madrid**, which the Corsican entered in triumph on the 4th of December. The *Junta* had already fled from the capital. Sixteen days after the surrender of Madrid, Moore had the satisfaction of beholding the three portions of his force united at **Mayorga** to the number of twenty-five thousand, five hundred, and eighty men. With this body of troops he moved toward the Carion with the hope of engaging Soult; but alarming news turned him quickly back. One hundred thousand French troops were marching in four great bodies to cut off his retreat and crush him at a single blow. Backward without a moment's loss of time across the Esla to Benevente and Astorga, where he had already established magazines, the prudent Scotsman passed, closely followed by the French horse and at a little distance by great masses of marching men. A Spanish army under Romana crossed his line of march about Astorga, seized his stores of food, and spread typhus among his soldiers. By this movement the order of the retreat was injured beyond repair.

Campaign of 1809.—While Napoleon was looking from the hills of Astorga upon the files of the English disappearing in the rugged distance, news of an ominous stir on the part of Austria called him away from the Spanish Peninsula (January 1). Followed by Soult, the English army struggled through the snow-drifts of the Galician mountains, leaving their wives and little ones in scores by the deadly way. The wine-casks of Bembibre excited a mad excess. Lugo (January 5) witnessed the most desperate of the many skirmishes, by which the great closing fight was preluded. Moore offered battle before he reached the shore; but Soult would not fight. If the transports, which lay wind-bound at Vigo, had been ready to receive the crowd of weary spectral figures that entered the town of **Corunna** on the 13th of January, that name would not wear the lustre that it has. But the ships were too late to prevent a battle, which took place on the 16th.

About one in the afternoon of that day the French made their attack in three columns. The British troops, fourteen thousand five hundred strong, were armed with new muskets from the stores in Corunna, and had fresh ammunition. The enemy numbered twenty

* *Corunna*, a sea-port of Galicia in Spain, with a fine harbour and bay. Its population is about 18,000.

† *Tudela*, a town of Navarre, upon the Ebro, about fifty miles above Saragossa.

thousand men. The battle raged most fiercely round the village of Elvina. Near that important position, while Moore was watching the advance of the 42nd Highlanders and waiting eagerly for the Guards to support them, a cannon-ball struck his left shoulder, and crushed the splintered ribs in upon his heart. It was a **mortal wound**. But he lived to know that the French were completely beaten. His body, wrapped in a cloak, was buried in the grey light of the next morning on the ramparts of the old citadel.

Sir Arthur Wellesley was then reinstated in his Peninsular command. Having accordingly resigned the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland, he sailed for Lisbon, arriving there on the 22nd of April. The French had overrun all the north of Portugal since the Battle of Corunna. Wellesley lost no time in moving to Oporto, driving before him as he advanced some scattered portions of the French army that had passed the Douro. The capture of this city was achieved on the 12th of May. A few companies, crossing in boats, seized an unfinished house upon the northern bank of the stream. Soult, chased by the victor across the northern frontier of Portugal, was made to feel the bitter suffering of a flight among the mountains.

Entering Spain by Zarza-la-Mayor on the 2nd of July, and passing through Placencia, Wellesley effected a junction at Oropesa with the old Spanish General Cuesta. From the beginning of the war the folly and absurd haughtiness of the Spaniards had been hampering the English movements. Victor lay at **Talavera** * on the Tagus; but a movement of Sir Robert Wilson, by which the Lusitanian Legion was thrown between him and Madrid, combined with a successful attack upon his outposts by Wellesley and Cuesta, forced him to fall back upon Torrijos.

At Talavera the great conflict of the campaign took place. In drawing out his line of battle, Wellesley placed the Spaniards on the right, in a position defended by olive-yards, ditches, and felled trees, which protected them from cavalry. A hill crowned with British infantry terminated the line of battle on the left. Upon this hill Victor, opening his attack on the evening of the 27th of July, exhausted his utmost force in vain. Column after column was driven backward at the point of the bayonet under the cool and steady command of General Hill. Next morning Victor again tried the hill in vain. At its base two thousand five hundred of the attacking divisions had fallen under lead or steel, before he desisted from the attempt to carry the position. At one time on the second day of battle a great danger threatened the British centre. Hurling all his force against the splendid phalanx of Guards and Germans there arrayed, Victor had the mortification of seeing the fragments of his strongest column recoiling from the unbroken edge. But the Guards, rushing on too far in pursuit, fell into disorder. New swarms of French soldiers

* *Talavera de la Reyna*, a town on the northern bank of the Tagus, forty-five miles west of Toledo. Population, 8000.

coming up broke the German Legion to pieces. The British centre was pierced. But the eagle-glance of the British General had foreseen this disaster. Forward into the gap marched the gallant 48th, whose fire completely checked the torrent of the French attack. The battle was really over after this repulse. Although the French had fifty thousand to meet a British force of less than half that number, they retreated in the night, placing the river Alberche between themselves and their foes. Their loss amounted to seven thousand killed and wounded; ours to more than four thousand.

And then there was much manœuvring in the basin of the Tagus to cut off the army of Wellesley and crush him between converging masses. Cuesta wanted to fight at Oropesa. Wellesley—whom about this time we must recognize, by his greater name, for his triumph at Talavera had won for him a Peer's coronet, as Baron Douro and Viscount Wellington—crossed the Tagus at Arzobispo, and made his way to Badajoz, where he stayed in cantonments till December. The blunders of the Spanish Generals and *Junta*, by exposing the Portuguese frontier and their own fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo to the French attack, obliged him to retire into Portugal before the close of the year.

Britain had agreed to aid Austria by making diversions upon Holland and Italy. The miserable **Walcheren expedition** was the result of this undertaking. Selecting for the service General the Earl of Chatham and Admiral Sir Richard Strachan, Castlereagh gave them a fleet of seventy-nine ships of the line and thirty-six frigates, and an army of forty thousand men, and sent them to take Flushing, to burn or capture the French shipping in the Scheldt, and to destroy the naval establishment at Antwerp, on which Napoleon had spent millions. They took Flushing, and occupied Walcheren; and then, instead of moving upon Antwerp, they stayed in the unhealthy island until swamp-fever had eaten away the strength of the splendid force.

An inquiry into the conduct of the **Duke of York**, who as Commander-in-chief had greatly reformed the army, and had won the title of the "soldier's friend," was set on foot early in this year by a Colonel Wardle. The charge was that he derived a profit from a corrupt sale of commissions and exchanges. Although acquitted on this charge, the Duke resigned his office.

Canning had objected to the Walcheren expedition long before it sailed. Acting as Foreign Secretary, he could not help perceiving the unfitness of Castlereagh to hold the War Secretaryship. He therefore told the Duke of Portland that unless a change was made he would resign. Castlereagh sent a challenge to the Foreign Secretary. Canning met his Lordship on Putney Heath (September 21) and got a slight flesh-wound in the thigh. **Canning resigned** on the 11th of October; Huskisson, Under Secretary to the Treasury, went out with his friend; and Portland dropped the reins—to die. Before the close of the year the Perceval Administration had taken shape. Perceval united in himself the double office of First Lord of

the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Marquis of Wellesley came home from Spain to fill the place of Foreign Secretary, vacated by Canning; and the Earl of Liverpool became War and Colonial Secretary. We here get early glimpses of two statesmen—who grew to greatness later in the century—Robert Peel, soon to be an Under Secretary for the Colonies; and Henry Temple, Viscount Palmerston, who now received a similar position in the War Department.

Campaign of 1810.—The French, to the number of seventy-two thousand men, employed the spring of 1810 in preparing to invade Portugal. The Spanish fortress of **Ciudad Rodrigo** * was the first point of the attack. Wellington, who had only fifty-four thousand men, of whom more than a half were raw and stubborn Portuguese, could do nothing to save the place, which surrendered on the 10th of July. Marshal Massena, by whom this invasion was directed, laid siege, after a month's delay on the line of the Coa, to a Portuguese frontier-stronghold called Almeida.† An explosion of gunpowder within the city blew a breach in the walls, which left the place defenceless. Having thus secured an entrance into Portugal, Massena pushed down the valley of the Mondego towards Coimbra. Wellington, firmly posted on the Sierra de Busaco,‡ faced the foe. A battle took place on the 27th of September. The musket did almost all the work. British and Portuguese defended the ramparts of the curving Sierra, till Massena retreated with the loss of five thousand men. Hampered by crowds of Portuguese fugitives, who clung to him in their despair, Wellington retreated upon **Torres Vedras**, arriving there early in October, when the heavy autumn rains were just darkening in the sky. Two lines of stone were then built in zigzag over the hills from the Tagus to the sea. The first, twenty-nine miles long, began at Alhandra on the river, and ended where the Zizandra flows into the sea. From Quintella to the mouth of the San Lourenço ran the inner and stronger line of twenty-four miles. Within this second barrier was a line to protect the embarkation, should both the defences be carried. Reinforcements had swelled the army of Wellington to sixty thousand men, and a fleet lay in the mouth of the Tagus, so that the British commander had little ground for fear. Massena ended the campaign by retiring into winter-quarters at Santarem.§

This was a gloomy year at home. The **Burdett Riots** kept the lower classes of London in a ferment through all the spring and summer. Having taken the part of an obscure agitator called Jones, who was sent to Newgate for offensive publications about the exclusion of strangers from the gallery of the Commons, Sir Francis

* *Ciudad Rodrigo*, a Spanish fortress in Leon, on the Agueda, lying fifty-five miles south-west of Salamanca and only thirty miles from Almeida in Portugal.

† *Almeida*, a fortified town in the east of Beira in Portugal, standing on a hill between the Coa and the Turones, ninety-five miles north-east of Coimbra.

‡ *Busaco*, a spur of the Sierra d'Estrella, running north-west from Coimbra on the Mondego. The battle was fought about seventeen miles from Coimbra.

§ *Santarem*, a town on the right bank of the Tagus in Portuguese Estremadura.

Burdett delivered a virulent speech, which he afterwards published in Cobbett's *Register*. The House resolved that the Baronet should go to the Tower for this; but he locked himself into his house in Piccadilly, and stood a regular siege. To the Tower he did go ultimately, a band of constables having broken through his kitchen windows. So violent was the turmoil in London during these events, that in France a Revolution was said to have taken place by the Thames. Sir Francis became as great an idol of the mob as John Wilkes had ever been.

Amelia, youngest daughter of King George, died in November; and darkness, bodily and mental, descended upon the old man in a cloud that thickened yearly till he died. It thus became necessary to discuss again the question of a **Regency**, which had been the cause of so hot a contest in 1788. The right of Parliament to settle the matter was scarcely questioned; and before the year closed the Prince of Wales was appointed Regent, under certain restrictions as to the granting of peerages, pensions, &c.,—which Feb. 6, limitations of prerogative were to continue until February 1811 1812. The Prince of Wales was accordingly installed with A.D. due pomp and ceremony on the 6th of February 1811.

Campaign of 1811.—Massena, having waited for Soult, who commanded in Andalusia, until his troops had eaten up all the food in the country round Santarem, began his retreat on the 5th of March. His way across the Estrella and up the valley of the Mondego was marked with blood and flame. Wellington, having foiled the Marshal in his designs upon Oporto and Coimbra, followed him to the line of the Coa, where Picton's Light Division distinguished themselves in the skirmish of Sabugal. On the 6th of April the passage of the Agueda by the baffled French terminated their disastrous invasion of Portugal—their third and final attempt to gain a footing there.

The surrender of **Badajoz*** to Soult by the Spanish General Imaz was a heavy blow to Wellington. Five days earlier, however, (March 5,) old General Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) had defeated Marshal Victor on the ridge of Barrosa.† Sailing from Cadiz with a view of attacking the blockaders of that city in the rear, this veteran had landed in the Bay of Gibraltar and had struggled over mountain paths and through flooded fens to March 5. this point, where he was met by the French. Had the sluggish Spaniards been at hand, the blockade would have been pierced.

Almeida then became the stake between Wellington and Massena. On the evening of the 3rd of May the French made an attack on the village of Fuentes d'Onoro, which lay on the right of the British line, but were bayoneted out of the narrow streets. The real battle

* *Badajoz*, a fortress of Spanish Estremadura, only five miles from the Portuguese frontier. It is on the south side of the Guadiana, two hundred and twenty miles south-west of Madrid.

† *Barrosa*, a knoll, clad with aromatic pines, in the extreme south of Andalusia, between Chiclana and Vejer.

took place on the 5th of May. During the day Wellington, finding his line of battle too long, was obliged to change his front and assume a new position. Nothing but the finest skill on the part of a General, aided by the greatest steadiness on the part of the troops, could have brought this difficult manœuvre to a successful end. There was a time, when all was seeming chaos in the British force. The low table-land, on which the fight took place, was covered with a flying crowd of camp-followers, who had been lurking in the British rear. But these straggling masses soon ebbed away, leaving the British squares standing unshaken, like rocks of red granite, along the face of the new and stronger line. Again the crag-built village of **Fuentes d'Onoro** became the scene of a bloody strife; but the Highlanders, shouting their *slogan*, cleared its steep lanes of the foe, and completed the victory of Wellington.

Beresford, ordered by Wellington, began on the 4th of May to besiege Badajoz, although he had miserable materials for such an undertaking. The hopeless work of trenching rock was interrupted by the rapid advance of Soult from Seville. Beresford drew off from the town, and formed in line of battle on the ridge of **Albuera**.* Counting his Spanish and Portuguese allies, he had about twenty-seven thousand men. Soult had nineteen thousand picked foot-soldiers, four thousand horse, and fifty guns. When the French, making a feint at the centre where the British stood, directed their real attack towards the right, held by Blake and his Spaniards, Beresford directed the Spanish commander to change his front and meet the approaching onset. To move Spanish troops in such a crisis, was to fling their whole line into disorder; and we

May 16. shall easily imagine the confusion that ensued, when Blake, presumptuously refusing at first to execute the order, began to do so when the French had almost turned his end of the line. Nothing but the most desperate efforts of the British troops could have repaired this shameful error. Whole regiments were destroyed: the Polish lancers rode about on the height, shaking their red pennons and spearing the wounded men. The ridge seemed utterly lost to us, when the Fusiliers of Cole pressed up its slope in the face of a murderous shower of grape, and drove the dark columns of Frenchmen from the position which they had thought their own. This bloody battle, raging from nine o'clock till three, cost us seven thousand men; the French lost nine thousand.

Twice in June Lord Wellington tried to storm the stronghold of Badajoz; but the approach of Marmont obliged him to suspend operations. Various manœuvres upon the line of the Agueda, near which at El Bodon a partial engagement took place, filled up the latter part of the campaign.

Campaign of 1812.—To take **Ciudad Rodrigo** and **Badajoz** at any cost and with the least possible delay was the ruling idea in Wellington's mind during the winter. Quietly upon the Coa he collected

* *Albuera*, a small town in Spanish Estremadura, fourteen miles south-east of Badajoz.

ladders and everything necessary for a siege, prepared a trestle-bridge and many hundred waggons. Launching his army across the Agueda, while Marmont lay unsuspecting at Valladolid, he stormed one of the redoubts of the city on the evening of the 8th of January. Seizing two suburban convents and establishing his first and second parallels, he opened fire on the 16th, and took the place by storm on the 19th of the same month. His loss was severe, a thousand being killed and wounded in the attack. For this success Wellington received from the Spanish Cortes the title of Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo; and from the Government at home a step in the Peerage and an annuity of £2000. Jan. 19.

He then turned to **Badajoz**. Sending his cannon by sea from Lisbon to the mouth of the Setubal, he caused them to be carried in boats up that stream, and then drawn overland to the Guadiana. Marching from the Agueda, he pushed forward his approaches until his batteries opened fire on the 26th of March. By the 6th of April his guns had made three sufficient breaches in the works; and he named the hour of ten that night for the assault. April 6. Never in any war has there been a scene more terrible than that midnight struggle. To ascend the breach was to walk into the mouth of a yawning fiery furnace, belching death in every dreadful shape of shot and shell, grenade and mine. And when the few survivors of the forlorn hope reached the ragged edge of the broken wall, they found their way obstructed by a bristling hedge of spikes and blades, fixed in solid beams, which lay crosswise in every direction around the gap. Wave after wave of gallant Britons flowed on to this place of horror, to tumble maimed and writhing upon the heaps of dead and wounded that filled the ditch. Not until Wellington had heard that Picton and Walker had climbed the defences at other points and were already in the town, did he see his way to victory. Then he knew that the place was his. And for the last time the stormers faced the breach, now defended by fewer French, for the various attacks had drawn many from this point. Pouring into the devoted town, the besiegers, maddened with wine, revelled in excess until next day when the iron hand of their leader reduced them to quiet. The loss of life in the assault was fearful, amounting to more than a thousand of the Allied force in men and officers: when to this we add nearly four thousand wounded, we reach an appalling sum-total for the work of the dreadful night.

Holding these two important frontier-fortresses, the Earl of Wellington advanced into Spain. The learned town of Salamanca* received him with the greatest joy, Marmont having retired before his advance. After several days of march and countermarch, by the banks of the Tormes, a great battle was fought near **Salamanca**, which made Wellington a Marquis, and won for him a splendid national gift of £100,000. Taking advantage of an incautious movement on the part of Marmont, the British

* *Salamanca*, a city of Leon in Spain, on the Tormes, one hundred and thirty miles west-north-west of Madrid.

leader, having turned the enemy's left wing, drove it at the point of the bayonet in upon the centre, which was fiercely assailed and broken at the same time. The French General Clausel, who took the place of wounded Marmont, gathering the relics of the former line into a new position, tried to retrieve the fortune of the day. But the victorious Britons were irresistible.

On the 12th of August Wellington entered **Madrid**, from which King Joseph had retreated into Murcia. On the 1st of September, he pushed northward by Valladolid to Burgos,* whose castle baffled his attack. The movements of the French armies now obliged him to retreat upon his base of operations. Being joined by General Hill from Madrid, he fixed himself first at Salamanca and then at Ciudad Rodrigo; but no action occurred at either place. Bad weather and insufficient food made the retreat from Burgos tell severely upon our men. Here, as through all the war, the Spaniards did everything that pride and malice could devise to injure and obstruct our operations.

Difficulties, growing out of the Orders in Council, with which Britain had met the Berlin and Milan Decrees of Bonaparte, continued from 1807 to increase between the Governments at London and Washington. The right, claimed by Britain, of searching American vessels for deserters, led to actual collision. **President Madison declared war** against Britain on the 18th of June 1812. General Hull invaded Canada in less than a month afterwards, but was soon obliged to retire to Detroit, where he was forced to surrender with his entire army to the British General Brock (August 16). Another attempt to push an army across the Niagara river was gallantly met and foiled at Queenston by the Canadians; whose victory, however, cost them the life of the gallant Brock. The summer and autumn of the year witnessed several ocean duels between American and British ships, in which the greatest valour was displayed on both sides. That between the British frigate *Guerrière* and the American *Constitution* (August 19) was the most notable. The victory rested with the Americans, though it must be said for the British that they did all which a crazy ship, damp powder, and fewer guns enabled them to do.

A pistol-shot, fired in the lobby of the House of Commons on the 11th of May 1812, by Bellingham, a bankrupt ship-broker of Liverpool, killed **Mr. Perceval** the Prime Minister. The man, a decided lunatic, considered the Premier his enemy, because he would not make some compensation for losses in a Russian speculation. The Cabinet was then remodelled to some extent. The Earl of Liverpool succeeded Perceval as First Lord of the Treasury; Earl Bathurst becoming Colonial and War Secretary in room of the new Premier; Sidmouth (once Addington) took office as Home Secretary; Castlereagh still directed Foreign Affairs; while among minor changes the appointment of Robert Peel to be Chief Secretary for Ireland deserves notice, as a step in the career of a great man.

* *Burgos*, the capital of Old Castile, on the Arlanzon, a tributary of the Pisuerga, one hundred and forty miles north of Madrid.

Campaign of 1813.—Having at last wrung from the Spanish Cortes the **sole command** of the Spanish forces engaged in this war, Wellington resolved upon a decisive movement. Dividing his army into three parts, he sent one under Sir Thomas Graham to cross the Douro beyond Lamego, and to march by way of Bragança towards Zamora. The French, taken by surprise at the sight of a foe marching from this quarter, and alarmed by the approach of the remainder of the British force from the region of Salamanca, felt that their flank had been turned, and fell back. At the same time King Joseph and the central battalions, in dread of being severed by the march of Wellington from their friends in Northern Spain, hurried away to Burgos, whence the whole French force fell back across the Ebro upon Vitoria.* Wellington followed, to fight the crowning battle of the Peninsular War.

The **Battle of Vitoria** was fought upon the 21st of June 1813. The army on each side numbered something more than seventy thousand men. General Hill began the battle by a successful attack upon the heights of La Puebla, which covered the enemy's left wing. Then passing the river Zadorra, he took a village, whose commanding position secured him against the most desperate charges of the French. Marshal Jourdan, who as Joseph's deputy directed the fight, soon found that he could not maintain the heights by the Zadorra, and concentrated his lines upon Vitoria. Meanwhile General Graham had turned the right wing of the French by the Bilbao road, dislodging them from all their positions on that side. Right, left, and centre of the French army, all broken up and mixed, began to stream in flight away towards Bilbao. But even here a check occurred, for victorious Graham occupied the road along which they fled. Flinging everything aside, they turned to rush towards Pamplona. Artillerymen cut their traces, and left their guns behind. Joseph left his pictures and his wine, his plate and his poodles. His ladies fled in utter disregard of their laces and satins, which in a few hours decked the sutlers of the British force. The Allies lost seven hundred and forty killed and four thousand one hundred and seventy-four wounded, while the French acknowledged the loss of eight thousand. When Wellington sent home the baton of Marshal Jourdan, taken among the spoil, he received in return the baton of an English Field-Marshal.

Though the Battle of Vitoria decided the **Peninsular War**, it remained for the Duke to follow the expelled invaders across the great Pyrenean wall. Soult could not save St. Sebastian and Pamplona, nor could he stay the conquering march of Wellington "past the Pyrenean pines" and across the current of the Bidassoa.†

Campaign of 1814.—Having in the Battle of Orthez‡ (February 27)

* *Vitoria*, a Spanish town in the Basque Provinces, on a hill near the Zadorra, one hundred and ninety miles north-north-east of Madrid.

† *Bidassoa* is a considerable Pyrenean stream, which rises in the Bastan valley, and after dividing Spain and France falls into the Bay of Biscay.

‡ *Orthez* is in Basses Pyrenées, on the Gave de l'au, twenty-five miles north-west of that town. Population 7000.

defeated Soult and driven him across the Adour, Wellington sent troops to occupy the city of Bordeaux. The Battle of **Toulouse**,* which raged along the steep banks of the Garonne during all the 10th of April, led to the evacuation of the place by the French Marshal. But Napoleon had already abdicated. A Convention was concluded, and the war was over.

The **American War** resolves itself into three distinct sets of operations: the attack upon Canada, the duels by sea, and the movements of the British in the Southern and Central States. Having collected a flotilla on Lakes Ontario and Erie, the Americans took the city of York, and under Dearborn, before whom General Vincent retreated to Burlington Heights, gained a precarious footing on the Canadian shore, close to the Falls of Niagara. Upon that point and the Detroit frontier their chief efforts were concentrated; but at both places a night attack inflicted severe disaster upon them. They had a temporary triumph on Lake Erie, where an English captain fought their ships with inferior forces for three hours; but the ultimate result of all their efforts was failure. Incompetence indeed on our side gave them many chances, for Sir George Prevost managed the campaigning miserably. His march to Plattsburg on Lake Champlain was a specimen of his peculiar talents.

By sea (June 1st, 1813) the English frigate *Shannon* challenged the American frigate *Chesapeake* to come out of Boston harbour and fight. The *Chesapeake* complied; the fire opened; in fifteen minutes there was a rush of English tars on board, and the Union Jack ran to the American mast-head. It is only fair, however, to add that in these combats the American sailors displayed fully as much valour and nautical skill as the British.

The British soldiers meanwhile made a dash upon **Washington**, put to flight the American militia, and burned the chief public buildings in the American capital (August 1814). This wanton mischief met its retribution at New Orleans the next Christmas, where all the science of Pakenham availed nothing in the attempt to break the American lines. Before this disaster to the British arms a Treaty had been signed at Ghent (December 1814), restoring peace between the nations.

When the news of Napoleon's **escape from Elba** in the *Inconstant* reached the Congress at Vienna, a roar of laughter from the assembled envoys greeted the startling tidings. Serious thought, however, followed this sudden impulse. Both sides strained every nerve to gather huge masses of men for the conflict. The history of the year narrows itself into a crisis of four days—the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th of June 1815.

Early in June Napoleon, who by tremendous efforts had raised a force of four hundred and seventy-three thousand men, concentrated a great army in the north of France between the Sambre and the Meuse. It was time for him to move. The Rhine was bristling with Austrians and Germans, moving upon Chalons and Rheims. Behind

* *Toulouse* is the capital of Haute-Garonne, and stands on the river of that name.

came the Russians in three columns. Austrians and Sardinians hurried on towards Lyons, while the Prussians and the British lay in Belgium. All, numbering about seven hundred thousand, were moving towards Paris in a system of converging lines. Napoleon meant to surprise the Allied forces in Belgium, and beat them in succession. But the light of his watch-fires had already roused the suspicions of the Prussians on the Belgian frontier.

About 3 A.M. on the 15th of June he began to move his army in three masses across the **Sambre** at Charleroi and Marchiennes. Ziethen, the Prussian General, fell back fighting towards the main body of the Prussians, massed about Namur and Sombrefe. Wellington, then at Brussels, waited until the afternoon of the 15th, when news reached him that the French had crossed **June 15.** the Sambre. Having then made his arrangements for taking a position at Quatre Bras,* he went calmly to the brilliant ball given in the Belgian capital by the Duchess of Richmond.

Two battles—Quatre Bras and Ligny†—took place on the 16th. By 7 A.M. on that morning Napoleon had matured his plan of action. Dividing his forces into right wing, left wing, and reserves, he gave the command of the two former to Grouchy and Ney, keeping the last under his own direction. At 11 A.M. Ney received orders to occupy **Quatre Bras**, towards which Wellington's troops had been pouring all the morning from Brussels. The battle, which began at 2 P.M., was on the whole a rehearsal of the greater **June 16.** coming fight, for Ney attacked with guns and cavalry, while Wellington maintained his position by trusting chiefly to his infantry. Gallant Picton with his Fighting Fifth came up at a critical moment, when the Prince of Orange had been driven back. Close behind rode the Duke of Brunswick at the head of his Black Hussars. He received a mortal wound as he tried to rally his men, somewhat shaken by the hostile horse. At the very same time Napoleon in person was engaged with the Prussians at Ligny, whom he drove back but did not scatter or disorder after seven hours of hard fighting. A French corps of twenty thousand under D'Erlon spent the day wandering between the two fields, being turned from their march to Quatre Bras by a pencil-note requiring their aid at Ligny.

As a double fight had distinguished the 16th, so a double retreat distinguished the next day. The situation of the 17th was this: Blücher, repulsed at **Ligny**, retreated on a line known to the English, and by nightfall concentrated at Wavre‡ his army, which Marshal Grouchy followed. Wellington made a correspond- **June 17.** ing retreat from Quatre Bras to **Waterloo**, where he had already surveyed the line of country, probably attracted to the

* *Quatre Bras* (Four Roads, because the roads from Brussels, Charleroi, Nivelles, and Namur meet there), lies three miles south of Genappe, or twenty miles from Brussels.

† *Ligny*, a Belgian village lying about two miles west of Sombrefe.

‡ *Wavre*, a village of South Brabant in Belgium, about six miles east of Waterloo. Waterloo lies twelve and one-third miles from Brussels.

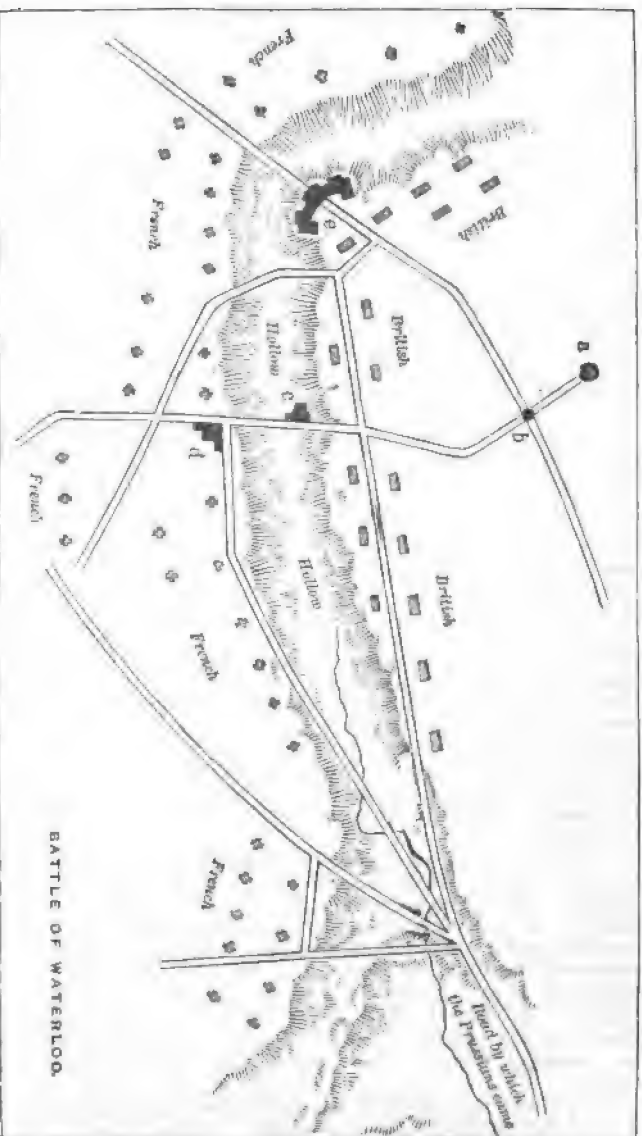
position by the fact that Marlborough had once selected it for a battle which was never fought. Napoleon, following the English Duke closely, seems never to have anticipated the possibility of a junction between the British and the Prussians by one day's march.

Arranging his army, which amounted to sixty-nine thousand men, on the crest of a ridge, that turned sharply off at an angle to the west, just where the old red brick chateau **Hougoumont** gleamed through its orchards, Wellington waited under heavy rain for the dawn of Waterloo. Day broke between three and four. In the hollow, which ran between the British position and the concave ridge, on which Napoleon marshalled his men, lay two white farmhouses—**La Haye Sainte** on the British side, **La Belle Alliance** on the French—each standing just on the dip of its own slope, and close to the high road from Genappe to Brussels, which cut at right angles through the two positions. Hougoumont stood on the road from Nivelles, and both roads converged on the village of Waterloo, which lay behind the British lines.

It will be seen from the accompanying sketch of the field that the chateau of Hougoumont was the key of the English position.

Napoleon reviewed his force of seventy-two thousand men early on the morning of the great day. The **rain of the night before** had damped the cartridges in the loaded muskets on both sides, so that they could be neither fired nor drawn. This created some delay, until an English sergeant discovered that the wetted powder could be swung out of the barrel by whirling the musket round. At twenty minutes past eleven the first cannon was fired. Under cover of artillery the French battalions dashed upon **Hougoumont**, which was held by the Guards. Round this chateau the battle raged furiously. The French took the wood, broke the gate to pieces, but could not withstand the withering fire from the house, and the rain of shells from English howitzers. Ney led several columns against **La Haye Sainte**, and gained a temporary lodgment there because the Germans had burned all their powder. The circumstance which gave Waterloo a special character was the trial of strength between the "rocky squares" of British infantry, and the fiery torrents of French horse that dashed upon their serried edges. At one period of the day the French horsemen were walking about among the solid rocks of red, as if they had been our own cavalry. When their strength was almost spent in these frequent charges, nearly the whole of the British cavalry, whose horses were fresh,

dashed at a sweeping gallop into the hollow and literally
June 18, rode over the lancers and cuirassiers, who had been vainly
1815 flinging themselves on the squares all day. It was about
 A.D. four in the afternoon, when the heads of the **Prussian**
columns under Bulow appeared to the east, emerging from
 the wood of Frischermont. Menacing the right flank of the French position, they obliged Napoleon to risk his last desperate cast upon



the game, then all but lost. This was the advance of the **Old Guard**, which had been kept in reserve in the rear of the French lines. As far as the foot of the British position Napoleon led these veterans, who had never failed him yet. He had seen his splendid artillery foiled by British fortitude; his splendid cavalry broken by the steady fire of men, who were masters of that most difficult art in war—the art of standing inactive with unbroken front under a murderous fire; but he still believed in the Old Guard. On they went under Ney's command up the face of the ridge near La Haye Sainte; but the English Guards under Maitland and the brigade of Adams, arranged four deep by Wellington himself, met them before they reached the top of the ascent, and poured in so fearful a fire at fifty yards that the columns, hampered on their flanks by other attacks, became mixed in the act of trying to deploy, and were driven in rout down the hill. "They are mixed!" cried the fallen Corsican, as he rode away to the rear. "Let the whole line advance," was Wellington's final order, as, closing his glass, he galloped to the front of the victorious British line. That great mass of pent-up manhood, which with patient resolution had stood on the plateau since early morning with scarce a murmur, now swept grandly forward—infantry, horse, and guns in one imposing torrent—which carried every French position, and drove the relics of the Grand Army along wreck-strewn roads towards the frontier of France. The British and Hanoverians had two thousand four hundred and thirty-two killed, and nine thousand five hundred and twenty-eight wounded on the field of Waterloo.

Before Waterloo was fought—on the 9th of June 1815—the Congress of Vienna had marked out on the map of Europe the changed lines, which were to follow the intended fall of Napoleon. This Treaty of Settlement was followed in November (20th) by a definitive **Treaty of Paris**, which was signed by Richelieu on the part of France, by Wellington and Castlereagh on the part of Britain. By these treaties the Empire of France, distended far beyond its natural and proper limits by the ambition of Napoleon, collapsed into a kingdom similar in size to that of 1790, and about as large as the recent Empire.

We obtained complete possession of **Ceylon** in 1815. This beautiful tropic island, which measures nearly three hundred miles in diameter, whose groves of cinnamon and clumps of cocoa-nut afford cover to the peacock and food to the elephant, whose oysters produce the pearl, whose rice and coffee are prized in commerce, lay long in the hands of the Dutch, from whom we took the sea-coast regions in 1796. Earlier we had wrested Trincomalee from the French. The atrocity of a native King, who held his court at Kandy in the centre of the island, led to our interference and his expulsion in 1815, since which time it has been a crown colony.

The gigantic war, which ended on the field of Waterloo, cost the country **six hundred millions sterling**. The application of steam-

power to our cotton-mills and other kinds of machinery alone enabled Britain to bear so heavy a burden.*

The transition from war to peace, like all violent changes, fell with terrible force upon the working-classes and the poor of Britain. Bread riots and nocturnal machine-breaking became alarmingly common. In the two centres of our manufacture, Manchester and Glasgow, there existed much hunger and misery and discontent, sometimes flaming out in riot, oftener smouldering in the heated atmosphere of political clubs and debating societies. There was at this time in England a man, who wielded an enormous power over the minds of the working classes, stimulating them by means of his *Weekly Register*, sold at *twopence*, to seek Reform. This was **William Cobbett**, born at Farnham in 1762, ploughman, clerk, soldier, pamphleteer, and journalist. Master of a very racy English style and a power of invective that shrank from nothing, he proclaimed himself the champion and spokesman of the Journeymen and Labourers of England.

The marriage of the Regent's only child—the **Princess Charlotte**—to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was celebrated on the 2nd of May 1816 amid rejoicings shadowed by no prophetic cloud. During the autumn of the same year Canning joined the Liverpool Ministry as President of the Board of Control.

A terrible lesson was taught to the **Algerine pirates** by Lord Exmouth, who bombarded the white walls of the African city for six hours. The immediate release of one thousand and eighty-three *Christian* slaves followed this stern piece of punishment (August 27, 1816). The cause of this assault was an act of massacre at Bona, where some Moslem soldiers had trampled on the British flag.

Gloom rests on the whole year 1817. The windows of the Regent's carriage were broken as he returned from opening Parliament. Riots in various places were met by prompt coercive measures. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended (March 4). No fewer than six hundred petitions for "Reform" poured in. A vague movement of the **Manchester operatives** collected many thousands of them in St. Peter's Field one day in March, for the purpose of marching to London to petition the Regent in person. This Blanket meeting, as it was called from the rugs, rolled in knapsack form on the backs of many men, melted into nothing, although it is thought to have covered a deeper scheme for a general insurrection. The Princess Charlotte died, having given birth to a dead child (November 6, 1817). Amiable, accomplished, and virtuous, she won by her

* The chief steps in the growth of the National Debt, which originated in the wars of William III., are these:—

1702. At Anne's Accession,	£14,000,000.
1714. After Marlborough's Wars,	54,000,000.
1763. After the Seven Years' War,	139,000,000.
1783. After the American War,	268,000,000.
1802. At the Treaty of Amlens,	571,000,000.
1816. After the Napoleonic War,	880,000,000.

womanly graces a deep affection, which mingled lovingly with the fealty due to the heiress of the crown.

In 1819 occurred the unfortunate fray of Peterloo. A great assemblage of working men, trooping in with banners and laurel boughs to St. Peter's Field in Manchester to choose a representative and advocate Reform, was dispersed violently by the yeomanry and hussars. Some lives were lost in the crush; and many sabre wounds were inflicted.

The year after the death of the Princess Charlotte four of the royal Dukes married. Edward Duke of Kent, having taken to wife a daughter of the Saxe-Coburg family, became in 1819 the father of the Princess Victoria, now our most gracious Queen. But in less than a year the father of this baby girl, and her poor old grandfather, whose crown sat in mockery on a head whence vision—bodily and mental—had fled, sank almost together into the grave. The Prince Regent became King George IV. by the death of his father on the 29th of January 1820.

GEORGE III. (1807-1820.)

A.D.

1807. Jan. 7.—An Order in Council meets the Berlin Decrees.
 March. —*The Portland Ministry* comes in: Canning Foreign Secretary.
 Aug. 15.—Gas used for street lamps in Golden Lane, London.
 Sept. 5.—Canning causes the Danish fleet to be seized.

THE PENINSULAR WAR.

1808. Aug. 1.—Wellesley lands the English troops at Mondego Bay in Portugal.
 Aug. 17.—Delaborde beaten at *Roliça*.
 Aug. 21.—Junot beaten at *VIMIERO*.
 Aug. 30.—The Convention of Torres Vedras or Cintra. Wellesley goes home.
 Dec. 4.—Bonaparte in Madrid.
 Dec. 4.—Moore, who had been induced to enter Spain, begins to retreat from Mayorga.
 1809. Jan. 16.—**BATTLE OF CORUNNA.** Death of Moore.
 March. —Acquittal of the Duke of York.
 April 22.—Return of Wellesley to the Peninsula as Commander-in-Chief.
 May 12.—Wellesley takes Oporto.
 July 28.—**BATTLE OF TALAVERA.**
 Sept. 21.—The Castlereagh and Canning Duel.
 Oct. 11.—Canning resigns office.
 Oct. 30.—*The Perceval Ministry* formed.
 Miserable end of the Walcheren Expedition.
 1810. Arrest of Sir Francis Burdett.
 July 10.—The French take Ciudad Rodrigo.
 Sept. 27.—**BATTLE OF BUSACO.**
 The insanity of George III. causes discussion about the *Regency*.
 Wellington spends the winter in the lines of Torres Vedras.
 1811. Feb. 6.—The Prince of Wales installed as Regent.
 March 5.—Battle of *Bartosa*.
 May 5.—**BATTLE OF FUENTES D'ONORO**.
 May 16.—**BATTLE OF ALBUERA.**
 The *Comet* steamboat begins to ply upon the Clyde.
 1812. Jan. 19.—Capture of Ciudad Rodrigo.

1812. April 6.—THE STORMING OF BADAJOZ.
 May 11.—Percival shot by a lunatic. The *Liverpool Ministry* begins.
 June 18.—The United States declare war against Britain.
 July 22.—THE BATTLE OF SALAMANCA.
 Aug. 12.—Wellington enters Madrid.
1813. June 1.—Duel between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*.
 June 21.—BATTLE OF VITORIA.
1814. Feb. 27.—*Battle of Orthes*.
 April 10.—BATTLE OF TOULOUSE.
- July 25.—George Stephenson places the first LOCOMOTIVE STEAM ENGINE on the rails at Killingworth.
 August. —British soldiers in Washington.
 Dec. —*Treaty of Ghent* closes the American War.
1815. Feb. 26.—Napoleon escapes from Elba.
 June 15.—He crosses the Sambre into Belgium.
 June 15.—Wellington at Brussels hears the news that afternoon.
 June 15.—The Duchess of Richmond's Ball.
 June 16.—Battle between Wellington and Ney at Quatre Bras. Battle between Blucher and Napoleon at Ligny.
 June 17.—The double retreat—Wellington to Waterloo, Blucher to Wavre.
 June 18.—THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.
 Nov. 20.—*The Treaty of Paris*.
1816. Canning joins the Liverpool Ministry.
 Aug. 27.—Lord Exmouth bombards Algiers.
1817. Nov. 6.—Death of the Princess Charlotte.
1819. May 24.—Birth of Queen Victoria.
1820. Jan. 29.—Death of George III. at Windsor, aged eighty-one.

CHAPTER VII.

GEORGE IV.

Cato Street.
 Queen Caroline.
 Canning Foreign Secretary.
 William Huskisson.

Money Panic of 1825-26.
 Canning Premier.
 His Death.
 Navarino.
 Two Premiers.

Catholic Disabilities.
 Daniel O'Connell.
 Robert Peel.
 Catholic Relief Bill.

THE reign had scarcely begun, when secret intelligence reached the Home Office to the effect that a man named Thistlewood, who had been a year in jail for challenging Lord Sidmouth, had with several accomplices formed a plot to murder the Ministers during a Cabinet dinner at Lord Harrowby's. The guests did not go, and the police burst in upon the gang while arming themselves in a stable in Cato Street off the Edgware Road. Thistlewood blew out the candle, having first stabbed a policeman to the heart. Being taken next day, he was hanged with his four leading associates. This is called the **Cato Street Conspiracy**. A slight disturbance at Bonnymuir in Scotland happened in the same year.

George IV. now began to stir in the matter of getting a divorce from his wife. He had married the **Princess Caroline** of Brunswick

in 1795 merely for the purpose of getting his debts paid. After some time of semi-banishment at Blackheath, she had gone abroad to live chiefly in Italy, and had been made the subject of more than one "delicate investigation" for the purpose of procuring evidence of misconduct against her. She now came to England (June 6, 1820), and passed from Dover to London through joyous and sympathizing crowds. The King sent a royal message to the Lords, asking for an inquiry into her conduct. Lord Liverpool and Lord Castlereagh laid before the Lords and the Commons a green bag, filled with accusations against the Queen. Happily for her she had two champions, whose names shall not readily lose the lustre gained in her defence—Henry Brougham and Thomas Denman, her Attorney-General and Solicitor-General. After the failure of a negotiation, in which the Queen demanded the insertion of her name in the Liturgy, and a proper reception at some foreign court, Lord Liverpool brought into the Upper House a "Bill of Pains and Penalties," which aimed at her degradation from the throne and the dissolution of her marriage. The people were almost all in favour of the wronged and desolate woman. At length the Bill, carried on its third reading by a majority of only *nine*, was abandoned by the Ministry (November 10). The Queen went in public procession to St. Paul's to return thanks for her victory. And in the following year she vainly tried to force her way into Westminster Abbey during the coronation of her husband (July 19, 1821). But mercy came a few days later from the King of kings. The people insisted that the hearse, containing her remains, should pass through the city; and in spite of the carabines of dragoons they gained their point, the Lord Mayor heading the procession till it had cleared the streets. Brought from Harwich across the sea, her worn body was laid in the grave of the Brunswicks. King George diverted his mind from dwelling on these things, by visiting Ireland and Hanover in the autumn of the year.

George Canning had resigned his office, rather than take any part with the Liverpool Cabinet in supporting the "Bill of Pains and Penalties," and had gone to the Continent for the summer.

Early in 1822 Lord Sidmouth, who was styled "the rat-catcher" or detector of plots in the Liverpool Cabinet, resigned the Home Office. He was succeeded by **Robert Peel**, a statesman destined to achieve eminence. Canning about the same time was offered the post of Governor-General of India; and, having accepted it, spent much time at Liverpool in the house of his friend Gladstone, preparing for the new path of duty that seemed opening out before him. The condition of Ireland was then attracting great attention. Much had been done for the suffering land by its Viceroy, the Marquis of Wellesley, who was clear-sighted enough to discern the justice of the Catholic claims. To this object Canning's parliamentary efforts were now directed in what he thought his last session in the House. A Bill for permitting Catholic Peers to sit in the Lords received all the support, which his influence and eloquence could give; but it was lost on the second reading.

King George IV. landed at **Leith** on the 15th of August 1822; but amid the acclamations which greeted the King there stole a dreadful whisper. Castlereagh, the Foreign Secretary, had cut his throat. Shameful to say, a howl of exultation rang round the coffin of the suicide, as it was lifted from the hearse at the Abbey gate. With much reluctance, at not a little risk, did George Canning turn from his anticipated labours by the Ganges to become the Foreign Secretary of Great Britain. "He well knew that he was entering on a career, where he would ever find opposition in his front and hatred by his side." The arrangement was concluded on the 17th of September 1822.

The spirit of Canning's **foreign policy** may be shortly summed up as lying in a desire to loose the shackles of enslaved nationalities, and also to undermine the Holy Alliance—a despotic league formed in 1815 by Russia, Austria, and Prussia. Refusing to interfere in Spanish affairs, he yet acknowledged the South American States, which had lately shaken off the Spanish yoke. To preserve peace and yet cut England loose from the Holy Alliance were the conflicting aims, which the genius of Canning enabled him to reconcile. He saved Portugal in a critical moment (December 1826). Spain, jealous of her western sister's free constitution, permitted some renegade Portuguese to harass the frontier of the country which they had betrayed. The Princess Regent applied to Britain; and troops were in the Tagus by Christmas Day. They were not needed. Canning's speech had gone before them, and had frightened the aggressors into flight.

The hands of Canning were strengthened in the year 1823 by the appointment of his friend **William Huskisson** to the Presidency of the Board of Trade. Born in 1770 in Worcestershire, this eminent financier had climbed to power by several minor steps, beginning in 1795 as subordinate to Dundas in the War Office. The appointment of Mr. Robinson (Earl of Ripon afterwards) as Chancellor of the Exchequer also infused new blood into the Cabinet. The principal measure carried through Parliament by Huskisson was the Reciprocity of Duties Bill (1823), by which the shipping of foreign states, trading to Britain, were placed on a par as to duties with our own vessels, on condition that these states should on their part do likewise. He removed a number of taxes, protecting the home produce of Great Britain. In all he showed himself favourable to the principles of Free Trade.

During the years 1824–25 the country was seized with that **speculation fever**, which has afflicted her more than once during the last century and a half. Bullion, flowing out of the land, left paper to supply its place. A crop of companies sprang up in the Stock Exchange. The mania of 1720 was acted over again, with such variations as a century must bring. Companies were formed to extract gold from the Andes, to trench the Isthmus of Darien with a canal, to make butter on the pampas of La Plata, and to do a thousand other things sensible and silly. Shares were bought and gambled in.

The winter passed ; but spring shone on glutted markets, depreciated stock, no buyers, and no returns from the shadowy and distant investments in South America, which had absorbed so much capital. Then the crashing began : the weak broke first, the strong next, until commerce for the time was paralyzed. By causing the issue of one and two pound notes, by coining in great haste a new supply of sovereigns, and by inducing the Bank of England to lend money upon the security of goods, the Government restored commercial credit to some extent.

The First Burmese War.—Under Lord Amherst, the **first Burmese war** occurred. Disputes about the boundary-line provoked the Court of Ava to insolence. Assam was taken. And then a force under Sir Archibald Campbell, in May 1824, captured the city of Rangoon. Their march up the river was impeded by stockades of teakwood and bamboo, which the Burmese defended with the fierceness of wild cats ; but the British bayonet forced its resistless way on to Yandaboo, within sixty miles of Ava. There in 1826 a treaty was signed, by which we came to number Aracan* and Tenasserim† among our possessions.

Apoplexy having struck down Lord Liverpool early in 1827, it became necessary to select a new Premier. **Canning** was the chosen man. Having on the 10th of April received the royal commands to construct a Cabinet, he asked his former colleagues to take office with him. The reply was a series of refusals, among them those of the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Peel, and Lord Chancellor Eldon. The great topic then agitating the Legislature was the question of **Catholic Emancipation**, a movement in favour of which George Canning had already battled hard : hence the refusal of so many to join his Cabinet. At length, however, the list was filled, Canning himself taking the Exchequer in addition to his office as First Lord of the Treasury. The short session then opening was a time of misery to the Premier. Estranged from his old associates, taunted by many foes, feeling in the splendour of his position nothing but the desolate glare of a grandeur which he did not enjoy, the sick man held resolutely to his post in the face of every difficulty. But the springs of life were failing. And, when he had secured an object for which he had long been working, the conclusion of the Treaty of London, he shook hands with Huskisson, who was then going to recruit his strength on the Continent, made a joke about the yellow lining of the bed curtains, and took his last journey to the Duke of Devonshire's villa at Chiswick. There, in the room where Fox had died,

* *Aracan* or *Rakhain* stretches for about two hundred and thirty miles along the eastern shore of the Bay of Bengal, south of Chittagong. It is principally a strip of hot, moist, unhealthy but very fertile valley-land. A range of mountains separates it from the Burmese Empire.

† *Tenasserim* runs in a long tongue-like piece of fertile land from the mouth of the Saluen to the narrowest part of the Malayan isthmus. It is separated by mountains from Siam. Coal, iron, and numerous other valuable minerals make it a place whose commercial future may be prosperous. It forms a province in the government of Penang.

he too died, ostensibly of inflammatory cold, in reality of wearing and somewhat thankless political toil (August 8, 1827).

Before the year closed, the treaty, which formed the last act of Canning's foreign policy, and which bound together England, France, and Russia in a league to save Greece from the despoiling hands of Turkey, bore "the blood-red blossom of war," which, however, ripened into peace. While negotiations were pending, Ibrahim Pacha with the Egyptian fleet entered the harbour of *Navarino*,* where the Turkish squadron lay. The British Admiral, Codrington, had previously warned him that he would be driven in again, if he ventured out. In violation of an express agreement, he sailed out, and the Allied Admirals then mounted guard over the fleets in the harbour. The Turks began to fire: the Allies replied: the engagement became general: and in four hours the shattered hulls of the Turco-Egyptian fleet rocked on the sea. It was the 28th of October 1827.

Discord soon dissolved the Ministry of Lord Goderich, and in the first month of 1828 our greatest soldier undertook the leading post of English statesmanship, at a time when all the political sky was charged with storm.

The most notable event under the Wellington Administration was the passing of the **Catholic Emancipation Bill**. The Treaty of Limerick (1691), confirming the title of William III. to rule Ireland, made a hollow provision in favour of the Roman Catholics. But the oppressed Catholics were soon ground to the very dust. Laws, depriving a father of natural rights over his child, and sometimes even reversing the relations of the two, were enacted. A Catholic teacher was treated like a felon; and a priest, who married a Protestant to a Catholic, exposed himself to death by hanging. The firm position, taken by the Irish people under the leadership of Henry Grattan in 1780, was the beginning of a series of efforts which at last rent asunder these heavy chains. Most violent of all the obstinacies of George III. was his aversion to the removal of the Catholic disabilities. Some of his statesmen, Pitt the foremost, foresaw a time when the Bill *must* pass; and in the struggle of the **Irish Union** a promise was given that the Bill *should* soon pass. In 1807, Pitt having died before his promise was redeemed, the chief Catholic disabilities were these:—They could not enter either House of Parliament: they could not act as guardian to a Protestant: they were scarcely allowed to possess arms: they were practically excluded from juries, and from the majority of public offices. Canning made more than one decided effort to remove some of their disabilities. Grattan, having entered the Imperial Parliament in 1805, devoted the eloquence and wisdom of his old age to the advocacy of their cause. With two such champions victory was sure; yet neither saw the final triumph of the question. In course of time a vast confederacy, called the *Catholic Association* and supported by a weekly tax on the Irish peasantry called the *Catholic Rent*, was organized,

* *Navarino* (or *Neocastro*), a town and bay in the south-west of the Morea, five miles north of Modon. The historic island of Sphacteria lies across the mouth of the bay.

and began to work with ceaseless and resistless force. Its life was **Daniel O'Connell**, a barrister of great natural eloquence and skill in wielding the minds of a popular mass. Born in 1775 near Cahirciveen in Kerry, he received his education at St. Omers, whence he was obliged to flee on the outburst of the French Revolution. Having studied law at Lincoln's Inn, he was called to the Bar in 1798. Between Orange societies called Brunswick Clubs, and the organized Catholics a civil strife seemed imminent. An important step in the direction of religious freedom was taken in 1828, when Lord John Russell moved the repeal of the **Test and Corporation Acts**,* and carried this relief of the Dissenters through Parliament in spite of Ministerial opposition supported by Peel and Huskisson.

The tactics of the Roman Catholics were centred during this year in the Clare election, by which Daniel O'Connell was returned to serve in the Imperial Parliament.

Ministers now saw that a Bill to relieve the Roman Catholics could not be delayed. Ireland was in a state so explosive that a civil war seemed likely to break out any day. Having first resigned his seat for Oxford and secured his election for Westbury, **Robert Peel**, the Home Secretary, set about the preparation of a pacific measure.

Born in 1788 near Bury in Lancashire, where his father, a wealthy cotton-spinner, had an estate, Peel went to school at Harrow and in due time took a double-first at Oxford. In 1809, being then twenty-one, he entered Parliament as Member for Cashel; nor was he long on the Tory benches, until it was seen that a new and valuable accession to that side had come. His first Ministerial appointment was the Under-Secretaryship for the Colonies (1811). In the Liverpool Cabinet he took office as Chief Secretary for Ireland, then heaving with the fire of sectarian agitations. Having resigned in 1818, he rejoined the Liverpool Administration in 1822 as Home Secretary; and in this capacity also he took prominent office under the Duke of Wellington. Thus it came to pass that the task of piloting the **Catholic Relief Bill** through the Commons fell to his lot.

On the 5th of March 1829 the Bill was brought before the Commons. Modifying the oath, which Members took with their seats, so as to admit of its being taken by Roman Catholics, it opened to that religious body all corporate and public offices, with the exception of four—the Regency, the Lord Chancellorships of England and of Ireland, and the Viceroyalty of the latter land. About four in the morning of the 1st of April this important measure, on its third reading, was passed in the Commons by a majority of 178 in a House of 462. Ten days later, it passed the Lords by a majority almost equally large. The King, on whom a life of debauchery was beginning to tell at last, felt the bitter dregs in his cup of life all the bitterer for having to sign the measure. It received his signature on the 13th of April 1829.

On the 26th of June in the following year (1830) he died, leaving his sailor-brother William to reign in his stead.

* See the reign of Charles II.

GEORGE IV. (1820-1830.)

Married CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK.

A.D.

1820. June 6.—The Queen lands in England.
 July 5.—Lord Liverpool brings in a Bill of Pains and Penalties against her.
 Nov. 10.—This Bill abandoned.
1821. July 19.—Scene at the Coronation of George IV.
 Aug. 7.—Death of Queen Caroline.
1822. Sept. 17.—Canning made Foreign Secretary in place of Castlereagh, who committed suicide.
1823. Huskisson's *Reciprocity of Duties Bill*.
1824. Wild speculation begins, which next year produces panic. First Burmese War.
1825. The Thames Tunnel begun.
1827. April 10.—Liverpool's illness causes *Canning to be made Premier*.
 The *Treaty of London* negotiated.
 Aug. 8.—DEATH OF CANNING. The *Goderich Ministry* formed.
 Oct. 28.—*Battle of Navarino*.
1828. Jan. 25.—*The Wellington Ministry* formed.
 Repeal of the *Test and Corporation Acts*, obtained by Lord John Russell.
 O'Connell returned for Clare.
1829. March 5.—*The Catholic Relief Bill* laid before the Commons
 April 13.—It receives the royal signature.
1830. June 26.—George IV. dies at Windsor, aged sixty-eight.

CHAPTER VIII.

WILLIAM IV.

George Stephenson.
 First English Rail-
 way.
 The Grey Cabinet.

Grey, Brougham, Palmer-
 ston, and Russell.
 The Great Fight for Re-
 form.

Provisions of the Bill.
 The Poor Laws.
 Abolition of Slavery.
 Municipal Reform.

WHEN it was proposed to unite Liverpool and Manchester by a Railway, all eyes turned to **George Stephenson**, who had risen from the humble position of a colliery-fireman, as the fittest man to undertake the task. The difficulties were great ; but patience and genius surmounted them all. In particular, a bog called **Chat Moss** stood in the way, until the invincible Stephenson reduced it to such a condition that it afforded a firm bottom for the sleepers and the rails. When the Railway was completed, it was still an open question whether steam or horse-power should draw the trains. In the battle that ensued, almost all the engineering world was arrayed in arms against the plain workman of Wylam. With restless and vigorous pen, his son Robert, who had come back across the Atlantic to aid him in his railway work, fought the battle of the Locomotive, urging the point so keenly that the Directors of the Railway offered a premium of £500 for the best Locomotive suited to the traffic of their line. This gave the Stephensons a chance, which with their experience and their

energy they could not lose. In their engine-factory at Newcastle they constructed the **Rocket**, which distanced all competitors, by running a mile in less than two minutes. Thus the victory was won: the Locomotive was established in its place as an engine suited for passenger traffic, and all maligners and objectors were silenced for ever. Upon the opening of the **first English Railway**—that from Liverpool to Manchester—there was a gathering of Cabinet Ministers and other noted men to make a trial trip (15th September, 1830). During a temporary stoppage of the train, while Wellington and Huskisson were talking on the line, a shout from an approaching engine startled them. Huskisson, enfeebled from recent illness, did not move with sufficient speed, and, falling on the rail, had his leg crushed. He died the same night.

Some rash sentences against the popular desire for Reform, which fell from the Duke one night, shook his Cabinet to the foundation. A defeat on the Civil List overthrew it (November 15, 1830). A Whig Ministry under Lord Grey was then formed. Among the names, which stood prominently out in the new Administration, three deserve special remembrance. Harry Brougham, a genius rugged as a crag of Scottish granite, became Lord Chancellor; Henry Temple, Viscount Palmerston, took the Foreign Office; and Lord John Russell, though not a member of the Cabinet, became the champion of the nation in the coming struggle.

Charles Earl Grey was born in 1764 at Fallowden near Alnwick. Eton, Cambridge, and the Continent prepared him for public life. From the days of the French Revolution he had been devoted to the cause of Reform in Parliament, advocating it with all the powers of a ripe and chastened eloquence. As Lord Howick he joined the Grenville Ministry in 1806, and, when Fox died, he received the seals of the Foreign Office in the room of deceased statesman. The defence of Queen Caroline and the question of Catholic Emancipation engaged him at a later period; and he came to the head of affairs with three words, "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform," inscribed on his political banner.

Henry Lord Brougham, of Scottish birth but Cumbrian descent, entered Parliament in 1810, having already won a great name as a rising young barrister. Before long he measured swords with Canning, and to the last they fenced with almost equal skill. What Brougham did in defending the maligned Queen of George IV. has been already referred to: he certainly won the deep hatred of the King. In questions of public education, especially in the foundation of Mechanics' Institutes and other associations of the kind, he took a leading share. And, when in Grey's Ministry this great Whig lawyer rose to the woolstack, to him partly it was committed to carry through the Lords the great popular measure of Reform.

Lord Palmerston, the descendant of an ancient Saxon race, was born in 1784 at Broadlands near Romsey in Hampshire. Harrow, Edinburgh, and St. John's, Cambridge, were the places of his education. In 1807 he took office in the Portland Ministry as a Junior

Lord of Admiralty. From 1809 to 1828 under several successive Premiers he acted as Secretary at War. Canning being his model, he devoted his talents to foreign politics so industriously that upon his leader's death he remained the chief authority upon that most intricate branch of government. Tory as he originally was, he had under Canning's auspices so liberalized his views, that he found no difficulty in entering the Grey Cabinet as Foreign Secretary.

Lord John Russell, third son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, was born in London in 1792. After passing through Westminster School and attending lectures in the Edinburgh University, he entered Parliament under Whig colours; and to them he has been faithful throughout a long public career. Dallying somewhat with historic and dramatic literature, he nevertheless continued to press forward in pursuit of one object, which took daily more definite shape—the Reform of Representation in Parliament. It was not until Grey became Premier that Russell obtained office; as Paymaster of the Forces he faced that stormy period—the sessions of 1831–32.

Supported by a formidable pressure of public opinion, Lord John Russell on the 1st of March 1831 disclosed the nature of **the Reform Bill**, to that hour kept carefully a secret. It was the work of four men, of whom Durham and Russell were the chief. Its sweeping provisions, aiming at the utter extinction of close or rotten boroughs, took even the friends of Reform by surprise: for the first night it seemed to the Opposition only an amusing farce. There was no division on the first reading—March 14th; but on the occasion of the second reading (March 21), after a hot debate the numbers stood 302–301, the Ministry being victorious by *one* vote. This looked very ominous for the Bill; and the House, going into committee, took up the clauses. The Government experienced two defeats within three days. Grey sent in his resignation; the King would not accept it. It then became necessary for the King to **dissolve Parliament** that he might ascertain the feeling of his people on a subject so important. Although at first very unwilling to take this step, he at last consented, and on an eventful day—the 22nd of April—he went down to the Lords. Black Rod summoned the Commons in due form; and the hot passionate assemblies, scarcely yielding to the regal voice, heard the words which sealed the doom of their short session.

The people, roused and terribly in earnest, sent in a new House of Commons packed with Reformers. Everywhere, especially in the large manufacturing towns, they waited with steadfast aspect, watching the movements of the enemies of their cause. The battle was then renewed, the ground being disputed inch by inch, clause by clause. At last the Bill passed the Commons (22nd September) by a vote of 345 to 236, and was carried by Lord Althorp, attended by a hundred of the Lower House, up to the Lords. After a hot fierce debate of five nights, they threw it out by a majority of 41 on its second reading (October 7th).

At once the ferment of the people **exploded in riots**, portending civil war. At Derby and at Nottingham, but especially at Bristol,

these were excessively violent. Men looked with bated breath for the close of the short parliamentary recess. On the 12th of December Lord John Russell proposed a new Bill. On the 18th of the same month it was passed on its second reading by a majority of 162. Then came the Christmas holidays. In committee the battle raged fiercely, the opponents of the Bill spinning out the time to the last extremity. To no purpose, however. The majority on the third reading was 116 (March 21, 1832). Victory then in the Commons: but what in the Lords?

Discord had occurred in the aristocratic camp. Some absentees too had come in; and the Bishops, who with one exception had voted against the Bill in October, by April had changed their views. The result was that on the 14th of April—after a debate of five long nights on the second reading—the Bill floated on with a majority of 9, where six months earlier it had been rejected by 41. During the Easter recess petitions of a very fearless tone poured in from every side, especially from the great centres of manufacture. Sydney Smith sprinkled the Attic salt of his wit upon the question, giving a racy flavour even to the grave subjects in dispute. But the Lords were resolved to stifle the measure in committee—a resolve of which Grey had a foretaste by being left in a minority of 35 on the very first clause (May 7th). The **Whigs at once resigned**; and Wellington was requested to form a Tory Ministry. All that he and Lord Lyndhurst could do failed to accomplish this object. He quietly prepared his dragoons in various barracks to do his stern will upon the Political Unions, if any symptoms of revolution appeared; but with equal quietness the people took an attitude, whose resolute meaning could not be mistaken. The Union at Birmingham, mustering 200,000 strong and numbering in its ranks many of the soldiery, pledged themselves to pay no taxes and to give themselves up to the cause of Reform. The aspect of affairs began to look serious, even ominous, when news radiated everywhere to the effect that **Lord Grey** had been recalled to the head of the Administration. Great indeed was the popular joy at this sign of victory. But there

June 7, was still a doubt how the Lords could be made to yield.
1832 This vanished, when the King appealed to the Waverers, holding in the background a resolve to create a number of new Peers numerous enough to carry the measure, if his appeal was rejected. All was over then. **The Reform Bill passed** the Lords triumphantly, and received the King's assent on the 7th of June 1832.

1. The English county representation was redistributed by the Reform Bill, 159 Members from 82 constituencies being substituted for 94 Members from 52 constituencies. This almost doubled the number of Members from the English counties.

2. Boroughs with a population of less than 2000 were disfranchised, —a provision which suppressed 56 rotten boroughs, for which 111 Members had been used to sit. An additional reduction of 30 Members was made by cutting off one Member from certain bor-

oughs, containing less than 4000 inhabitants, which had been in the habit of returning two.

3. The seats thus left vacant amounted to 143 ; and these were so distributed that the greatest share fell to England.

4. The franchise was given in boroughs and cities to all holders of houses paying at least £10 of rent : in the counties the qualification extended to £50 of rent.

Such huge **centres of manufacture** as Birmingham, Leeds, Macclesfield, Manchester, and Sheffield now received the right to send two Members to the Parliament of a land, whose greatness depends most of all on their looms and forges. The Scottish and Irish Bills passed rapidly—becoming law on the 17th July and the 7th August respectively.

There was yet another battle to be won—next year was to see the termination of a strife begun in 1787. Wilberforce retired from Parliament in 1825, leaving the cause of the negro in the able hands of Fowell Buxton. Insurrections among the West Indian slaves, and angry mutterings on the part of the planters hurried on the crisis of Abolition. Flinging aside the Ministerial theory, that the **Abolition of Slavery** should be *gradually* wrought out, the House of Commons, led by Buxton, voted £20,000,000 as compensation to the planters, and declared that Slavery was no longer to exist within the bounds of the British Empire. A system of apprenticeship was devised, which bound the slaves to their masters for a certain number of years ; but, this not working well, the period was shortened. Antigua and Bermuda set their slaves free at once without any transition stage of apprenticeship.

Aug. 30,

1833

A.D.

The pauperism of the country having increased to an alarming degree, it became necessary to enact an improved set of **Poor Laws** (1834). No longer permitting strong lazy folk to enjoy out-door relief at the public cost, the Bill established over all the land work-houses, where such had to labour for every meal. By placing the local boards under the control of Government, it also removed abuses of another kind. Before this measure was quite complete, the Grey Ministry broke up, split by disunion upon Irish affairs. For a short time Lord Melbourne held office ; but in the December of 1834 the King called Sir Robert Peel, the Conservative leader, to the head of affairs. This experiment, with Peel as Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Duke of Wellington as Foreign Secretary, lasted only from December 1834 until April 1835, when Melbourne with strengthened hands took the reins again.

This Administration at once took up the question of **Municipal Reform**. Brought into the Commons by Lord John Russell on the 5th of June, a Bill to secure this important object passed swiftly through the Lower House, but was met in the Lords by a decided opposition, which, however, did not last. The Bill became law on the 9th of September. Its most important provision was that by which the constituency of the towns was regulated and widened.

In 1835 an English contingent was sent to Spain in aid of Queen Isabella, whose rights had been invaded by her uncle Don Carlos. With this exception the foreign policy of William IV. is insignificant. At home an important measure was passed—the **Tithe Commutation Act** (1837), by which tithes, a sore subject between the peasantry and the clergy, were converted into a rent-charge, determined by the price of corn. The turbulence of the Irish was also kept under by a Coercion Bill, which troubled the Government much and brought them into frequent collision with O'Connell.

On the 20th of June 1837 the kind old sailor, who had worn the British crown for seven years, died at the age of seventy-two, leaving the regal state to a girl of eighteen. His last act was one of mercy—the signature which gave pardon to a convict.

WILLIAM IV. (1830-1837.)

Married ADELAIDE OF SAXE-MEININGEN.

A.D.

1830. Sept. 15.—The Liverpool and Manchester Railway opened. Mr. Huskisson killed.

Nov. 22.—The *Grey Ministry* formed.

THE BATTLE OF THE REFORM BILL.

1831. March 1.—Lord John Russell in the Commons discloses the nature of the Reform Bill.

Mar. 14.—The First Reading—no division.

Mar. 21.—The Second Reading—Ministers have a majority of *one*—302-301.

April 18.—The House in committee; Ministers defeated twice in three days. Grey wishes to resign.

April 22.—The King dissolves Parliament.

June 14.—Meeting of the new Parliament.

Sept. 22.—Bill passes the Commons.

Oct. 7.—Thrown out in the Lords by a majority of 41 on its Second Reading.

Dec. 12.—Lord John Russell brings in a new Bill.

1832. Mar. 22.—It passes the Commons.

May 7.—Grey resigns; Wellington cannot form a Ministry.

May 18.—Grey restored. The Bill passes the Lords.

June 7.—English Bill signed by the King.

July 17.—Scottish Bill signed by the King.

Aug. 7.—Irish Bill signed by the King.

Cholera rages in the land.

1833. Aug. 30.—Slavery finally abolished.

1834. Aug. —The *First Melbourne Ministry* formed.

Aug. —New Poor Laws enacted.

Dec. 10.—The *First Peel Ministry* formed.

1835. April —The *Second Melbourne Ministry* formed.

Sept. 9.—*Municipal Reform Bill* passed.

An English Contingent in Spain.

1837. *Tithe Commutation Act*.

June 20.—William IV. dies, aged seventy-two.

CHAPTER IX.

VICTORIA.—(First Part, 1837-1852.)

The Queen at home.
Canada.
The Coronation.
Chartism.
Afghan War.
First Chinese War.
The Sliding Scale.

The Disruption.
Conquest of Sindh.
O'Connell and Repeal.
First Sikh War.
Anti-Corn-Law League.
Corn-Laws Repealed.
Gloom and Storm of 1848.

Tumults in Ireland.
Second Sikh War.
The Crystal Palace.
Peel and Wellington
dia.
Derby and Disraeli.
Second Burmese War.

On the 21st of June 1837 **Victoria** was proclaimed Queen of the British Empire. The daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent and brother of the late King, she was born at Kensington on the 24th of May 1819. Left in earliest infancy to the care of her widowed mother, a Princess of the Saxe-Coburg family, she grew up, an object of the tenderest solicitude, and received from her instructors such culture as made her a most accomplished woman. Yet were her mental gifts by no means her greatest endowments for the high position to which Providence called her. In her the domestic virtues have blossomed, making the royal home a model, towards which the eyes of all her subjects may look with gratitude and respectful love. Married on the 10th of February 1840 to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, she bore him five daughters and four sons during two-and-twenty years of happy union. But one sad Sunday a whisper crept through the land that the Prince was dead at Windsor of typhoid fever. Since then—December the 14th, 1861—our Queen has withdrawn from public life a good deal.

The **Salic law**, which prevailed in Hanover, separated that state from the British throne upon the accession of Victoria. The sceptre of this German kingdom passed into the hands of Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, fifth son of George III. and father of George V., the recent King of Hanover.

The first trouble of the reign came from **Canada**. Papineau, Speaker of the Parliament of Lower Canada, headed the revolt, which broke out first at Montreal. A gang of malcontents, styling themselves the "Sons of Liberty," were soon repulsed. Fleeing to St. Denis and St. Charles on the Richelieu, the rebels held out for some days. But a few companies of soldiers and volunteers crushed the rising. While this was going on in Lower Canada, a man called Mackenzie made a futile attempt to seize Toronto; and then made a rebel camp on Navy Island in the Niagara river. Colonel M'Nab routed him in both instances. Attempts on the part of American "Sympathizers" to invade Canada, were met and crushed with promptitude. The wise administration of the Earl of Durham restored peace for a time. Upon his withdrawal, however, a short second rebellion broke out. Sir John Colborne, Commander of the Forces, defeated Dr. Nelson the

rebel leader at Napierville. A second check at Beauharnois ended the seven days' fighting. A wise measure, which received the sanction of Queen Victoria on the 23rd of July 1840, reunited the Canadas under one form of Constitution. Charles Thompson, who afterwards received a peerage as Lord Sydenham, was the great instrument of the salutary change. It was arranged that the Houses should sit alternately by periods of four years in Quebec and Toronto: but Ottawa has been selected lately as the permanent seat of Government.

Westminster Abbey never looked gayer than on the 28th of June 1838—the **Coronation day** of Her Majesty the Queen. Among the representatives of foreign Courts stood a white-haired soldier, who saw his ancient enemy not many yards away. Marshal Soult, Ambassador of France, looked across and saw the eagle face of Arthur, Duke of Wellington.

Out of Kent in the year of the coronation came a singular impostor, whose followers believed him to be the Saviour. Casting aside the name of Thom, this poor madman called himself Sir William Courtenay, and wrought many pretended miracles with pistols and lucifer matches. He shot a policeman and a military officer before receiving the bullet which laid him low. His death scarcely daunted his deluded followers, who boldly said that he would rise in a month and give each of them a farm of forty acres. These events occurred "almost under the shadow of Canterbury Cathedral."

Chartism had been working, like an unwholesome leaven, since before the beginning of the reign. The Reform Bill had not satisfied the mass of the working people; and especially in the manufacturing districts associations were formed, moorland meetings by torchlight were held, and threats of resort to arms were uttered by artisans of every class. They sought five things—Universal Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, Annual Parliaments, Payment of Members, and the Abolition of Property Qualifications. Day by day the mutterings grew louder. A huge cylinder of parchment, whose circumference was like a coach wheel, was rolled with one million two hundred thousand signatures into the Commons, where a member of the National Convention supported its demands in an effective speech. Chartism soon broke violently out at Newport in Monmouthshire. **John Frost**, a magistrate there, collected a body of seven thousand miners to attack and seize the town. A few shots from the military dispersed the mob, of whom twenty were killed. Frost, and his leading accomplices, Williams and Jones, were condemned to death—a sentence afterwards commuted to transportation.

In 1839 the **Melbourne Ministry** was reconstructed. Having vainly tried to carry a measure for the suspension of the Jamaican Constitution, they resigned, and the task of forming a new Government devolved on Sir Robert Peel. This he failed to do; and Melbourne came in again, with Lord John Russell as Colonial Secretary, Lord Normanby in the Home Office, Mr. F. Baring as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Thomas Babington Macaulay in the War Office, in the room of Lord Howick.

About this time Britain was involved simultaneously in three Asiatic wars.

The Afghan War.—Under Lord Auckland the **Afghan War** broke out, caused by a contest for the throne between Shah Soojah and Dost Mohammed. The latter prevailed; the former hid himself under the wing of the British power. Aware that Russia had influence over Persia, and more than suspicious that the same gigantic power was intriguing at Cabul, the British, having first refused to aid Dost Mohammed in recovering Peshawur from the Seikhs, took up the cause of Shah Soojah, and advanced into Afghanistan to replace him on the throne. The army amounted to nineteen thousand three hundred and fifty men under Sir John Keane; and the march on **Candahar** was directed northward through the passes **1839** in the mountains that line the western bank of the Indus. On **A.D.** the 4th of May the British entered Candahar, from which the Afghan chiefs had fled. On the 23rd of July the gate of Ghuznee was blown open with gunpowder. Dost Mohammed fled from Cabul, into which the British marched unhindered; and then Shah Soojah was enthroned, the land being apparently conquered. A warlike spirit manifested itself in various quarters, especially round Kelat and in the mountain country of the Ghilzies between Candahar and Cabul. The surrender of Dost Mohammed, however, who placed his sword in the hands of Sir William Macnaughtan, the British Envoy, seemed to betoken the end of trouble. It proved far otherwise. The house of Sir Alexander Burnes at **Cabul** was beset by **Nov. 2,** Afghans, and stained with the blood of massacre. The British **1841** force under feeble old Elphinstone was divided between the **A.D.** Bala Hissar or citadel, and a low cantonment two miles off. The misery and peril of the beleaguered Europeans grew daily worse, reaching its crisis when Akbar, son of the Dost, came in person to direct the Afghan operations. Trusting to the honour of Asiatics, whom he should have known better, Macnaughtan met Akbar in conference, and was shot dead by the treacherous hand of that chief, who permitted his body to be mangled and his head exposed in the great bazaar (December 23). A little later—January 7—began that fatal march through the **Koord Cabul** to Jeelabad, which left a track of ghastly crimson on the winter-snow. Of sixteen thousand five hundred human beings, who began the retreat, about seventy were made captive; nearly all the rest sinking under the bullets of the long *jezails* which were aimed from behind every rock and bush. Ghuznee also fell into Afghan hands; and a similar fate would have befallen Candahar and Jeelabad but for the ability and courage of Generals Nott and Sale. A new season and a new Governor restored the credit of the British army. Lord Ellenborough came to rule India, just while General Pollock, having forced the Khyber Pass, was pursuing his victorious march to Jeelabad. From April to August he lay there; and then began to move on Cabul, towards which Nott was also advancing from Candahar. The occupation of Cabul, where Sir Robert Sale was reunited to his wife and daughter, who had been

Akbar's captives since the retreat, formed the crowning operation of the war. The British troops soon withdrew from Afghanistan; and, Shah Soojah having already met his death, the way was clear for Dost Mohammed again to hold the throne.

A smuggling trade in **opium** having sprung up to the great anger of the Chinese authorities, who could not tamely see the natives smoke themselves to death and lunacy, an edict was issued by Commissioner Lin, aiming at the extinction of the traffic. Captain Elliot, the British Superintendent, resisted this edict; and a fire from British ships was poured into a fleet of anchored junks in the Canton river—November 3rd 1839. The island and town of Chusan were taken by British guns in June 1840; and in the following January Commodore Sir Gordon Bremer reduced the Bogue Forts at the mouth of the Canton river. These two blows led to a Chinese proposal for peace, believing in which Bremer caused Chusan to be evacuated, and took possession of **Hong-Kong**, which was ceded to us instead. But war broke out again. Sir Hugh Gough and Admiral Senhouse made an attack on Canton, which was thwarted by the interference of the Superintendent. To Sir Henry Pottinger was allotted the task of closing the war. Amoy, Chusan, and Ningpo fell successively into the hands of the British, whose march to Nankin in 1842 was the final movement, which led to the submission of the Mandarins. The principal articles of the Treaty of Nankin ceded the island of Hong-Kong to the British, established our right of trade to the five cities—Canton, Amoy, Fuh-Choo, Ningpo, Shanghai—and handed over to Britain as payment for the cost of the war twenty-seven millions of silver dollars.

In aid of Turkey our fleets and troops assisted in operations on the Syrian coast, undertaken for the purpose of wresting that province from Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, who had declared himself independent of the Porte. Beirut and **Acre** were reduced in the autumn of 1840, Commodore Napier distinguishing himself in the attack upon the latter.

Before the conclusion of the Chinese War the Melbourne Ministry resigned. Defeated on the Sugar Duties and also on a vote of want of confidence proposed by Sir Robert Peel, they threw themselves on the country by a dissolution of Parliament. The result, although they tried to get up the popular cry of "Free trade in Corn," did not meet their expectations. Another vote of want of confidence, carried in the new House in the shape of an amendment to the Address, overthrew their last hope, and left them no resource but resignation. The task of forming a new Administration was confided to Peel.

The Conservative Administration of Sir Robert Peel lasted from September 1841 until June 1846, undergoing during that time but little change. In 1843 the Duke of Wellington became Commander-in-Chief—in 1844 William Ewart Gladstone was made President of the Board of Trade—and in 1845 Sidney Herbert succeeded Hardinge as Secretary at War.

The year 1842 was occupied in making some important financial

changes. Recognizing the pressing necessity that existed for some alteration in the Corn Laws, Sir Robert carried through the Houses his proposition of a **Sliding-Scale**, according to which a rise in the price of corn should lower the duty per quarter. Thus its provisions ran :—

Wheat at 50s.	paid	20s. of duty.
... 55s.	...	17s. ...
... 60s.	...	12s. ...
... 65s.	...	8s. ...
... 70s.	...	5s. ...
... 75s. or more	...	1s. ...

The imposition of an Income-Tax of sevenpence in the pound, and the adjustment of the Tariff, by laying aside a host of petty duties were other important transactions of the year.

Over all the British Islands there was trouble of one kind or another in the year 1843. In England the Tractarian or Puseyite party created no small stir, especially in and near Oxford, the centre of their agitation. Holding various doctrines, which resembled the tenets of the Church of Rome rather than those of the Church of England, many of them in process of time went over to the ranks of the Roman Catholics.

In Scotland the National Church was rent in twain. The intrusion of unacceptable ministers under the Patronage Law of 1711 had long been regarded as a grievance by the Scottish people, and in 1834 the General Assembly passed the celebrated **Veto Act**, which gave a majority of the male heads of families in a congregation the right to reject the patron's presentee, on a solemn declaration that they could receive no spiritual benefit from his ministrations. This Act speedily brought the Church and the Civil Power into collision. A few months after its passing, a minister presented by the Earl of Kinnoul to the parish of Auchterarder, was *vetoed* by almost the whole people; and the Presbytery refused to proceed to his settlement. The case was brought before the Court of Session, and thence was taken by appeal to the House of Lords. These high tribunals affirmed their jurisdiction in the matter, found that the Veto Act was *ultra vires* of the Church, and declared that the Presbytery of Auchterarder had acted illegally. Various other cases of a similar kind occurred. Affairs grew more and more complicated. The Civil Courts enjoined sacred acts upon the Church, and the Church broke orders of the Civil Courts. At last, in 1842, the General Assembly laid at the foot of the throne its *Claim of Right*. That Claim met with an unfavourable answer. The House of Commons, also, by a large majority—though not a majority of its Scottish members—supported the views of the Government. The crisis could no longer be delayed. Two hundred members of the Assembly, which met at Edinburgh in May 1843, laid upon its table, on the first day of its sitting, a Protest against what they conceived to be a series of unconstitutional invasions of the Church's rights, and proceeded, under the presidency of the great **Thomas Chalmers**, to

form themselves into a separate Communion, to which they gave the name of "Free Church of Scotland." And a few days later (23rd) they executed an *Act of Separation and Deed of Demission*, by which, refusing to acknowledge "the Ecclesiastical Judicatories established by law in Scotland," they declared their separation from the Establishment and their rejection of all the rights and emoluments they derived from the State.

Conquest of Sind.—Under Lord Ellenborough we became owners of **Sinde**. The *Ameers* had reluctantly permitted the British army bound for Cabul to march through their territory. Goaded by a treaty which these princes had been forced to sign, the Beloochee army attacked the house of Colonel Outram, from which they were beaten off. Sir Charles Napier took the field at once, and in the battles of Meanee and Dubba so completely routed the insurgents that their territory was added in 1843 to the British Empire in India.

The **Rebecca riots** of Wales, which affected chiefly the counties of Caermarthen, Pembroke, and Cardigan, arose out of the bad management of turnpikes and tolls. The strange distortion of a Scripture text gave origin to the name: "And they blessed Rebekah, and said unto her, Let thy seed possess the *gate* of those which hate them" (Gen. xxiv. 60). Disguised in bonnets, caps, and gowns, the rioters stole at dead of night upon the toll-bars, flung out the keeper's furniture, pulled down the house, and levelled the gates to the ground. Some Chartist emissaries crept among them, and the spirit of the mob grew worse. They attacked work-houses, burned stacks, and spilled blood. At last some of the gang were taken; and by justice tempered with mercy the ferment was allayed.

Before Sir Robert Peel took office, **Daniel O'Connell** had begun an agitation in Ireland for the Repeal of the Union. This agitation reached its height in 1843. Monster meetings at Trim and Mullingar preceded a still greater gathering on the historic hill of Tara (August 15). Men, who were then children, remember seeing a tall man with a snub nose and an eye twinkling with Irish fun, driving out of Dublin in a four-in-hand on that fine summer morning, his green coat glittering with the button of Repeal. And they remember too a Sunday morning somewhat later (October 8), when cannon and dragoons went to the Strand of **Clontarf**, sent by the Viceroy to support his proclamation forbidding a monster meeting there. O'Connell wisely refrained from meeting the artillery. Six days later (October 14), he was arrested with his son and eight other men upon a charge of conspiracy and sedition. The trial, delayed by the difficulty of forming a jury, began on the 15th of January. For six and twenty days it continued to linger, until a verdict of "Guilty" came from the exhausted jury. The sentence, not pronounced till the 30th of May, inflicted two years' imprisonment and a fine of £2000 upon the arch-conspirator, dealing more lightly with his accomplices. He lay accordingly in Richmond Penitentiary in Dublin for a time, until a verdict of the Lords, to whom an appeal was made, reversed the sentence and set him free. He had before this time been joined in his agitation by **Smith**

O'Brien, an Irish gentleman whose reputation for good sense and moderation had been previously unstained. O'Brien became the leader of the Young Ireland Party. O'Connell then went abroad to die. His body, borne from Genoa in the summer of 1847, was followed through the streets of Dublin by a procession of those still true to his memory.

The First Sikh War.—There dwelt among the branching streams of the Punjaub a Hindu sect, called **Seikhs**, moulded and governed by the doctrines of men called *Gooroos*. Under the great Runjeet Singh, "the Lion of the Punjaub," this sect, grown into a nation, had been disciplined with remarkable skill, and had come to be possessed of a military organization directed and controlled by officers from France. In February 1845 a Sikh army crossed the Sutlej, which divided the Punjaub from the British possessions. Hardinge, who was not unprepared, made a forced march to Moodkee; and there (December 18, 1845) was fought a battle, resulting in the repulse of the invaders by Sir Hugh Gough. The next movement was on the rectangular camp at Ferozeshuhur. Night fell on the unfinished struggle: morning dawned to light the British to another triumph (December 22). There was then a temporary cessation of war. But, when the Seikhs again crossed the current to threaten our frontier-stronghold of Loodiana, Sir Harry Smith defeated them with great loss on the field of Aliwal (January 26, 1846). The greater victory of the **Sobraon**, where thirty-five thousand Seikhs defended the semicircular lines of a huge intrenched camp, added to the laurels of the gallant Smith, and brought the war to a successful end. The camps and cannon of these warriors made them by no means a despicable foe. The Doab between the Sutlej and the Beas was retained by the British after this war.

Feb.
1845
A.D.

So far back as 1837, out of a public dinner given at Manchester, there grew an Association, called the *Anti-Corn-Law League*, of which **Richard Cobden** was the leading spirit. Born in 1804 on his father's farm at Dunford in Sussex, this great Reformer became, after a business training in London and elsewhere, a partner in a calico-printing concern in Manchester. Mr. Cobden became Member for Stockport in 1841. In his agitation for free trade in bread he was joined by a cotton-spinner of Rochdale, named **John Bright**, who found a seat in Parliament in 1844 as Member for the city of Durham, and who has since by his manly and thoroughly English speeches won for himself a name among the foremost orators of the House. By men like these no rest was given to the Ministry and the country, until the Corn Laws were wiped from the Statute-Book of Britain. Agents of the League visited the cottages of the poor in every county. The plain unvarnished tale of pallid hungry children—roofs rotted into holes—rain which stagnated in puddles on the muddy floor—gaunt and miserable men, whose scanty weekly shillings scarcely gave their families a meal a day, was told by lecturers in every town, and by the men I have named to the crowded benches of the House. The

Protectionists were at first angry, spiteful, or disposed to jeer—then sullen and suspicious—at last alarmed, querulous, and well-nigh in despair; and in spite of all that their Association—the Agricultural Protection Society—could do and say, every hour brought the members of the League nearer to the time of triumph.

The excessive rain, which fell in the summer of 1845, acting with other causes, rotted with a mysterious decay the potato crop, upon which the peasantry of Ireland then largely depended. This did much to bring the question of **the Corn Laws** to a crisis, for men began to see that it would never do to depend on chance supplies of foreign grain. Corn from abroad must be brought into the country in regular abundance by abolishing the duties which kept it out. Lord John Russell wrote a letter from Edinburgh to the electors of London, declaring himself at last converted to the need of Abolition. But the Premier himself, now seeing with a clearer vision, had begun in the Cabinet to agitate the opening of the ports. Lord Stanley, the Colonial Secretary, dissented from the Premier, who accordingly resigned. But the check was very temporary. Lord John Russell, sent for by the Queen, tried to form a Government, but was baffled, chiefly by the refusal of Lord Grey to enter the Cabinet. Peel came back to Downing Street on the 20th of December with Mr. Gladstone as his Colonial Secretary in room of Lord Stanley. The great and almost the only task, which lay before the restored Administration, was the repeal of the mischievous statutes. Proposing numerous reductions in the Tariff, Sir Robert Peel in the same speech, delivered on the 27th of January 1846, unfolded his scheme for giving bread to the hungry. Buckwheat and Indian corn, being suited for cattle-food and the latter being especially serviceable in supplying the place of the putrid potatoes, were to come in duty free. Colonial grain was to pay a merely nominal sum. And, as to other grain, during three years there was to be a reduced sliding-scale,—

Wheat under 48s. paying 10s. of duty.

...	at	48s.	...	9s.	...
...	...	50s.	...	8s.	...
...	...	51s.	...	7s.	...
...	...	52s.	...	6s.	...
...	...	53s.	...	5s.	...
...	...	54s.	...	4s.	...

after which the duty should not change. And, when the three years had passed, all Protection was to cease. Miss Martineau in her admirable *History of the Peace* sums the leading points of the struggle as follows:—"The debate began on the 9th of February, and extended over twelve nights between that and the 27th, when there was a decision in favour of the Government by a majority of 97 in a House of 577. On the 2nd of March the House went into committee, when four nights more were filled with debate before the second reading was carried by a majority of 88. A last effort was made in a debate of three nights to prevent a third reading; but it was carried, at

four in the morning of the 16th of May, by a majority of 98 in a House of 556 members.

"In the Lords the majority in favour of the second reading was 47 in a full House. The few amendments that were proposed were negatived: the Bill passed on the 22nd of June, and became law on the 26th of the same month."

On the same night in the Commons a Ministerial measure to repress murder in Ireland was lost by 73; a defeat which finally overthrew the Peel Administration. Their triumph came very near their fall; but as Richard Cobden, the great champion of the people in this struggle for free bread, justly proclaimed at Manchester, "If Sir Robert had lost office, he had gained a country."

The League was dissolved on the 2nd of July—reserving however the power of reconstitution, if Protection should revive.

Things looked very black indeed, when Russell took the helm of the British State. The failure of the **potato crop**, on which a great mass of the Irish peasantry depended almost solely for food, brought famine on that land. After gaunt Famine stalked her dreadful handmaid Fever; and together these slew the wretched people by hundreds. During the winter of 1846-47 the sufferings were frightful. Great Britain came nobly to her sister's relief, devoting many millions of public and many hundred thousands of private money to the aid of the sick and hungry. Extensive public works were set on foot for the benefit of the labouring population; and cargoes of Indian meal, beans of various kinds, and similar articles of food were sent across the sea to Ireland. In spite of all these kindly efforts the double scourge—what with death and emigration—deprived Ireland of nearly two millions of people.

The madness of the **railway speculations** increased the misery of the times; and to these sources of present woe was added the dreadful news that Cholera was approaching.

In 1848 Milan, Palermo, Florence, Munich, Madrid, Berlin, Budapesth, Vienna, all felt the shocks of **revolution** more or less. But in France they were most severe. The only tumult in England worthy of notice was a Chartist meeting on Kennington Common (April 10th), which gathered for the purpose of escorting a petition to the House of Commons, but which wisely dispersed before a rival muster of bayonets and cannon.

A short week of **Revolution** (February 21-27) hurled Louis Philippe from the throne, to which a Revolution had raised him. The prohibition of a Reform banquet kindled the Paris mobs; the papers were torn down; and the trees along the Boulevards supplied material for barricades. In vain came concession, and then abdication on the part of the King. The throne, borne from the pillaged Tuileries, was broken to pieces; and a Provisional Government announced that France had become a Democratic Republic. The royal family of France fled for refuge to England; and there in the palace of Claremont old Louis Philippe died in 1850.

Through all the spring, especially after O'Brien and Meagher, leaders

of the **Young Ireland Party**, had visited Paris to exchange tokens of fraternity with Lamartine and the faction which he represented, pikes and green flags were manufactured abundantly in Ireland. The editor of a paper, called *The United Irishman*, was tried for felonious writing and transported. Proceedings were also taken against O'Brien and Meagher, who escaped in the first instance by the disagreement of the jury. But they actually took the field in Tipperary; and there among the cabbages of a widow's garden near Ballingarry a skirmish took place, which would have been amusing but for the blood that was spilled. After lurking among the mountains for a few days, **Smith O'Brien** was arrested on the railway platform at Thurles; and a few days afterwards Meagher, an eloquent and handsome young barrister, fell also into the hands of the police. The trial of the rebels began at Clonmel on the 21st of September, and on the 9th of the following month sentence of death was pronounced upon four of them. Tempering justice with mercy, the Queen commuted their sentence. Smith O'Brien was allowed to return home after a time. Meagher, who escaped from Tasmania in 1852, found in the American civil war a fitting outlet for the martial fire, which won for him the name, "Meagher of the Sword."

The Second Sikh War.—The Earl of Dalhousie, succeeding Hardinge in the government of India, arrived at Calcutta on the 12th of January 1848. A little later occurred events, which led to a second Sikh war. When Moolraj, Governor of Mooltan, was summoned to Lahore to settle his accounts, he obeyed the summons, and his successor was appointed. However the two British officers, who went to install the new Governor, were murdered; and rebellion strengthened itself at Mooltan. A young English officer named Edwardes collected a force and faced the danger, before the authorities began to move at all. But he could make no impression on the defences of Mooltan, until General Whish came from Lahore to aid him in the siege. With thirty thousand men and a hundred and fifty guns the siege was pressed on, until Moolraj yielded on the 21st of January 1849. Lord Gough had already taken the field. At Chillianwalla he made an attack upon the camp, where Shere Singh had intrenched himself; and there occurred an indecisive battle, in which much brave blood flowed to little purpose (January 11, 1849). A rapid march of Whish reinforced the army of Lord Gough, who met the enemy, strengthened by a mass of Afghan cavalry, on the plain of **Goojerat**, where victory crowned the British arms and closed the war (February 21). The chase of the Afghans under Dost Mohammed by the flying column of Sir Walter Gilbert, who pursued them beyond Peshawur, completed the subjugation of the Punjaub, which was formally annexed to the British Empire in India by a proclamation dated March 30, 1849. The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh became a convert to Christianity, and came to live in Britain.

The capitalists of the Continent paid our island-empire a high compliment in 1849 by investing *twenty-two millions sterling* in our

funds. The coming of **Cholera** somewhat clouded the summer of the same year. But the lessons learned during its former visit, and the consequent sanitary improvements, made in our large towns by flushing, whitewashing, rebuilding, and ventilating, enabled us to meet the foe with more confidence.

A germ of thought, originating with the Prince Consort, began at this time to grow towards a magnificent completion. After it had been determined to hold a great **Exhibition of the Industrial Commodities of the World**, various plans for the building were proposed and discussed. Joseph Paxton, the Duke of Devonshire's gardener, designed a temple of glass and iron, which was accordingly erected in Hyde Park, "climbing above the elms of Knightsbridge" with its sparkling transept and stretching its colonnaded wings of airy crystal far over the turf. Opened on the 1st of May by the Queen and consecrated by anthem and by prayer, this splendid building, like a mighty palpitating heart, received for five months living streams from almost every land on Earth, mingled them within its glittering walls, and sent them forth again to bear a wider knowledge and a kindlier feeling into every region of the world. The example thus set has been followed by several capitals, Paris and New York among the number; and in 1862 London repeated the experiment, though with less success and in an ugly building, under the title of the International Exhibition.

Before this project took a definite shape, **Sir Robert Peel**, earnest in his promotion of this and every other public good, died from the results of a fall from his horse (July 2, 1850). Not very long afterwards, Arthur, Duke of Wellington, expired at Walmer Castle, the residence of the Wardens of the Cinque Ports, one of the many offices he then held (September 14, 1852). Laid on a car of triumphal bronze, "the gaunt figure of the old Field-Marshal" was borne with the wail of trumpets and the sad reverence of many million hearts to lie beside Horatio Nelson under the pavement of St. Paul's—and there our greatest sailor and our greatest soldier rest together in a glorious twinhood.

Shaken in 1851 by the Papal Aggression, the Administration of Russell broke completely down in February 1852. In the previous December Lord Palmerston had been summarily dismissed from his office as Foreign Secretary, because he had signified his approval of Louis Napoleon's *coup-d'état*; and he now retaliated by overthrowing the Government. Lord John having brought in a Bill for the enrolment of a Local Militia—that is, a Militia confined to their own counties—his late colleague moved an amendment to the effect that the word *Local* should be made *General*; and, when this amendment was carried by 136 to 125, the Russell Ministry resigned (February 22, 1852). To the Earl of Derby was intrusted the formation of a new Government.

Edward Geoffrey Stanley, fourteenth **Earl of Derby**, who gave his name to this short-lived Administration, was born in 1799 at Knowsley Park in Lancashire, and passed with credit through Eton

and Christ-Church College, Oxford. Serving with Canning as Under Secretary for the Colonies,—taking office in the Grey Ministry as Chief Secretary for Ireland, in which capacity he opposed O'Connell and introduced the system of National Education that prevails in the sister island,—raised afterwards to the position of Colonial Secretary in the same Government, a post which he accepted also in the Peel Cabinet of 1841, this high-bred English gentleman, of noble presence and commanding eloquence, came to the highest office in the land, skilled in the traditions of statesmanship, ripe in the wisdom which experience alone can give, and possessing in his classic diction and stately wit weapons of no common brilliance, edge, and temper.

A singular man was Chancellor of the Exchequer in this Government. Himself a novelist, the son of an industrious author, Benjamin Disraeli had fought the battle of fame with his pen for many years, before he gained the object of his ambition—a seat in the House of Commons. To obtain this position he had tried in turn the colours of Whig and Tory. Against the Peel Ministry he flung showers of the most sparkling and scorching invective; and yet, when he had helped to overthrow the great Repealer of the Corn Laws, he associated himself with a well-known sporting Lord—George Bentinck—in an attack upon the newly placed Whigs. Bentinck's sudden death deprived him of an ally; but he fought still undaunted, and proved his power so clearly, that in 1852 he was placed in command of the public purse.

The Second Burmese War.—The Governor of Rangoon having ill-treated British ship-captains, Commodore Lambert sent a message to the King of Ava demanding his removal. The King sent an official quite as insolent to fill his place. Lord Dalhousie's moderate request for an apology and compensation being then rejected, war began. General Godwin sailed to the Delta of Pegu, and there with a few war-steamers took the town of Martaban. The White House Stockade of Rangoon was stormed on the 12th of April 1852 under a scorching sun, which caused the death of several of our best officers; and after a sharp bombardment, the chief defence of the city, the Shoa Dagon Pagoda, fell before a rush of infantry—April 16th. The 19th of May saw Bassein, ninety miles up the river, in our hands. But these operations on and near the sea did not touch the heart of Burmah. When Prome fell—October 9—a serious blow was struck; and the Burmese put forth all their strength to recover this important place. This Major Hill prevented by holding out, until such relief arrived from Rangoon as secured the prize. The result of this war was the annexation of Pegu* to our Empire: the proclamation bears date December 20, 1852.

The Derby Government collapsed before a storm of opposition, excited by Disraeli's proposals to increase the House Duty and decrease the Malt Tax. Lord Aberdeen then took the helm (December 28).

* Pegu, formerly an independent state, and when we took it a province of Burmah, is formed by the lower part of the basin of the Irrawady, and lies between the Salween and the mountains of Aracan.

As Foreign Secretary he had served under both Wellington and Peel. Though he made it a ruling principle of his policy to aim at the preservation of goodwill among the nations, yet under him the English nation "drifted" into a great European war.

VICTORIA.

Married ALBERT OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

- A.D.
1837. June 21.—The Queen Proclaimed. Hanover separated from the British Crown.
July 25.—The first decisive success of the Electric Telegraph.
Rebellion in Canada.
1838. April 23.—The *Stirius* and the *Great Western* arrive together at New York.
June 28.—Coronation of the Queen.
The Chartists become troublesome.
1839. Beginning of the First Chinese War.
Afghan War also raging.
1840. Feb. 10.—Marriage of the Queen.
July 10.—*Penny Postage made general*.
The Syrian War; Beirut and Acre taken.
1841. Anti-Corn-Law League formed.
Sept.—The *Second Peel Administration* begins.
Nov. 2.—Prince of Wales born.
Overland Route to India completely organized.
1842. Peel's *Sliding Scale* of Corn Duties carried.
Aug. 29.—Peace made with China.
Sept. 15.—The British flag planted on Cabul.
1843. The Rebecca Riots in Wales.
Thames Tunnel opened for foot passengers.
May 18.—*Disruption in the Scottish Church*, by which the Free Church acquires an independent existence.
Monster Repeal Meetings in Ireland.
Oct. 14.—Arrest of O'Connell and others.
1844. State trials in Ireland begin, Jan. 15—last twenty-six days—O'Connell sentenced in May.
Lord Rosse's Telescope completed.
1845. May 25.—Franklin sails for Polar Seas in the *Erebus* and the *Terror*.
Blight of the potato crop in Ireland.
1846. Victories gained over the Seikhs at Aliwal (Jan. 26), and Sobraon (Feb. 10).
June 26.—*REPEAL OF THE CORN LAWS*.
Resignation of Peel. The *Russell Ministry* formed.
Dissolution of the Anti-Corn-Law League.
1847. Death of O'Connell at Genoa.
June 11.—*Death of Franklin* among the ice.
Crisis of the Railway Mania and Money Panic.
Chloroform applied to the relief of pain in surgery.
1848. The Third Revolution in France (Feb.).
Chartist meetings and riots in England.
A feeble rising in Ireland under O'Brien and Meagher.
DEATH OF GEORGE STEPHENSON.
1849. Seikhs defeated at Chillianwalla (Jan. 13), and Goojerat (Feb. 21).
Navigation Laws amended.
Queen's Colleges in Ireland opened.
1850. The Britannia Tubular Bridge placed over the Menai Strait.
July 3.—*DEATH OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.*

1850. The Papal Aggression opposed.
 1851. Resignation of the Russell Ministry Feb. 22. Restored March 3.
 THE CRYSTAL PALACE EXHIBITION.
 Kaffir War breaks out. Closed in 1853.
 Gold discovered in Australia.
 MacClure in the *Investigator* discovers the North-West Passage. It is found in 1859 that Franklin had anticipated him by five years.
 The Submarine Cable laid between Dover and Calais.
 1852. Feb.—The *First Derby Ministry* formed.
 The Second Burmese War.
 Submarine Cable laid between Holyhead and Kingstown.
 Sept. 14.—DEATH OF WELLINGTON.
 Dec.—The *Aberdeen Ministry* formed.

CHAPTER X.

VICTORIA.—(Part Second, 1852–1871.)

Russian War.	Second Chinese War.	The Second Reform Bill.
Invasion of the Crimea.	The India Bill.	Dominion of Canada.
Siege of Sebastopol.	American War.	Abyssinian War.
Balaklava and Inkermann.	Death of Prince Albert.	Irish Church Act.
Redan and Malakoff.	Cotton Famine.	Irish Land Act.
Indian Mutiny.	Fenianism.	Notes of Progress.

For several years a dispute about the “**Holy Places**” at Jerusalem had been causing irritation between Russia and Turkey. We cannot here follow the various Notes and Protocols, in the game of diplomacy played at Constantinople between Prince Menchikoff and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe—at St. Petersburg between Sir Hamilton Seymour and Count Nesselrode. Throwing off the mask when all was ready, Russia pushed her troops across the Pruth into **Moldavia**, which with its neighbouring principality **Wallachia** she wished to hold as “a material guarantee” (July 2, 1853). This step led Turkey to declare war (October 5); and some weeks later a British fleet entered the Bosphorus, for Britain and France had now resolved to interfere on the part of Turkey, desirous both of succouring the oppressed and of preserving the balance of power. During the latter months of 1853 the Russians and the Turks were fighting on the line of the Danube; and the growing desire of the French and English nations to interfere was suddenly sharpened into resolve by the massacre of Sinope,* where on the 30th of November a Russian squadron destroyed some Turkish frigates and slew two thousand men. Though anxious to the last to bring the rupture to a peaceful close, the Allies nevertheless thought it well to prepare for emergencies by sending their united fleets into the Black Sea (January 4, 1854).

* *Sinope*, a town of Asia Minor on the southern shore of the Black Sea, three hundred and fifty miles east of Constantinople.

A few men in England, who led what was called the Peace Party, —Bright and Cobden prominent among them,—endeavoured in vain to move the Czar by entreaty and personal persuasion. The nation was meanwhile rapidly arming and shipping troops for the scene of conflict; and war was declared against Russia by France and England on the 27th of March 1854.

Between the declaration of war and the landing of our troops on the Crimean shore nearly six months elapsed. The first operation of the war was the bombardment of **Odessa**,* April 22, whose batteries opened fire upon a British boat proceeding **1854** under a flag of truce to carry off the Consul. For this A.D. flagrant outrage the city suffered severely under the guns of twelve war-steamers. Although the British took no direct part in the war upon the Danube, we must here glance at the siege of **Silistria**,† in which two Englishmen distinguished themselves. On the 14th of April the Russians began to bombard this important river-fortress, which was garrisoned by Turks under Mussa Pacha and was defended chiefly by earth-works called *tabias*. Stunned, bewildered, and surrounded, the little Turkish garrison were rapidly giving way, when two young Indian officers, going home on leave,—Captain Butler and Lieutenant Nasmyth,—undertook the defence. When the splinter of a shell killed Mussa, Butler took the lead in defending the broken works of Silistria against a mass of Russians now increased in number to seventy thousand men. Butler, struck in the forehead by a spent ball, died rather of exhaustion than from the effects of this wound; but his valour was not in vain, for on the 23rd of June the Russians abandoned the siege of this now famous town. While the troops of Britain were mustering at Gallipoli and sailing to Varna, operations were begun in the Baltic, where the granite forts of **Bomarsund** yielded on the 16th of August to French and English guns. The great stronghold of Cronstadt, which lies on an island of chalk, surrounded by batteries, that seem arks of floating stone but are in reality rocky islets crowned with embattled ramparts, was deemed by Sir Charles Napier, the Admiral in command, too strong to be attacked with the force which he had.

From the inaction of Varna the Allied troops were delivered by the resolve to invade the Crimea. **Lord Raglan**, the Fitzroy Somerset of the Wellington campaigns, commanding the English army—**Marshal St. Arnaud**, once called *Le Roy*, who had secured the favour of the French Emperor by aiding him to climb the bloody steps of a throne, commanding the French—**Admirals Dundas and Hamelin** directing the two fleets—the vast armament swept over the Black Sea from Varna to **Eupatoria Bay**, where an unmolested landing was effected (September 14–18).

* *Odessa*, a commercial sea-port in the north-west angle of the Black Sea, one hundred and twenty-five miles north-east of the Sulina mouth of the Danube.

† *Silistria*, a town of 20,000 inhabitants in Bulgaria, on the southern bank of the Danube.

Still scourged by cholera, which had afflicted them at Varna, tortured by an insufficiency of water and supplies, and hampered by the lack of waggons, the British army of twenty-seven thousand struggled through a toilsome day to the river Bulganak (19th). The French, twenty-four thousand strong, marched abreast of them nearer the sea. A cavalry skirmish with Cossacks drew the first British blood that was shed in the Crimean war. Next day was fought the **Battle of the Alma**.

About fifty thousand Russians stood in position under Prince Menschikoff upon the high southern bank of the river Alma, which flows westward into the sea. Begun about 11.30 by General Bosquet and the Zouaves, who crossed the river near its mouth, and
Sept. 20, seized the steep rocky heights, which had been left un-
1854 guarded there, the battle spread from ravine to ravine up
 A.D. the stream, raging especially round the road, which crossed
 the water at right angles, and the angular earthen redoubt, which commanded that central line of advance. The battle was confined to infantry and artillery,—the cavalry standing still to check a flank attack.

The line of march then struck inland, so as to clear Sebastopol and cross the Tchernaya pretty high up. Our troops reached Balaklava on the 28th of September; and soon the French encamped on the southern side of the city. Before the siege began, St. Arnaud sank under cholera, which seized a frame already shattered by disease; Canrobert, also a scion of the African military school, took his place in command of the French.

Such a roar, as broke from the multitude of cannon around and within Sebastopol on the morning of the 17th of October,
Oct. 17. Europe had not heard since the Napoleonic thunder ceased to peal. Distinct from the explosion of the common ordnance was heard the sharp *stun* of the Lancaster, whose oval shot tore screaming like a deadly locomotive through the air. And yet, when night fell and morning dawned, it was found that no progress had been made, for all the noise and toil.

The scene was changed. Some miles off upon a plain near
Balaklava the Russian General Liprandi came with thirty
Oct. 25. thousand men upon the few troops, whom the needs of the great siege had permitted the English commander to leave for the defence of his base of operations at the southern port. Forcing the redoubts, which the Turks defended, Liprandi was rapidly breaking in upon the line, when a single British regiment—the 93rd Highlanders—led by Sir Colin Campbell, deployed in a double line, and with the rifle only brought the grey-coats to a stop. The Brigade of Heavy Horse—Scots Greys, Enniskillens, and Dragoon Guards—rode like a whirlwind through a mass of Russian cavalry thrice their number. But an interest more intense clings to the heroic feat of the Light Brigade in the afternoon of this eventful day. By a mistake, the blame of which rests we know not where, a band of Light Horsemen, little more in number than six hundred and fifty,

rode a mile down a slight slope, exposed to a merciless cross-fire, for the purpose of saving a few guns from capture. They reached the battery, sabred the gunners, and rode back—

“But not—not the *six* hundred.”

Less than two hundred escaped from the carnage of that gallop on the guns. The Chasseurs d’Afrique coming up then caused a part of the attacking Russian force to retreat, which led to the final rout of the whole.

There were two battles of **Inkermann**. The first, won by Sir De Lacy Evans and General Bosquet, repulsed a formidable sortie from Sebastopol on the day after the conflict of Balaklava. The second, a terrific struggle, took place on Sunday the 5th of November. The ringing of bells and a muffled rumble, which the Allied sentinels could not understand, broke the hush of the preceding midnight. A host of sixty thousand Russians loomed huge and dark through the morning fog as they pressed up the hill towards the British lines. The drizzling rain at first concealed the full force of the enemy. It became manifest that ninety cannon of large size were in the field; hence the mysterious midnight noise. An earth-work, called the *Sand-bag* or *Two-gun Battery*, formed the pivot of the whole engagement. Finding the Russians in possession of this place, the Grenadier Guards, scarcely nine hundred in force, dashed gallantly on, supported by the Fusiliers, cleared the battery, and with powder and cold steel kept it all day in spite of everything that the enemy could do. Inkermann differed from most modern battles in its want of a plan, and in the opportunity thus afforded for **Nov. 5.** the display of individual prowess. It was emphatically the *Soldiers* who won the day, not the *Generals*. Every little knot in the ever-waving but never broken line of British troops kept firing, charging, driving the Russians down the heights as fast as they swarmed up. The French arrived late in the day, and saved the heroic line of exhausted men from giving way to numbers that seemed to have no end. How British officers behaved on that bloody day may be judged from the lists of killed and wounded. Eight thousand British troops, helped by a division of French under Bosquet, amounting to six thousand, kept the heights of Inkermann that day against a Russian force four times as great.

And then set in a woful time; for it was resolved to continue the siege of Sebastopol during the winter, and there were but slight preparations made for facing the rigour of a **Crimean frost**. The hurricane that burst upon the camp on the 14th of November was a foretaste of what was yet to come. How the ragged ill-fed sick exhausted men kept any courage in their hearts, as they crouched in the muddy trenches, or staggered with a scanty supply of beef and biscuit through the six miles of slime, which led from Balaklava to the camp, can be understood only by those who know the nature of the British soldier. Little by little in the letters that came home the sad news leaked out, that our gallant force was wasting through

sheer mismanagement on the part of those, who directed their supplies and their transport; and then a cry arose for remedy, inquiry, and redress. A noble band of women, led by **Florence Nightingale**, went out to tend the sick and wounded at Scutari and elsewhere. The pity of the nation took a practical shape in the formation of committees, the establishment of funds, and the transmission to Balaklava of a motley supply, in which blankets, hams, and clothing formed prominent items. The feeling of the country found a spokesman in the person of **John Arthur Roebuck**, Member for Sheffield, who on the 26th of January 1855 moved in the Commons, "That a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the condition of our army before Sebastopol." The notice of this motion, given three days earlier, led Lord John Russell to withdraw from the Government. The vote upon Roebuck's motion, which was carried by 305 against 148, overthrew the Aberdeen Administration, already severely shaken by the defection of Lord President Russell. On the 1st of February they announced their resignation of the Seals.

After the Earl of Derby and Lord John Russell had vainly tried in turn to form a Ministry, **Lord Palmerston**, undertaking the task, faced the crisis with a Government, which on the whole may be called a reconstruction of the Aberdeen Administration.*

The death of the Czar Nicholas on the 22nd of March 1855 led many to think that peace was at hand. And the Vienna Conference, at which Lord John Russell represented England, meeting during the same month, excited hopes of a similar kind. But expectation in both cases proved delusive. The war went on.

The addition of Sardinia to the Anglo-French Alliance, and the repulse of Russians at Eupatoria by a Turkish force stationed there under Omar Pacha (February 15th and 18th) occurred before the campaign of 1855 can be said to have really opened. Two great undertakings, illustrating the progress of time, enabled the attacking force to fling their whole strength more surely upon the beleaguered city and to maintain quick and unbroken intercourse with home. These were the formation of a **Railway** from Balaklava to the British camp, and the submersion of an **Electric Cable** from Bulgaria to the Crimean shore. The Russians had not wasted the chances afforded by the comparative rest of winter. With earth-works especially they had strengthened their lines of defence. The Mamelon—the Malakoff—the Redan—the Flagstaff Battery—and other defences assumed a size and strength unknown to them before. Sorties and advances kept the men on duty in the trenches and the rifle-pits always on the alert; but the Russians gained no decisive advantage in these frequent struggles.

The resignation of Canrobert transferred the command of the

* The Sebastopol Committee, of which the most active members were Roebuck its chairman, and Layard of Nineveh fame, who had himself been with the army in the Crimea, issued its report after the examination of numerous witnesses on the 18th of June 1855—with little or no practical result.

French army to Pelissier, a soldier of the Bugeaud stamp, who had acquired his experience and displayed his pitiless nature in African warfare. More active operations began at once. An expedition to the **Sea of Azof** being planned, about sixty war-ships, having on board seventeen thousand French, English, and Turks, moved from Kamiesch and Balaklava on the 23rd of May. Capturing Kertch and Yenikalé on the straits which bear these names, Generals Brown and D'Autemarre occupied them with garrisons, while Admirals Lyons and Bruat sent several little active war-steamers, called by such suggestive names as *Swallow* and *Curlew*, flying about the shallow sea and darting upon its lagooned and sandy shore. The main fleet, moving on to the very head of the sea, bombarded the port of Taganrog on the 3rd of June. Having destroyed a great amount of Government property, the expedition returned to the ports near Sebastopol about the middle of June.

The **second bombardment** of Sebastopol had taken place on the 9th of April. The third, preparatory to a vigorous attack, which resulted two days later in the capture of the Mamelon, the Quarries, and the *Ouvrages Blancs* on Mount Sapoune, opened on the 6th of June. With little pause the roaring of the fourth began (June 17th); and on the next day, the anniversary of Waterloo, the French and the English rushed at the same time upon the **Malakoff** and the **Redan**. The former, round whose turret of white stone a huge semicircular mound of terraced earth-works had been formed, stood behind the Mamelon, defending the city on the south-east. The latter, well padded, as were all the Russian works, with sandbags and fascines, presented its obtuse angle directly towards the centre of the British lines. It must suffice here to say that this double attack, although plied with the utmost strength of brave and skilful men and at no trifling cost of blood, was repulsed by the Russians, who thus delayed their fate a little longer.

And then, done to death by slanderous tongues at home and discontented mutterings in camp, by the sense of discord and threatening disunion between the besieging armies, by the knowledge that English blood was soaking Crimean clay to little seeming purpose, the veteran, who, with memories of Badajoz and Waterloo hanging on his empty sleeve, had gone at sixty-six years of age to live in a tent under a winter-sky in Russia, yielded to an attack of cholera (June 28th), and was borne in the *Caradoc*, far from the booming of the cannon that could not break his rest, to sleep in the church-yard of Badminton. General Simpson, Chief of the Staff, succeeded to the command.

Lord John Russell, who had exposed himself to censure by his weak diplomacy at the Vienna Conference, seceded from the Palmerston Ministry (July 16th).

Events were now verging towards the last act of this tremendous drama. In August, Prince Gortchakoff, who had been the great director of the Russian defence, felt that there was but one hope left—such a success as might force the Allies to raise the siege. Accord-

ingly on the 16th of August he made an attack in force upon the French position at Traktir Bridge on the **Tchernaya**.
Aug. 16, Pelissier repulsed the advance with signal success, and
1855 afforded the Sardinians, who had joined the Allies in
A.D. winter under Della Marmora, an opportunity of exchanging shots with the soldiers of the Czar.

After a **last bombardment**, the sixth in number and the most terrific in violence, which lasted night and day from the 6th to the 8th of September, a double assault, similar to that of the 18th June, was made on the Malakoff and the Redan, which had now
Sept. 8. trebled their strength. A brilliant and resistless rush left the French masters of the **Malakoff** in a quarter of an hour; nor could all the efforts of the Russians, maintained with overwhelming forces for many hours, succeed in dislodging them from the footing which they had won. Not so fared the English in the Redan. When the tricolor glittered its victorious signal from the ragged heaps of the Malakoff, the attack, organized chiefly by General Codrington, left the English trenches for the Redan. There were only a thousand men, and during their race of two hundred yards to the foot of the angle, at which their rush was directed, very many fell under the sweeping fire that met them. With difficulty they scrambled over the ditch into the work; and there, huddled into a corner, on which converged a pitiless fire from three sides of a triangle, they stood waiting for reinforcements that never came. Colonel Windham, reckless of the danger he incurred, gallantly strove to form these fragmentary groups and maintain their courage under such trying circumstances. He even rushed out of the work away to General Codrington to urge the instant advance of a supporting force. But the spirit of the men gave way in his absence, and those who could leaped from the Redan and fled to the trenches.

During that night the Russians fled over the bridge, which crossed the harbour, to the suburb of Sebastopol lying to the north. The burning city, which they left behind, covered the sky with a pall of smoke, often rent by the volcanic rush of some exploding fort or magazine. The war was now virtually over. During the entire winter there was no action of any note between the great rival armies, which still surrounded the ruined heaps for which they had contended. In November the Czar Alexander visited what remained of his great southern fortress: and in that month also General Sir James Simpson, commander of the British army, resigned in favour of Sir William Codrington, the son of that Admiral who had fought at Navarino. By events like these alone can we trace the progress of the winter months.

A large English fleet under Admiral Dundas had been cruising idly about the Baltic until the month of August, when the feeling that something must be achieved led to the bombardment of **Sveaborg*** (August 9-11). This was accomplished without the loss of a

* *Sveaborg*, a strong fortress on an island, lying off the town of Helsingfors, which is on the north side of the Gulf of Finland.

single life, by making the gun-boats, on which the brunt of the attack rested, sail round in a circle, by which their ordnance was brought to bear in turn upon the Russian works, and yet the Russian guns were prevented from taking an accurate aim. The capture (October 17) of Kinburn, a fortress on a sandy spit covering the mouth of the Dnieper, was a minor incident of the closing campaign.

In Circassia a Russian army of more than thirty thousand men invested the city of **Kars**,* whose Turkish garrison was commanded by General Williams, an Englishman. From June till November the defence was conducted with surprising skill and endurance. In one great battle—September 29—the Russians were totally defeated. But, after waiting vainly for the expected relief by Omar Pacha, starvation forced Williams to surrender (November 25).

After long negotiations a Treaty of Peace was signed at Paris on the 30th of March 1856, and was ratified four weeks later.

Before the Russian War was over, Britain was embroiled with Persia. A Convention, made in 1853, having declared the independence of **Herat**, a city and state on the borders of Khorassan and Afghanistan, so placed as to command the approaches to India through the Hindoo Koosh, it became necessary for us to check the interference of Persia with regard to a disputed succession in that state. War was declared in October 1855. A squadron under Admiral Leake with troops on board appeared (December 7) off Bushire, which stands on a peninsula, separated from the mainland by swamps. As the troops landed, some shots were fired from clumps of date trees round Halfila Bay; but the opposition was of the slightest kind. Bushire soon fell before a cannonade. And then came Sir James Outram, with Havelock and Stalker under his command, who defeated the Persians near Khooshab, and took Mahommerah and Ahwaz on the Karoon. Lessons such as these brought Persia to submission, and an acknowledgment of the independence of Herat.

In India Lord Dalhousie carried out the policy of annexation with a determined hand. Sattara in 1849—Berar in 1853—Jhansi in 1854—Nagpore in the same year—and, greatest of all, Oude in 1856, were the trophies of his administrative talent. Moslems and Hindus in Oude having come into fierce collision, and the King seeming to be involved in the war, a body of British troops marched to Lucknow, deposed the monarch, and completed the work of annexation.

Early in 1856 Lord Dalhousie gave place to Viscount Canning, a son of the great statesman, George Canning. Under him occurred the terrible Indian Mutiny. It broke out at **Meerut** near Delhi on the 10th of May 1857, by the 3rd Bengal Cavalry attacking the prison, where some of their comrades had been confined for refusing to bite cartridges, which they thought, or pretended to think, were greased with cow's fat. Not content with liberating their comrades, the sepoys set houses on fire and murdered several Europeans. The mutineers then marched to Delhi, which was garrisoned by sepoys.

* **Kars**, on the Arpa, a feeder of the Araxes, is one hundred miles north-east of Erzeroum.

Fortunately a British officer blew up the powder magazine at Delhi, before the rebels could seize it. A similar outbreak took place at Lucknow on the 31st of May. And these two capitals became the great centres of the strife. At once upon receiving the news Sir John Lawrence disarmed the sepoys at Lahore, and the example was followed at Peshawur and Mooltan.

On the 4th of June 1857 the **siege of Delhi** was formed by an army, almost all Europeans, amounting to scarcely three thousand men. About the same time Sir Henry Lawrence, upon whom his own guns had been treacherously turned at Chinhut, took refuge in the Residency of **Lucknow**, and was there besieged by sepoys. On the 27th of June a number of Europeans, who had fled out of **Cawnpore** to a hastily formed intrenchment in the neighbourhood, surrendered to the Mahratta Nana Sahib, on condition that they should be sent to Allahabad. They were nearly all slain either in the boats or in the barrack-yard. The advance of Colonel Neill, who quelled the mutineers of Benares, crushed also the rising flame at Allahabad. There one of the heroes of the war superseded him—Colonel **Henry Havelock**—a native of Bishopwearmouth, a pupil of the Charterhouse, and a member of the Middle Temple, whose studies he had forsaken for the sword. He had taken an active share in all the recent Indian wars. On the 16th of July he drove Nana Sahib from Cawnpore, and saw for himself the traces of death round the dreadful well. The relief of Lucknow, whose defender Sir Henry Lawrence had already received his death-wound, then became the great task of Havelock. On the 25th of July he set out from Cawnpore. Sir James Outram, coming to supersede Havelock, generously declined to interfere with his operations, and served with him as a volunteer. Havelock and Outram crossed the Ganges with two thousand eight hundred men on the 19th of September—pushed their way on to the Alumbagh, which they took—and reached the Residency on the 23rd, where they were received with joy. It soon appeared, however, that the women and children could not be removed: so that Havelock and Outram were themselves besieged in the place, which they had come to succour.

The **fall of Delhi** on the 20th of September was mainly due to Sir John Lawrence, Commissioner in the Punjaub. By almost magical exertions he gathered forces of every kind, and sent down heavy cannon to breach the walls. Sir Archdale Wilson and General Nicholson were the officers, under whose command the siege was brought to a successful end.

Sir Colin Campbell then marched to the relief of Lucknow, which he entered on the 17th of November. From the Residency, round which the earth was honey-combed with mines, those who survived the siege were removed to a place of safety. Sir Colin then defeated the Gwalior mutineers, and swept the basin of the Ganges, gradually trampling out the fire. On the 2nd of March 1858 Lucknow was cleared of rebels by the victorious Campbell, before whom also on the 7th of May fell the city of **Bareilly**. For these services the veteran chief received the

title of Lord Clyde of Clydesdale, and later the baton of a Field-Marshal. Sir Hugh Rose had also a glorious share in the laurels of the war; for he accomplished a successful march from Bombay to Bengal, taking Jhansi and recapturing Gwalior for Scindia, our firm ally.

Thus was India pacified—but at what a cost! Henry Lawrence in the defence and Neill in the relief of Lucknow—the gallant young Nicholson at Delhi—Havelock at the Alumbagh, worn out with ceaseless toils, November 25, 1857—Earl Canning in 1862, scarcely home from the scene of his labours—Outram, Clyde, and Elgin, in 1863: all either struck or wasted down by the manifold forms of Death that walk the field of war.

The India Bill of 1858 extinguished as a ruling body the grand old Company of merchant-princes. On the 1st of November in that year, before Government House in Calcutta, a public proclamation declared that the Queen of the British Empire had assumed the direct control and sovereignty of India.

A **second Chinese War** began in 1856. A *lorcha* or small native ship, called the *Arrow*, on whose mast the British flag was flying, was boarded in the Canton river by the Chinese police, who in search of a pirate arrested the crew. Sir John Bowring, the English Minister at Hong-Kong, demanded an apology for this from **Commissioner Yeh** of Canton. A refusal led to an attack upon the forts, which defend that city, and to the shelling of the city itself in October. When the suburb called the Garden was burned, Yeh began to offer rewards for the heads of the barbarians. This did not prevent Commissioner Elliot and Admiral Seymour from destroying a fleet of junks in the Canton waters. About this time Lord Elgin and the Baron Gros, Plenipotentiaries from Britain and France, arrived at Hong-Kong. A free admission to Canton for British subjects being demanded and refused, the bombardment began again (December 28, 1857), and next morning English and French soldiers scaled the walls and took the town. Yeh, a very fat man, with black teeth, thick lips, and a little wisp of a pigtail, was found lurking in a porter's dress in a small house, and was sent as a captive to Calcutta. The Plenipotentiaries sailed to the Peiho, up which with some trouble they made their way to Tien-sin, a city with a population of 300,000 at the entrance of the Grand Canal. There—June 26, 1858—was signed a treaty, opening to our trade *five* new ports, Formosa and Hainan among them, and allowing British subjects, who had passports, to go for purposes of trade or pleasure to any part of the interior.

Lord Elgin then went to Japan, landed in state at Jeddo, and concluded a treaty on terms favourable to British trade.

Orsini's attempt to assassinate the Emperor of the French by the explosion of pear-shaped shells, which shattered the Imperial carriage and mortally wounded many of the bystanders, induced Lord Palmerston to bring in a Bill to amend the **Law of Conspiracy**, since the plot had been formed chiefly in England. The Bill aimed at making conspiracy to commit murder within the United Kingdom a

felony, punishable with penal servitude for five years or imprisonment with hard labour for three—the same penalties being enacted against those inciting, instigating, or soliciting to the crime. When Palmerston moved the second reading on the 19th of February 1858, an amendment by Milner Gibson was carried by 234 to 215. This overthrew the first Palmerston Administration; and Lord Derby formed a Government, whose principal work was the passing of the **India Bill**.

A controversy between Lord Canning, the Governor-General of India, and Lord Ellenborough, the President of the Board of Control, who had censured him for a proclamation issued in Oude, delayed the progress of the measure for a time. But the resignation of Ellenborough removed the obstruction; and the Bill floated smoothly on, passing the Commons on the 8th of July and receiving the royal assent on the last day of the session—August 3rd. Transferring the government of India to the Queen from the Company, it vested the direction of affairs in a principal Secretary of State and a Council of Eighteen, of whom one-half were to be nominated by the Crown, and the other elected by certain constituencies.

A struggle concerning the admission of **Jews** into Parliament, which had long been dividing the Houses, now reached a close after some legislation, which proved especially difficult in the Lords. Chiefly through the exertions of Lord John Russell it was settled that an oath might be taken on the Old Testament, leaving out the words "On the faith of a Christian." Accordingly, on the 26th of July Baron Rothschild took his seat for the City of London.

The Earl of Derby having promised in his opening speech to bring in a Bill for Parliamentary Reform, Disraeli laid before the Commons on the 28th of February 1859 a measure, which aimed at introducing a new kind of franchise based on personal property and professional standing. The debate on the second reading lasted for seven nights, after which Lord John Russell's adverse amendment was carried by thirty-nine votes. Lord Derby appealed to the country: and there was a general election. But this did not mend the Earl's fortunes. For, when the new Parliament met on the 31st of May, the debate in the Commons upon the Address turned upon the conduct of Ministers, who were left in a minority of thirteen. They resigned, therefore, on the 17th of June 1859.

Notable events drew all eyes to Italy in the summer of 1859, when Austria and Sardinia came into violent collision. Britain observed a strict neutrality in the war. Not so France. For, when the Austrians crossed the Ticino, a French army pushed into Piedmont, and the French Emperor took the field in that plain, where his uncle had reaped so brilliant laurels. Montebello, Magenta, Marengo, Solferino marked his steps of victory: and the Treaty of Villa Franca closed the war, giving Lombardy up to Sardinia, and reserving Venetia under Austrian rule. Napoleon received Savoy and Nice as his share of the spoil.

Next year the hero **Garibaldi** invaded Sicily, crossed to Calabria,

entered Naples, whence the discrowned King had fled, and, having consolidated a new-born Italian kingdom with Victor Emmanuel as its sovereign, retired to his island-farm at Caprera. During the year 1859 the **Volunteer** movement began. With the temperate words *Defence not Defiance* as their motto, a great army of British civilians learned rifle and cannon drill, in the prospect—possible but scarcely probable—of an invasion by some aspiring European neighbour.

A **third Chinese War** afforded us another opportunity of teaching a stern lesson to that treacherous nation. While Mr. Bruce was about to ascend the Peiho for the purpose of having the Treaty of Tien-sin ratified, he was fired on at the mouth of the river. This could not be borne. An expedition under Sir Hope Grant and Admiral Grant, disembarking on the bare mud of Pehang, twelve miles north of the Peiho, took the Taku forts. Pushing their approaches to the capital, they captured the Summer Palace on the 6th of October 1860: but Peking did not surrender until the 12th, when a threat of bombardment brought its occupants to reason. A Convention, signed October 24, gave Britain a representative at the Court of Peking, opened Tien-sin to our trade, and added to our Eastern possessions a district of the province of Canton called Cowloon. Peking was evacuated by our troops on the 5th of November.

In 1861 the Decennial **Census** was taken, showing the following results:—

Population of England	18,954,444.
... .. Wales.....	1,111,780.
... .. Scotland.....	3,062,294.
... .. Ireland.....	5,798,967.

The **American Civil War**, beginning with the seizure of forts and arsenals by the South, now attracted the earnest attention of every State in Europe. The first shot was fired on the 9th January 1861 in Charleston Harbour, when a battery on Morris Island cannonaded a Federal ship going with troops to Fort Sumter. South Carolina was the first seceding State. Adhering closely to our policy of non-intervention, we watched the progress of the struggle keenly, until an incident, trifling enough in appearance, almost embroiled us in the war.

One day at Havannah two Southern gentlemen, named Mason and Slidell, stepped on board the **Trent**, a British steam-packet plying between Havannah and St. Thomas. Mason was going to England, Slidell to France—each in the capacity of Envoy from the Southern or Confederate States. The ship sailed for St. Thomas; but in the Old Bahama Channel a Federal vessel—the *San Jacinto* under Captain Wilkes—fired shot and shell across her bows, and then despatched a boat to demand Mason and Slidell, who in spite of angry protestation were removed to the audacious cruiser (November 8). The British Government resented this at once, and matters assumed a very war-like look. Ships hurried across the Atlantic with troops for Canada, on which the earliest attack was expected. It soon appeared, how-

ever, to President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, that a mistake had been made, and the Envoys were placed on board a British vessel. This closed what at one time seemed to be a very serious matter. We afterwards steadily maintained the policy of non-intervention. The Americans, however, held that we were liable for the loss inflicted by a Confederate cruiser, *The Alabama*, because the vessel had been built on the Mersey; and it was decided by a Court of Arbitration, which met at Geneva (1872), that Britain should pay to the United States Government upwards of three millions sterling.

In the Budget of the year 1861, opened by Gladstone, a proposed repeal of the Paper Duty excited a strong Conservative opposition, which, however, was unavailing. The clause relating to this tax was carried in committee by a majority of fifteen. To cheap paper Gladstone by his financial skill added another public boon—cheap wine.

The last month of 1861 was saddened by the death of the **Prince Consort**, who well deserved the title accorded to him by public writers and speakers of every class—Albert the Good. Born in 1819 at the Castle of Rosenau, this illustrious scion of the Saxe-Coburg family studied jurisprudence and history at Bonn. Upon his marriage—February 10, 1840—honours began to flow in upon him, and he deserved them all. Fully aware of the delicate position he held, as a foreigner, a subject, and yet the husband of the Queen, he carefully avoided all interference with the affairs of Government, while his advice was ever ready in emergency. Music and painting, shooting, farming, and photography supplied him with abundant material for recreation; while literature, science, and the arts afforded him an opportunity of doing public good in a way, where national jealousy could not murmur. To Prince Albert chiefly may be traced the first idea, and the eminent success of that Great National Exhibition, which crowned the “proud year Fifty-one.” To him also was mainly due the useful and very extensive Museum of Science and Art, formed at South Kensington. Rarely do we find so much magnanimity in high places as that exhibited by the Prince, when he declined the office of Commander-in-Chief, for which the Duke of Wellington proposed him.

The year 1862 passed without much domestic incident to mark it. Across the Atlantic the war still raged with varying fortune. And in Italy a rash expedition of Garibaldi into Sicily and the southern peninsula led to his collision with the royal troops on the plateau of Aspromonte, where he received in his ankle a bullet wound, whose effects have crippled him severely. Otho too was driven from the throne of Greece by a revolution. At home debates on National Education excited much attention. The Revised Code and the Amended Code, classifying children by age, providing for a new system of inspection, and paying according to results, drew forth much variety of opinion on this important subject. The Code passed the Commons on May 5th.

The **International Exhibition** of 1862, which drew crowds to

London, displayed a wonderful advance in the industrial arts, but its financial results were by no means so favourable as those of its great predecessor.

The disastrous war in America, by stopping our supply of cotton, interfered with the manufacture of this substance, and brought famine into the homes of Lancashire. It was a proud though pathetic sight to see how the starving mill-workers accepted their load of suffering, and bore it patiently through the entire winter. The sympathy of the higher classes led to the formation of a fund, which to some extent mitigated the evil. The tall bearded man, with cheeks a little sunk and eyes a little heavy, going with book and slate to school among his children, that the hours of his forced inaction may not be hours of idleness, temptation, and wrong-doing, is surely a sort of hero in his humble way. Such a sight was not uncommon during the Cotton Famine in Lancashire (1862-63).

On the 10th of March 1863 Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, married **Aléxandra**, the daughter of the present King of Denmark; who, however, had not then ascended the throne. Her brother was soon chosen to fill the vacant throne of Greece, which had been previously offered to and declined by our royal sailor, Prince Alfred.

Other marriages have linked our Royal House to Continental thrones. In 1858 the Princess Royal was made the wife of Prince Frederick William, now the Crown Prince, of Prussia; and in 1862 her sister Alice married the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt.

The death of **Lord Palmerston**, which occurred on the 18th October 1865, left a serious blank in political circles, and deprived Britain of a statesman, whose unerring tact, and deep sagacity, especially in affairs relating to our foreign policy, had tided over many public difficulties and perils. Earl Russell became Premier in his stead.

A form of cattle-disease, called **Rinderpest**, proved at this time a source of great loss and alarm to the stock-holders of Britain. It displayed its symptoms first in London, having broken out at a dairy in Islington, one of the suburban districts; and it spread rapidly through the eastern counties into the heart of England, and showed itself ere long in Scotland and in Wales. The Government took decided steps for the suppression of the evil, by ordering that all cattle infected with the plague should be killed at once; and that the transit of cattle from place to place should be scrupulously regulated in order to prevent the spread of the disease. It took, however, more than a year to abate the plague.

During the summer of 1865 the **Fenian Conspiracy** in Ireland assumed such serious proportions that the Government ultimately interfered to repress it. It was promoted mainly by some reckless adventurers in the United States, who finding their occupation gone by the cessation of the American Civil War, organized a system, by which the peace of Ireland was seriously troubled, and the too excitable nature of certain portions of her peasantry was kindled into wild

and lawless hopes. The Fenians, who derived their name from *Finn* or *Fionn*, a chieftain, who commanded a famous body of Irish soldiers in the reign of Cormac, aimed, not at the *Repeal of the Union*, which would have satisfied O'Connell and O'Brien, but at the total subversion of the British government in Ireland, and the formation of that island into an independent Republic. The seizure of the *Irish People*, a seditious newspaper published in Dublin, and the arrest of James Stephens, the Head-centre or chief organizer of the plot in Ireland were the chief blows struck in 1865. Stephens escaped from Richmond Jail in Dublin; but several of his accomplices, convicted of treason-felony, were sentenced to penal servitude.

So urgent did the danger arising from Fenianism grow to be in the following year, that on the 17th February 1866 both Houses passed a measure for suspending the *Habeas Corpus Act* in Ireland. The Bill ran through all the necessary stages in a single day; and more than one hundred arrests were made. But more important than even the arrests was the effect of this decided step in driving out of Ireland a horde of the American adventurers, already referred to, who were awaiting the opportunity of plunging the island into all the miseries of war. This, however, did not cure the evil. Arms continued to be secretly conveyed into Ireland; money was collected from sympathizers with the movement in America and at home; and the misguided Irish engaged in midnight drill, and lawless meetings, in spite of all that the Roman Catholic clergy, who were resolutely opposed to the treason, could say or do.

Baffled in two weak efforts at open war, which were easily crushed in the spring of 1866, the Fenians commenced a system of cowardly outrage, which displayed itself in three notorious instances. At Manchester they attacked a prison-van in the hope of rescuing some of their convicted comrades; and a police-sergeant was shot in the scuffle. For this crime three of them were executed in November 1867. Less than a month later, they blew up a part of the prison-wall at Clerkenwell, shattering the adjacent houses and maiming many of the inmates. And early in the following year (1868) a Fenian attempted to assassinate the Duke of Edinburgh, while he was visiting a public garden at Sydney in Australia. Cowardly and reckless acts like these, intended to establish a terrorism harassing to the Government, have only deepened the feeling of all true men against this treasonable plot.

In May 1866 a financial panic, arising from over-speculation, convulsed the commercial world. But in July of the same year the *Atlantic Cable* was successfully laid between Valentia and Newfoundland. An attempt to lay a cable had failed in 1865, owing to the sudden snapping of the line. But the experience thus gained was not fruitless. The *Great Eastern*, starting with a lighter yet stronger

1866 cable, and improved machinery for paying it out, crossed the Atlantic in a fortnight (July 13-27), and completed the electric link, that now binds the Old World to the New. Nor was this all. By dragging with gigantic grapnels the cable lost in the previous year was recovered; and, being found

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in all essential respects uninjured, it was repaired and laid down as a second or reserve wire.

The Earl of Derby became Premier in May 1866, with Mr. Disraeli, Lord Stanley, and Sir Hugh (afterwards Lord) Cairns as his chief supporters. The **Second Reform Bill** was the work of this Ministry. Its chief provisions were:—

The Franchise or Right of Voting was given to every man of full age and not legally incapable, who belonged to any one of the following classes:—

In *Boroughs*, (1.) *Householders* paying poors'-rates, who have been resident for a twelvemonth up to the last day of July. (2.) *Lodgers*, who have rented for the same period in one house rooms, which, unfurnished, are of the annual value of £10 or more.

In *Counties* the Franchise was extended to *Tenants* of land or houses valued at £12 or upwards of clear annual rent.

Some important points in the redistribution of seats, consequent on this Bill, were:—

Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, and Glasgow received each an additional member, returning by the new arrangement *three* members instead of *two*.

The University of London received the right of returning a member; and two were given to the Scottish Universities—Edinburgh and St. Andrews returning one between them; Glasgow and Aberdeen enjoying a similar privilege.

The total number of members remained unchanged: viz., 658. The following list shows the respective changes of the two Bills:—

	In 1832		In 1868	
England,	471 seats.	..	463	.. lost 8.
Wales,	29 „	..	30	.. gained 1.
Scotland,	53 „	..	60	.. gained 7.
Ireland,	105 „	..	105	.. unchanged.
Total, 658		Total, 658		

This—known as the Second Reform Bill—received the royal assent on the 15th of August 1867. In the following year supplementary measures were passed, extending the Franchise on similar conditions to Scotland and to Ireland. An Act to check Bribery also received the royal assent.

An important event in the history of our Colonial possessions was the constitution, in 1867, of our chief North American dependencies into the **Dominion of Canada**, which consists of four provinces—*Ontario* (formerly Upper Canada), with a population mainly British; *Quebec* (formerly Lower Canada), peopled chiefly by descendants of the French; and the two maritime divisions, *Nova Scotia* and *New Brunswick*. The capital of the Union is Ottawa.

Early in 1868 Mr. Disraeli became Prime Minister, owing to the failure of Lord Derby's health. Beyond the arena of parliament-

any strife, the great achievement of the year was the successful **Abyssinian War.**

This war arose from the refusal of an Abyssinian King, named Theodore, to liberate some British subjects whom he had seized in reprisal for a visit, which the British Consul had paid to provinces owning the sway of Egypt.

Landing at Annesley Bay, on the shore of the Red Sea, with a military force of nearly 12,000 men, and a train of 14,000 non-combatants, Sir Robert Napier pressed in a direction nearly due south towards **Magdala**, the rock-fortress, which represented the capital of Theodore's dominion. It was an enterprise of exceeding difficulty, owing not to any resistance on the part of the natives, but to the nature of the country through which the expedition passed. The engineers were in fact obliged to make a path for the army that toiled after them. Gigantic rocks, that blocked up the entrance to a narrow gorge, were blown to pieces; the stony beds of dried-up torrents were levelled into roads; perilous shelves of rock, but a few feet wide, were cut for the passage of the troops on the face of steep cliffs. Steadily if slowly the army advanced, their artillery being carried in separate portions on the backs of elephants. Towards the termination of the toilsome march, the Bashilo ravine interposed most formidable obstacles.

King Theodore clung obstinately to the wrong, which he had committed, although his subjects on all sides, encouraged by the presence of the British force, rose in rebellion against him. Retiring to the rock of Fahla, he planted there a large cannon, on whose performances he built all his hopes of defeating the audacious "pale faces," who had penetrated his realm of rock. With this piece of ordnance he commenced to fire on the British, as they advanced up the *Arogee Pass*. They replied with the Snider rifle and their light field pieces so effectively that the African force was completely scattered in a short time. The immediate result of this first conflict was the arrival in the British camp of two European prisoners bearing a flag of truce, and instructed by Theodore to open negotiations with Sir Robert; but the British General demanded the instant surrender of *all* the captives, who were accordingly sent into the British camp.

Next day the rock of Magdala was stormed by 5000 men; and when the stockade, guarding the northern gate, was forced, Theodore in despair shot himself dead with a pistol (April 12th, 1868).

While these events were transpiring in a distant region, a keen political contest was progressing in the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone, as leader of the Liberal Opposition, proposed three Resolutions for the "disestablishment and disendowment of the **Irish Church.**" He was met by the Conservatives with a determined resistance; but succeeded in carrying his Resolutions in the Commons by decisive majorities. However, a Bill "for suspending appointments in the Irish Church" was defeated in the House of Lords (June 29th). These were but preliminary skirmishes, foreshadowing the more momentous strife of 1869.

In November 1868 there was a general election, the results of which proved so unsatisfactory to Mr. Disraeli, that he resigned office, and made way for a Cabinet presided over by Mr. Gladstone (December 9). In the new Administration, which still (January 1871) directs the affairs of the Empire, Mr. Robert Lowe became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. John Bright President of the Board of Trade. The latter has (1871) recently resigned office, owing to impaired health, which for some time past has incapacitated him for public business.

The chief event in our domestic politics during 1869 was the passing of the **Irish Church Bill**.

On the 1st of March Mr. Gladstone unfolded his plans for the "disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of Ireland," and was supported by Mr. Bright. On the second reading of the Bill, Government had a majority of 118; on the third, a majority of 114 votes. The measure then passed to the House of Lords; and its promoters watched its progress there with keen anxiety. At this critical time a letter from Mr. Bright to his Birmingham constituents startled the public, and provoked much censure and comment; for it accused the Peers of generally thwarting the will of the nation, of wasting their time in "childish tinkering," and hinted at unpleasant results to themselves unless they ceased to be obstructive. Earl Granville was the chief advocate of the measure in the House of Lords. Lord Derby returned to public life to oppose it with all his power, and drew up a protest against its provisions. The contest was keen and hot. To one side it seemed a measure of high-handed confiscation, and even of audacious sacrilege: to the other, it appeared an act of justice to Ireland, too long delayed; and was to be in the future a remedy for all her woes. The second reading in the Lords showed a majority in favour of the Bill; but then a series of Amendments was passed, and the measure was sent back to the House of Commons for re-consideration. The result of the Peers' deliberation did not please the Commons. A dead-lock seemed to have come; and rumours arose that the creation of new Peers might be expected, as a means of securing the success of the measure. This however was, happily, avoided by a compromise, which was effected by the joint efforts of Earl Granville and Lord Cairns; and on the 26th of July 1869 the royal assent was given to the Bill.

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The Irish Church is now in process of reorganization, a deliberative governing body, composed of both clergy and laity, having been formed for the purpose of enacting regulations for the Church of the future. After the 1st of January 1871 the Irish Church ceased to be a State Establishment; and the surplus of her revenues is to be devoted to the relief of unavoidable calamity in Ireland.

Although not strictly an event in British history, the opening of the Suez Canal may be mentioned here, since it materially concerns the history of our commercial traffic with India. It was the work of a distinguished French engineer, M. Lesseps; and was inaugurated

in November 1869 by a procession of ships from Port Said to Suez. On this occasion the Khedive (Viceroy) of Egypt entertained a great number of exalted guests, among whom were the Empress of the French and the Emperor of Austria.

In October 1869 Britain lost a great leader of the Conservative party by the death of the Earl of Derby, who expired at the age of seventy at his seat of Knowsley near Liverpool.

The parliamentary session of 1870 produced two measures of striking importance. These were the **Irish Land Bill** and the **English Education Bill**.

The former, which Mr. Gladstone introduced on the 15th of February, in pursuance of his plans for the amelioration of Ireland, aimed at rendering the position of the tenant-farmer safer, and therefore more conducive to industry and improvement. According to its leading provisions no landlord can eject a tenant without paying him a certain sum as compensation; and the tenant has in addition a claim for any improvements, which he may have effected during the period of his tenancy. Although opposed by some of the Irish members, who demanded larger privileges for the tenant, the Bill passed both Houses, and on the 1st of August received the royal assent.

Mr. Forster introduced the Education Bill, and steered it successfully through the Commons. It naturally excited a vigorous contest between the Church of England and the Dissenters; and in the end was carried through by concession and compromise. Some of its leading features are: That no catechism or sectarian formulary is to be used in the new National Schools; and that it shall rest with the various Boards, which are to have the management of the schools, each in its own district, to decide whether or not the Bible is to be read.

Among the various recent improvements there are two affecting our common life, which deserve especial notice. These are the **Shilling Telegram** and the **Halfpenny Post Card**. The former is the result of an Act, by which the Government acquired all the lines of telegraphic wire in the kingdom, and placed them under the management of the Post Office. The latter, which came into use on October 1, 1870, is a fitting sequel of the great postal reform, inaugurated in 1840 by Rowland Hill.

VICTORIA,

THE RUSSIAN WAR.

- A.D.
 1853. July 2.—*The Russians cross the Pruth.* War with Turkey.
 1854. Mar. 28.—*Declaration of War against Russia.*
 April 14.—June 23.—Siege of Silistria.
 April 20.—*Odessa bombarded.*
 Aug. 13–16.—Siege of Bomarsund.
 Sept. 14.—The French and English armies land in the Crimea.
 Sept. 20.—BATTLE OF THE ALMA.
 Oct. 25.—BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.
 Nov. 5.—BATTLE OF INKERMANN.
 1855. Feb. 5.—The *First Palmerston Ministry* formed.
 March 2.—Death of the Czar Nicholas.
 Aug. 9–11.—*Sveaborg bombarded.*
 Aug. 16.—*Battle of the Tchernaya.*
 Sept. 8.—THE FRENCH CARRY THE MALAKOFF—THE BRITISH ARE REPULSED AT THE REDAN.
 Sept. 9.—The Russians evacuate the southern or greater part of Sebastopol.
 1856. Mar. 30.—Treaty of Peace signed at Paris.
 The Second Chinese War begins—Canton shelled.
 War also in Persia.

THE INDIAN MUTINY.

1857. May 10.—Outbreak at Meerut.
 May 12.—Sepoys seize Delhi.
 May 31.—Outbreak in Oude.
 June 4.—British (not three thousand in number) begin the siege of Delhi.
 June. —Residency of Lucknow besieged by the Sepoys.
 June 27.—Massacre at Cawnpore.
 Sept. 20.—Capture of Delhi by Archdale Wilson.
 Sept. 23.—Havelock and Outram succeed in reaching Lucknow.
 Nov. 17.—Colin Campbell enters the Residency of Lucknow.
 Dec. 8.—Canton bombarded. Yeh taken soon afterwards.
 1858. March 1.—The *Second Derby Ministry* formed.
 June 26.—The Treaty of Tien-sin.
 Aug. 2.—The *India Bill*, introduced March 26, receives the royal assent.
 1859. Feb. 26.—The Armstrong gun introduced into our artillery service.
 June. —The *Second Palmerston Ministry* formed.
 Sept. 21.—The Fox (Captain M'Clintock) returns with sad news of the Franklin Expedition.
 1860. Third Chinese War. Oct. 12.—Pekin entered by a French and English force.
 1861. Jan. 9.—The American Civil War begins.
 Repeal of the *Paper Duty*.
 June. —Death of the Australian explorers, Burke and Wills.
 Nov. 8.—Mason and Slidell taken out of the *Trent* by Wilkes of the *San Jacinto*.
 Dec. 14.—PRINCE ALBERT DIES, AGED FORTY-TWO.
 1862. March 9.—Duel between the Iron-clads *Merrimac* and *Monitor*.
 May 1.—The *International Exhibition* at London opened.
 May 5.—The Revised Code of Public Instruction passes.
 June 17.—*Earl Canning* dies.
 Cotton Famine in Lancashire lasts through the winter.
 1863. Mar. 10.—MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.
 Aug. 14.—Death of Lord Clyde, aged seventy-one.
 Aug. 15.—Bombardment of Kagosima in Japan by a British Admiral.
 Nov. 20.—Death of Lord Elgin.

1865. Oct. 18.—Death of Lord Palmerston.
 1866. Feb. 17.—Bill passed suspending Habeas Corpus in Ireland.
 May. —Financial panic.
 July 27.—Atlantic Cable successfully laid.
 1867. Aug. 15.—The Second Reform Bill receives the Queen's assent.
 —Dominion of Canada constituted.
 1868. April 12.—Magdala in Abyssinia stormed.
 Dec. 9.—Mr. Gladstone in office.
 1869. March 1.—Irish Church Bill introduced.
 July 26.—Receives the royal assent.
 Oct. —Death of Earl of Derby.
 Nov. —Opening of the Suez Canal.
 1870. Feb. 15.—Irish Land Bill introduced.
 Aug. 1.—Receives the royal assent.
 —English Education Bill passed.
 Oct. 1.—Halfpenny Post Card first used.

CHAPTER XI.

A CLUSTER OF INVENTIONS, DISCOVERIES, AND REFORMS.

Wonders of the Age.
 Steamboats.
 The Electric Telegraph.
 Penny Postage.
 Photography.
 Gas and Lucifers.

Iron-clads and Monster-
 guns.
 Thames Tunnel.
 Lord Rosse's Telescope.
 The two Associations.
 Public Instruction.

Public Health.
 Public Morality.
 Franklin in the Ice.
 African Discovery.
 Australia Crossed.
 The Overland Route.

The greatest marvel of the age we live in consists in the wonderful facilities now existing for locomotion and communication of thought. The **Railway**—the **Steamboat**—the **Electric Telegraph**—the **Penny Post** are wonders of the nineteenth century.

From the first appearance of the *Comet* to the construction of the *Great Eastern* there is an interval, not long indeed in time, being only half a century, but thronged with steps of progress each more surprising than the last. A mining engineer named James Symington applied the power of steam to a paddle-boat, placed on Dalswinton Loch, in Dumfries-shire by Mr. Miller the proprietor. Brougham the orator, Burns the poet, and Nasmyth the painter were on board the little craft, when she took her trial trip on the 14th of November 1788. It was reserved for an American named Fulton to copy Symington's idea and place the *Clermont* on the Hudson river in 1807. A carpenter named Henry Bell, living at Helensburgh on the Clyde, was with Fulton when he saw the Dalswinton steamer; and what the American did on one side of the Great Water, the Scotsman did for his native river but four years later, when the **Comet**, of four-horse power and twenty-five tons, began to run between Helensburgh and Glasgow. From loch to river, from river to narrow channels of the sea, from these to great inland sheets of brine, like the Baltic and the Mediterranean, the invention extended its

range, until two ocean-steamers—the *Sirius*, which sailed from Cork on the 4th of April 1838, and the *Great Western* which started from Bristol on the 8th, solved all doubt regarding ocean-traffic by reaching New York on the same day (April 23rd). The clumsy side-wings, necessary for the protection of the paddle-wheels, were removed, when Farmer Smith of Hendon invented the Screw-propeller. The use of iron in building ships is also a novelty of our time.

More wonderful still is the transmission of thought by the **electric fluid**, which we owe to Mr. Cooke, a retired Indian officer of mechanical genius, and Professor Wheatstone of King's College, London. They jointly produced a series of wires and needles, by which a message could be spelled out. The decisive experiment took place on the 25th of July 1837, when a conversation passed between Euston Square and Camden Town. A chemical telegraph has been since brought into use, by which the symbols representing letters are printed in blue lines upon paper. Almost every railway is now lined with posts to support the copper wires in cups of insulating glass or earthenware; and along them flash *telegrams* (the word too is an invention of our age), laden with joy or sorrow, haste or warning. The **Submarine Telegraph** was the next step. And here, just at the moment of our need, there came from the Polynesian Islands the hardened sap of a tree, called *gutta percha*, which, amid other industrial uses to which it has been applied, served to coat the wire cable laid below the sea. France and England, Scotland and Ireland were linked by this hidden chain; but the grandest success of all was the laying of the Atlantic Cable in 1866 from Valentia Bay in Ireland to Trinity Bay in Newfoundland.

The son of a schoolmaster in Birmingham was walking one day in the Lake Country, when an incident befell him, which led him to ponder upon the subject of **Cheap Postage**. A woman, unable to pay a shilling for every letter which she got, had devised a plan with her brother for cheating the Government. When she saw the envelope, she knew all she wanted to know—that the absentee was well. The pedestrian's name was Rowland Hill. Sowing his opinions and calculations broadcast in the shape of a pamphlet, he devoted himself ardently to the cause of general Penny Postage, and on the 17th of August 1839 after a hard battle had the satisfaction of beholding the triumph of his views in an Act of Parliament. On the 10th of July 1840 Penny Postage began to benefit the land. A remarkable result of Penny Postage is the desire which it has kindled among the lowest classes of knowing how to write. Rowland Hill, to whom this boon is due, although unjustly treated at first, had his merit recognized in 1854, when he was appointed Secretary to the Post Office.

Photography must be reckoned among the great inventions of the period. How rays of sunlight reflected from an object may be so cast upon a sensitive surface as to form there an exact and permanent copy, it does not come within my province to explain. But the wide results of this grand discovery, as yet perhaps only in its infancy,

and the thousand ways in which it has come to vary common life, open a vast field of remark. Every drawing-room table has its pretty album crowded with the *cartes* of friends. The emigrant sends home, for a few shillings, his likeness and those of the little ones God may have given him, since he sailed for the land of his adoption. Even crime has seized upon the power to forge bank-notes and signatures. But the blade is two-edged: detection hunts the absconded criminal with a *photo*, a hundred times surer than the vague description of the old Hue and Cry; and, when he is caught, a hidden *camera* prints his features for careful preservation in that register of villainous faces, kept by the governors of jails.

Light.—How greatly too has *gas*, as we call the carburetted hydrogen, that burns in our streets and houses, added to the comfort and safety of home-life. The dim rushlight—the nasty tallow, ill-smelling and greasy—the calm and costly wax—the oil-lamps of various kinds and names, have almost all been expelled by this subtle spirit, which steals by subterranean ways into our houses and springs into visible brightness at a touch of flame. It would be ungrateful to omit the homely little sheaf of wooden splinters or waxen wicks tipped with explosive beads, which stand ready to strike a light as if by magic, when we simply rub them on a roughened flat. To Gas and Lucifers, and the Chemistry which gave them both and a thousand benefits besides, we owe a vast amount of our comfort and convenience.

The age we live in has been called the **Iron Age** in disparagement by poets and other imaginative beings, who bewail the Golden Past. In a very material and literal sense it may well be so named. For Iron has latterly come to play a wonderful part in the machinery of our life. Not alone in the bridges that span our broad streams—the ships that carry on our colossal commerce—the palaces which enclose our Exhibitions—the snorting engines that rush along our iron roads—does this homeliest of metals display its strength and infinite utility; but in a more dreadful way of late there has been a duel going on between rifled cannon and iron-clad ships, which bids fair utterly to alter the art of war. No sooner do we launch a vessel clad in armour of iron plates, six or eight inches thick, than Sir William Armstrong or Mr. Whitworth steps forward with some monstrous piece of breech-loading ordnance, which hurls a conical ball of enormous weight with such terrific force that the solid mass of metal rends and splinters before it like a sheet of tin! In the American war a new kind of ship appeared—a ship with neither masts nor sails, whose crew is buried in a huge iron box, that floats with its single funnel like the dark roof of a submerged house. Off the laminated sides of such vessels the common round-shot rattle like pease off plate-glass. What the iron-clads may come to Time alone can tell. France has *La Gloire* and *La Normandie*; Britain has her *Black Prince* and her *Warrior*; America has had her *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, which the world has seen engaged in furious but very fruitless strife. As yet these ships cannot weather a rough sea; and,

If they sink, the huge black hull becomes the coffin of the whole crew with scarcely a hope of safety.

Two colossal works of genius, belonging to this period, deserve a special notice here.

By pushing forward horizontally by means of screws a shield of iron containing cells for workmen, who did the work of excavation, and by then building behind the shield, as it advanced, with arches of thick brick-work, Sir Mark Isambard Brunel, a French engineer, succeeded in **tunnelling** a road below the Thames from Rotherhithe to Wapping. The work, which proceeded at first at the rate of about two feet a day, was begun in 1825; but the water broke in several times, and the operations were slackened for a time, so that the Tunnel was not opened for traffic until March 1843. Two vaulted passages, divided by a perforated wall, reached by winding stairs, and lighted all across with gas, stretch for thirteen hundred feet below the shipping, the water, and the mud. It cost more than £400,000. A similar idea is now realized in the Underground Railway, which shoots its passengers across London without any danger of a block-up for an hour in the Strand or elsewhere. Isambard Kingdom Brunel, son of the Tunnel engineer, is notable as the designer and engineer of the *Great Western*, the *Great Britain*, and the *Great Eastern* steam-ships. In railway-work, especially bridging, he is also much distinguished.

Hanging between two walls at Birr in Ireland and supported by a strong scaffolding of wood and metal, there is a **telescope**, into whose monster tube a man could walk upright, and with which is associated the name of William Parsons, Earl of Rosse. The difficulty and vexation, which this nobleman experienced in casting and polishing the *specula* of the instrument, were amply atoned for in 1844, when the great scientific work was completed. Astronomy has been greatly advanced by this powerful piercer into space.

While matters such as these are discussed and utilized by a great annual gathering of learned men, called "The **British Association** for the Advancement of Science," subjects, bearing more directly on the life and welfare of the people, are studied by a younger assembly, started chiefly by Lord Brougham, and called "The Social Science Association." To its province belong especially the fields of Popular Instruction, Sanitary Reform, and Public Morality.

Although the Government grant for educational purposes is yet far from what it ought to be, a considerable advance has been made in the department of Public Instruction. Mechanics' Institutes—with all their machinery of classes, libraries, and lectures—have been among the foundations of the time. Schools of Design have been established for the cultivation of Elementary Art. And John Hullah has done much to popularize the study of music. Museums too—Antiquarian, Scientific, and Industrial—have been teaching the masses silent but attractive lessons. But the change, which above all has fanned the flame of the intellect among the working classes, has been the diffusion of cheap serials and penny newspapers, consequent on the application of steam to the printing-press, and the repeal of

the **Paper Duty**. There are tares among the wheat to be sure, since the same causes have cast immoral and infidel publications into this too receptive soil. But, in viewing the social condition of man and trying to trace the working of those agencies, which God has appointed to accomplish certain ends, we must never let go the trust that good must ultimately triumph over evil.

Considerable advances have been lately made in the preservation of the **Public Health**. The low-ceilinged houses of our ancestors, whose dim narrow windows were not made to open, whose drainage was of the most primitive kind, now exist only in the most remote country places or in the poorest neighbourhoods. Those of us, who can, live in well-ventilated houses, with windows wide enough to admit the wholesome light, and possessing a good supply of water for bathing our bodies, washing our clothes, cooking our food, and flushing our sewers. We walk along paved ways, which are duly cleansed from offal and impurity of every kind. And we are gradually coming to see the need of having our cemeteries outside our city bounds. Better far both for body and mind the pretty suburban garden, whose bright flowers tell the tale of resurrection every spring, than the dark rank uneven mound of graves, thick with slimy fungus and overgrown nettle, that too often blights our cities at the heart. A plan, for enabling mills and manufactories to consume their own smoke, has received the sanction of Government, and its use is to be rigorously enforced in manufacturing towns. The introduction by Dr. Jenner in 1799 of Vaccination, by which the awful scourge of small-pox was abated and mitigated; and the discovery in 1847 by Dr. Simpson of Edinburgh that the Inhalation of Chloroform would render patients insensible to pain, are two of the principal steps taken in Medical Science during the last century.

Gas lamps and policemen have banished the highwayman and the footpad. We are certainly still troubled with the pickpocket—the cut-purse of older days—and, until our ticket-of-leave system is remodelled, we shall be in occasional danger of being garotted. But **crime** has decidedly **decreased** in the land. The jails are no longer the fetid dens, nursing fever and crime, which John Howard visited on his tour of mercy. Many of them indeed are models of cleanliness and method, where prisoners get wholesome food and are taught to work at trades. The establishment of Poor-houses has benefited the hapless class, which, uncared for, would fill our prisons; and Emigration, streaming in swift currents across the sea to the colonies, has relieved our crowded islands of a surplus population, which, finding at home little work and scanty food, would be driven either to beg or to rob. A more provident spirit among the working classes has been fostered by the establishment of Savings Banks, in which Mr. Gladstone effected a notable improvement by connecting them with the various branches of the Post Office. The increase of Life Assurance business among the professional and mercantile classes affords a token that among such also there is more regard for the future of those whom they may leave behind.

I may fitly close this final chapter, by selecting some of the most eminent of those brave men, who have lost or perilled life in seeking to extend our geographical knowledge, and to open untrodden regions of the Earth to the influences of Christian civilization. In three parts of the world such enterprises have been lately going on. The name of **Sir John Franklin** is associated mournfully with the successful exploration of the North-West Passage through the ice of the Arctic Regions. **Livingstone, Speke, and Baker** may fitly represent recent African Discoverers. In Australian story the names of **Burke** and **Wills** must be always connected with the task, which cost them their lives. And to these I add the name of **Thomas Waghorn**, who planned and established the Overland Route to India.

Born in 1786 at Spilsby in Lincolnshire, John Franklin had passed unscathed through the battles of Copenhagen and Trafalgar, before he entered in 1818 upon his career of Arctic enterprise. His toils and sufferings in helping to trace the coast of North America, east of the Coppermine River, were very severe. In another sphere of duty as Governor of Van Diemen's Land during a critical period, he was not found wanting. Leaving England with the *Erebus* and the *Terror* in the spring of 1845, this courageous and experienced man penetrated the Polar Regions, discovered the channel which links the Northern Atlantic to the Asiatic Seas, and was then locked up in pitiless ice, from amid which he never came alive or dead. The explorers of the *Fox*, which sailed in 1857 to seek for him, discovered that he had died on the 11th of June 1847. And a few survivors of his wasted crew, struggling southward towards Hudson's Bay, found a grave at the mouth of the **Great Fish River**. To Franklin is due the honour of unlocking that mysterious gate to India, for which old Martin Frobisher and many other sailors sought in vain. But Captain Robert McClure in the *Investigator* also solved the problem in 1851, independently of the previous discovery, of which we did not know till 1859.

The plain earnest Scotsman, who raised himself from his early position as a mill-boy at Blantyre to be a Doctor of Medicine and a Missionary in Cape Colony, has opened to our knowledge much of that vast "watery plateau lower than its flanking hills," which forms the southern portion of the African Continent. The Zambesi, its affluents, and the huge lakes, which feed its colossal current, are the principal objects of Livingstone's present explorations. Captains Speke and Grant, the discoverers of the Victoria Nyanza, and Sir Samuel Baker, who discovered the Albert Nyanza, have been the most eminent recent explorers of the Nile.

In August 1860 an exploring expedition started from Melbourne in Australia, with the object of attempting to cross the gigantic island in a line running almost due north. **Robert Burke**, a native of Galway, many of whose nine-and-thirty years had been actively spent as a police-officer both at home and in his adopted land, led the party. His companion in fame and in death was a man of twenty-seven from Totness in Devonshire, whose name was **Wills**. Leaving Cooper's

Creek in the end of November 1860, they arrived close to the shore of the Gulf of Carpentaria on the 11th of February 1861, and then began to retrace their steps. Missing the associates from whom they expected aid, and being reduced to feed on a seed called *nardoo*, which did not contain nutriment enough to sustain their lives, they perished about the last week of June 1861—only one man, a soldier named King, escaping to tell the mournful tale.

Among the martyrs of the time was **Thomas Waghorn**, the pioneer of the Overland Route to India. From the time (1827) when he began to agitate the practicability of this route, which places India within a month's travel of England, to its definite establishment in 1841, the hardships and misrepresentations which he endured were incalculable. At one time sailing the Red Sea in an open boat—at another lying in delirium brought on by anxiety and disappointment—belied as a madman in Egypt, and treated at home with haughty scorn by the officials of the Company which he was trying to benefit—he yet clung to his project with British intensity of resolve, and conquered in the end.

SUMMARY OF RECENT EVENTS.

1871.—An Act was passed abolishing **Religious Tests** in the English Universities (June). A Bill for the **Abolition of Purchase in the Army** (with compensation) was rejected by the Lords. Purchase was then abolished by royal warrant (July).

1872.—An Act was passed introducing **Vote by Ballot** experimentally for eight years, at parliamentary and municipal elections. It has since been made permanent. The same Act abolished the public nomination of candidates.

— An **Elementary Education Act for Scotland** was passed. It established compulsorily a school board in every parish and borough, armed with powers to levy a school rate, and to enforce the attendance of all children of suitable age.

— **Lord Mayo**, the Viceroy of India, was murdered at Port Blair, in the Andaman Islands, by an Afghan convict. He was succeeded by Lord Northbrook.

1873.—**David Livingstone**, the African missionary-traveller, died at Ilala, in Central Africa, May 4. He was fifty-six years of age, and he had spent twenty-nine years in exploring different parts of Africa. He was buried publicly in Westminster Abbey in April 1874.

1874.—**Prince Alfred** (second son of the Queen) was married to the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia (January).

— General Sir Garnet Wolseley took and destroyed **Coomassie**, the capital of Ashantee (West Africa). The cause of the war was the interference of the Ashantees with the commerce of neighbouring tribes that were under the British Protectorate. The King renounced by treaty all claim of sovereignty over these tribes.

— The **Fiji Islands**, in the Pacific Ocean, were annexed to England, by request of the natives.

— Mr. Gladstone suddenly dissolved Parliament. The elections gave the Conservatives a large majority. The Gladstone Ministry resigned, and the second **Disraeli Ministry** was formed.

— An Act was passed for the better administration of the law respecting **Public Worship**, having for its object to check the increase of Ritualism in the Church of England.

— An Act was passed abolishing **Lay Patronage** in the Church of Scotland, and transferring the election of ministers to the communicants and adherents in each congregation.

1875.—The **Prince of Wales** visited India and Ceylon. He returned in May 1876.

—The British Government purchased from the Khedive of Egypt, for £4,080,000, about nine-twentieths of the shares in the **Suez Canal**.

1876.—**Lord Lytton** succeeded Lord Northbrook as Viceroy of India.

—**Queen Victoria** was proclaimed **Empress of India** in London (April 28). The same proclamation was made in India with great solemnities (January 1, 1877). The Royal Style and Titles Act caused considerable excitement.

1878.—A **Convention** or defensive alliance between Great Britain and Turkey was signed at Constantinople (June). Great Britain agreed to protect Turkey from aggression in Asia. Turkey promised reform, and gave up Cyprus to be administered by Great Britain.

—A Congress of the Powers, called at the suggestion of the British Government, met at Berlin, and made the **Treaty of Berlin**, settling the affairs of Turkey (July). Russia had declared war against Turkey in April 1877. By the Treaty of Berlin, Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro were made independent. Bulgaria was made a free tributary state. Eastern Roumelia received a share of self-government and a Christian prince. Greece was promised an extension of territory. Russia recovered the part of Bessarabia lost in 1856, and received Batûm, Ardahan, and Kars.

—A British army invaded Afghanistan, and a new **Afghan War** was begun (November). The objects of the war were, to force the Ameer Sheer Ali to receive a British Resident at Cabul, so as to counteract Russian influence there; and to obtain a better frontier for the defence of India. After these objects had been secured by the peace of Gandamak, **Sir Louis Cavagnari**, the British Envoy, was murdered at Cabul, and the war was renewed. In August 1880 the British, having placed Abdurrahman Khan on the throne, withdrew from Cabul. Before the end of 1881, every British soldier was withdrawn from Afghanistan.

—The refusal of Cetewayo, the Zulu King (South Africa), to disarm and disband his army led to a **Zulu War** (November). The British suffered a great disaster at Isandhlana, but in the end Cetewayo was subdued and captured (1879). In this war **Prince Louis Napoleon**, son of the late Emperor Napoleon III., was killed in a reconnaissance.

1880.—Parliament was dissolved (February). In the new Parliament there was a Liberal majority. Lord Beaconsfield resigned (April), and **Mr. Gladstone** formed his second Ministry. The question before the country was the conduct of the Beaconsfield Ministry in connection with the Eastern Question and with the Afghan War. Lord Beaconsfield died in April 1881.

—The Boers of the Transvaal (annexed in 1877) declared their independence of Great Britain. A brief **Transvaal War** followed. The British arms suffered several reverses; but in the end the Boers yielded on being promised self-government under British suzerainty.

—**Lord Ripon** succeeded Lord Lytton as Viceroy of India.

—**Charles Bradlaugh**, an avowed atheist, was returned as one of the members of Parliament for Northampton. Having said that the oath, which contains the words "On the true faith of a Christian," would have

no meaning for him, he was not allowed to take it. Mr. Bradlaugh was subsequently allowed to make affirmation of allegiance on his own responsibility. This and the votes which he gave in the House were declared in the law courts to be illegal. Mr. Bradlaugh made a violent attempt to take the oath himself. He was expelled from the House. His seat was declared vacant. He was re-elected for Northampton, and again attempted to take the oath, but was prevented. (See 1883.)

1881.—The disturbed state of Ireland, owing to evictions for non-payment of rent, and to agricultural distress, engaged the whole attention of Parliament. Agrarian outrages rapidly increased in number. A **Protection of Life and Property Act** and a **Peace Preservation Act** were passed in the face of determined obstruction by Irish members in the House of Commons (March). The **Irish Land Act** received the royal assent (August). This Land Act (which was an extension of that of 1870) allowed a tenant to sell his interest in his holding, and established a court for the fixing of judicial rents for periods of fifteen years. It also made arrangements for the payment of arrears of rent, for the purchase of their holdings by tenants, and for facilitating emigration.

— **Mr. Charles Parnell, M.P.**, and two other Irish members of Parliament were arrested as “suspects” under the Protection of Life and Property Act. Many other members of the Irish Land League were also imprisoned. The Land League issued a No-Rent Manifesto, ordering tenants to withhold their rents and to hold their farms. The Government then proclaimed the Land League “an illegal and criminal association.”

1882.—Ireland was still in a very disturbed state. Agrarian murders were frequent. Upwards of 900 “suspects” were in prison under the Coercion Acts. In May, the three imprisoned M.P.’s were released, Government having received information which led it to believe that the step would promote order in Ireland. **Mr. W. E. Forster**, the Irish Chief Secretary, resigned. A few days later, **Lord Frederick Cavendish**, the new Chief Secretary, and **Mr. Burke**, the Chief Under-Secretary, were brutally murdered in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, in open day. The Government then introduced into the House of Commons a stringent **Prevention of Crimes Bill**, and an **Arrears Bill**, proposing that the arrears of rent due for the past three years should be paid partly from the Irish Church surplus and partly from the Consolidated Fund. Both bills were passed, though the latter was keenly opposed in the House of Lords. **Mr. G. O. Trevelyan** took the post of Chief Secretary.

— In consequence of the stoppage of business in the House of Commons by systematic obstruction, the Government introduced new **Rules of Procedure**. The first rule proposed to give defined majorities power to close a debate (the Closure), and was keenly opposed. Obstruction by the abuse of the rules and forms of the House first became formidable in 1879. Then the Conservative Government passed a resolution enabling the House to suspend for the rest of the sitting any member who was named by the Speaker as guilty of wilful obstruction. In 1881, the Liberal Government carried resolutions giving the Speaker power to restrict discussion when *urgency* had been voted. These measures were not effectual.

— A rebellion against the **Khedive of Egypt** by the military party, headed by **Arabi Bey**, was held to endanger British interests, and led to the armed intervention of Great Britain. The British fleet under Admiral Seymour bombarded the forts of Alexandria on July 11th. Thereafter the rebels set fire to the town and massacred many foreigners. Sir Garnet Wolseley drove Arabi out of his intrenchments at **Tel-el-Kebir**, and the war was finished (September). A rapid march on Cairo followed. Arabi surrendered, and was banished to Ceylon. Most of the British army at once withdrew. Sir Garnet Wolseley and Sir Beauchamp Seymour were rewarded with peerages.

1883. The state of Ireland improved. The number of outrages diminished, and criminals were brought to justice. A Secret Assassination Society (**The Irish Invincibles**) was discovered in Ireland, the members of which were charged with the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, and with many other murders. Several of the prisoners turned informers. One of them, James Carey, a Dublin Town Councillor, described in detail the formation of the society, and the plans for the murder in Phoenix Park. Five of the murderers were condemned to death, and were executed. Carey was afterwards murdered off the coast of Africa.

— Affairs in **Egypt** were further complicated by a revolt of the native tribes in the Soudan, headed by Achmet Mahomet, a fanatical chief, who announced himself as the **Mahdi**, or regenerator of Mohammedanism. In November, an Egyptian force sent against him under Colonel Hicks (a British officer) was annihilated. Great fears were entertained for the fate of the Egyptian garrisons in Khartoum and other towns in the Soudan.

— An Act was passed allowing Members of Parliament to make an affirmation, instead of taking the oath, when assuming their seats in the House of Commons.

1884. General Graham landed at **Suakim**, on the west shore of the Red Sea, relieved the garrison of Tokar, drove off **Osman Digna**, an ally of the Mahdi, and withdrew.

— At the request of the British Government, **General Gordon** ("Chinese Gordon") went with an unarmed escort to Khartoum, to negotiate for the withdrawal of the Egyptian garrisons there and at Berber and Dongola. His peaceful mission failed, and he had to defend himself in Khartoum against the native tribes.

— At an Autumn Session of Parliament an Act was passed for the extension of **Household Franchise to Counties** (December).

1885. An expedition 10,000 strong arrived in the **Soudan** under Lord Wolseley, to relieve Gordon. General Stewart with 2,000 men marched across the Bayuda Desert, defeated the Soudanese at Abu-Klea Wells (Jan. 17), and repulsed them again near Metammeh two days later. Stewart was wounded in the latter action, and died a few days afterwards. Sir Charles Wilson, sailing up the Nile in a steamer, approached Khartoum on January 28, and learned that it had fallen into the Mahdi's hands by treachery on the 26th, and that Gordon had been slain. In an action opposite Kirbakan, on February 10, the Soudanese were repulsed, but General Earle was killed. The expedition was then gradually withdrawn.

— General Graham returned to **Suakim** with a large force, including con-

tingents from India and New South Wales, and broke up the army of Osman Digna.

— A dispute with Russia as to the northern frontier of **Afghanistan** threatened to lead to war, but it was amicably settled.

— A **Redistribution of Seats Act** was passed (June 24). Its chief principle was the division of large constituencies into districts with one member each. England and Wales received 495 members, Scotland 72, and Ireland 103; total, 670,—an addition of 12 members to the House of Commons. Before the Act finally passed Mr. Gladstone had resigned.

— Mr. Gladstone's Government was defeated on the Budget (June 3), and resigned. A **Conservative Government** was formed, with the **Marquis of Salisbury** as Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, and the Earl of **Idlesleigh** (Sir Stafford Northcote) as First Lord of the Treasury (June).

— A **General Election** took place under the new Franchise Act (November): Liberals, 334; Conservatives, 250; Nationalists, 86. The great feature of the election was the large number of Nationalists returned by Ireland.

— The office of **Secretary of State for Scotland** was created by Act of Parliament. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon was first Secretary.

1886. The Ministry was defeated on an amendment to the Address, and Lord Salisbury resigned (January). **Mr. Gladstone** became Prime Minister for the third time (February). Lord Hartington did not join Mr. Gladstone's Ministry; and Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. (afterwards Sir) George O. Trevelyan soon left it. The last rejoined the Gladstonian party in 1887.

— Mr. Gladstone's **Government of Ireland Bill** was rejected by the House of Commons on the second reading (341 against 311 for) (June). Parliament was dissolved. A General Election took place in August: Conservatives, 316; Gladstonian Liberals, 191; Liberal Unionists, 78; Nationalists, 85. Mr. Gladstone resigned, and Lord Salisbury returned to office. The Liberal Unionists, headed by Lord Hartington, supported the Conservative Government. In January 1887, Mr. Goschen, a Liberal Unionist, joined the Salisbury Ministry as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

— The Governor-General of India issued a proclamation annexing **Upper Burmah** to the British Empire (January 1).

— The **Crofters' Holdings (Scotland) Act** was passed, giving crofters more secure tenure, and compensation for improvements, and appointing Commissioners to revise rents (June).

1887.—The **Jubilee** of her Majesty Queen Victoria was celebrated with great enthusiasm on June 21. The Queen attended a thanksgiving service in Westminster Abbey, at which there were present the members of the Royal Family, European and Indian potentates, the nobility, and representatives of public bodies in all parts of the United Kingdom. The event was also celebrated in India (February 16).

— Parliament passed the **Criminal Law Amendment (Ireland) Act** (July), and a new **Irish Land Act** (August). The Crimes Act increased greatly the power of the Irish Executive, enabling it to stop the holding of public meetings, to "proclaim" disturbed districts, to suppress dangerous associations, to change the place of trial, and to obtain convictions without a jury in certain cases. Several Irish members of Parliament were imprisoned for at-

tending "proclaimed" meetings, and for publishing reports of their proceedings. The Nationalists adopted a scheme, called "the Plan of Campaign," for depositing rents with trustees until the landlords had agreed to reductions.

1888.—A **Local Government Act** for England and Wales was passed, establishing County Councils, three-fourths of the members of which are elected and one-fourth selected. To these Councils were transferred the administrative and financial powers of the county justices.

— Under the direction of the Chief Secretary (Mr. A. J. Balfour), the Crimes Act was stringently administered in **Ireland**. The number of outrages and agrarian crimes decreased; but the imprisonment of Nationalist speakers and newspaper writers continued, and complaints were made of their treatment in prison.

— **Lord Lansdowne** succeeded Lord Lytton as Viceroy of India.

— The House of Commons adopted new **Rules of Procedure** for the conduct of its business. A Select Committee had reported on the subject in 1886, and a new rule for the **Closure of Debate** was passed in 1887, enabling any member (without the Speaker's initiative) to move "that the question be now put;" but at least 100 must vote in the majority. Other new rules now adopted related to the hours of meeting, disorderly conduct, and standing committees.

— The *Times* newspaper having accused Mr. Parnell and other Irish members of being accessory to crimes and outrages, a **Special Commission** was appointed by Parliament to try the case.

BRITISH COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES.

(References are given to passages in the preceding history containing further details of important events.)

EUROPEAN.

GIBRALTAR—A rocky promontory in the south of Spain. Its extremity is called Europa Point. It is the ancient *Calpe*. The Rock is 3 miles long and 1,500 feet high. The name is derived from *Gibel* a mountain, and *Tarik* a Saracen leader, who landed there in 712 to conquer Spain. It was often taken and retaken by Moors and Spaniards; finally by the latter in 1462. The British, under Sir George Rooke, aided by the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, took it from Spain July 24, 1704 (p. 347). It was ceded to Britain by the Treaty of Utrecht. The French and Spaniards besieged it unsuccessfully from June 1779 till October 1782 (p. 407). Rodney brought relief during the siege, but Lord Howe saved the Rock for Great Britain. It is valuable as a naval and military station.

HELIGOLAND—An islet (one mile by one-third of a mile) 40 miles north-west from the mouth of the Elbe. The name means "Holy Land," for the Saxons worshipped the goddess of Earth there. The natives are Frisians. It was held chiefly by the Dukes of Schleswig until 1714; then taken by Denmark; occupied by Britain, September 1807; formally ceded by treaty in 1814. In the days of Napoleon it served as a station to secure the entrance of

British goods into the Continent—now prized for its light-house, its pilots, and its safe anchorage.

MALTA—Anciently Melita—the scene of Paul's shipwreck. It is about 60 miles south of Sicily. Capital, *La Valetta*. Given by Charles V. to the Knights of St. John in 1530; often attacked by the Turks; taken by Bonaparte in 1798 (p. 417); retaken by British and Maltese in 1800; then delivered up to Britain by the Maltese. It is the central station of the Mediterranean fleet. **GOZO** (5 miles to north-west) is a fertile island, but with few inhabitants.

THE CHANNEL or NORMAN ISLES

—A group in St. Michael's Bay, off Normandy. Jersey the largest. Belonging to Britain since the Norman Conquest. Valued for cheap living and healthy climate. Officially attached to the English county of Hampshire.

MAN or MONA—An island in the Irish Sea. Taken by Alexander III. of Scotland from the Norwegians in 1270; surrendered to Edward I. in 1289; became the property of the Dukes of Athol in 1735 by inheritance; finally purchased by Britain in 1825. Ruled by officials who are aided by the House of Keys, consisting of 24 chief commoners.

ASIATIC.

ADEN—A town in south-west of Arabia. Taken by the British in 1839. Steamers between Bombay and Suez stop there for coal, etc. Fine harbours—safe anchorage.

CEYLON—An oval island (270 miles by 145) lying south-east of Hindostan. It has always been a Crown Colony. It was occupied by Portuguese in the sixteenth

century; then by Dutch, from whom we took the coasts about 1796. It produces coffee, sugar, rice, pepper, teak, cinnamon, and gems, especially pearls.

INDIA—Hindustan, and the provinces of Assam and Burmah beyond the Ganges, now form one dependency under the Viceroy or Governor-General of India. For administrative purposes the Indian Empire is divided into eleven provinces, each governed by a Governor, a Lieutenant-Governor, or a Commissioner,—namely, the Punjab, the North-West Province, Oude, Bengal, Assam, British Burmah, the Central Province, Bombay and Scinde, Madras, Mysore, and Berar; two states directly under the Government of India—Ajmeer and Coorg; and 153 feudatory states, ruled by native chiefs, with the help of political agents representing the Viceroy. The chief events in the history of British India are:—Charter granted by Elisabeth in 1600—Settlement at Madras 1639—Bombay acquired by marriage of Charles II. to Catherine of Portugal 1662—Fort-William, Calcutta, erected 1698—Surajah Dowlah of Bengal takes Calcutta in 1756 (p. 381)—Clive recovers Calcutta, and wins Battle of Plassey 1757 (p. 383)—Warren Hastings made Governor-General in 1778—His wars with Hyder Ali and Tippoo Saib of Mysore (p. 412)—Fall of Seringapatam and death of Tippoo in 1799 (p. 418)—Overthrow of the Mahrattas at Assaye by Major-General Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, September 24, 1803 (p. 427)—Afghan War (1839–1842) (p. 461)—Scinde annexed 1843 (p. 464)—The Punjab conquered 1849 (p. 468)—Oude annexed 1856—Indian Mutiny 1857 (p. 479)—East India Company ceased to rule the Indian Empire September 1, 1858. India is rich in all tropical produce; and

its possession gives Great Britain weight among the nations.

HONG-KONG—A small island (8 miles long) at the mouth of the Canton River. It is 75 miles from Canton. Ceded by the Chinese in 1842. Occupied chiefly by British traders in tea, silk, and opium.

THE STRAIT SETTLEMENTS:—

(1.) **Penang** (16 miles by 8)—an island in the north entrance of the Malacca Strait. Takes its name from *betel-nut*. Capital, *Georgetown*. Rich in spices. Purchased from Quedah in 1786. (2.) **Province Wellesley**—on west side of Malaya—separated by a strait from Penang, with which it was acquired. Produces sugar-cane. (3.) **Malacca**—on the strait of same name—transferred by Dutch to Britain in 1824. (4.) **Singapore**—an island (25 miles by 15) off the south point of the Malay Peninsula. Purchased in 1824 from the Sultan of Johore. (5.) **The Dindings**, islands in the Strait.

LABUAN—An island (10 miles by 5) off the north-west of Borneo—ceded by the Sultan in 1846.

CYPRUS—An island in the Levant. Belongs to Turkey; but administered by Great Britain since 1878.

OTHER DEPENDENCIES IN ASIA

—**Perim** and **Mosha**, small islands at entrance to Red Sea, subject to Aden. **Andaman** and **Nicobar Islands**, in Bay of Bengal, subject to Viceroy of India. Andamans have Indian penal settlement, where Lord Mayo was assassinated in 1872. **North Borneo**, part of Borneo Island. **Kuria Muria Islands**, off south-east coast of Arabia. **Kamuran Island**, in Red Sea. **Keeling Islands** (or *Cocos*), in Indian Ocean, subject to Ceylon. **Socotra**, off Cape Guardafui, subject to Bombay.

OCEANIAN.

AUSTRALIA—The largest island in the world. Probably first discovered by the Dutch in 1606. Called New Holland by Dutch settlers. Its coast was traced by the British navigators Cook, Furneaux, Bligh, Bass, and Flinders. At Botany Bay, discovered by Cook in 1770, and so called from its beautiful flowers, a penal colony was formed by Britain in 1788. The settlement was called **New South Wales**; and its capital, *Sydney*, was built on Port

Jackson. In 1829 **West Australia** was colonized—capital, *Perth*: in 1834 **South Australia**—capital, *Adelaide*: in 1837 **Victoria**—capital, *Melbourne*, on Port Phillip: in 1838 **North Australia**—capital, *Victoria*: in 1859 **Queensland**—capital, *Brisbane*. In 1851 gold was discovered, and a great rush of emigration took place. Chief productions are wool, gold, tallow, and train oil.

TASMANIA—An island nearly the size

of Ireland, south of Australia. Discovered by Tasman, a Dutch sailor, in 1642—called by him Van Diemen's Land in honour of the Governor of Batavia—now called Tasmania from the discoverer. Found in 1798 to be an island by Bass, who gave his name to the Strait. Regularly occupied by the British in 1803 as a penal colony; declared independent of New South Wales in 1825, and placed under a Lieutenant-Governor and Council. Capital, *Hobart*, on the Derwent. Productions similar to those of Australia. **Norfolk Island**, 900 miles to the east of Australia, is under the Government of Tasmania, and used to be only a penal colony.

NEW ZEALAND—Two large islands, North Island, and South Island, and a

small one, Stewart Island, to the south-east of Australia. Capital, *Wellington*, in North Island. Colonized in the present century by the New Zealand Company; recognized as a British Colony in 1842. Enjoys a very temperate climate; has coal, native flax, and some gold. The natives, called *Maories*, are bold and warlike.

OTHER DEPENDENCIES IN OCEANIA—**Fiji Islands**, in the South Pacific—capital, *Suva*. **Rotumah**, north of Fiji, and subject to it. **Auckland**, south of New Zealand. **Lord Howe Island**, north-east from Sydney. **Starbuck**, **Caroline**, **Fanning**, **Malden**, **Elllice**, and **Kermadec Islands**, all in Pacific. **New Guinea**, the south-eastern part of the island.

AFRICAN.

GAMBIA—At the mouth of the river of that name—chief station, *Bathurst*—originally founded in 1631 as a place for trading in negro slaves. Chief productions, palm-oil, gold-dust, and gum.

SIERRA LEONE—The basin of the Rokelle on western coast of Africa. Means "Mountain of the Lion." Colonized by freed negroes in 1787. So unhealthy that it is called "The white man's grave."

GOLD COAST—A portion of the Guinea Coast. Produces gold, ivory, and palm-oil. Taken from the Dutch in 1661. Troubled by the warfare of the Ashantees.

LAGOS—A portion of the Slave Coast, east of the Gold Coast. A British possession since 1861; held in order to keep down the slave trade.

ST. HELENA—A rocky island (10 miles by 7) in the South Atlantic. Discovered by the Portuguese in 1502; occupied by the Dutch (1645-51); then taken by the British. Famous as the prison of Napoleon from 1815 to 1821: his grave till 1840. A station for ships sailing to India.

ASCENSION—A small volcanic island half way between Brasil and Guinea. Turtles taken there in abundance. Useful as an outlying station of our Empire. Occupied in 1815.

CAPE COLONY—The southern extremity of Africa. Orange River the northern boundary. Discovered by Bartholomew Diaz in 1487, but he could not

land—named Cape of Good Hope by John II. of Portugal, in hope of better fortune next voyage. Doubled by Vasco di Gama in 1497—colonized by the Dutch in 1652, and held by them for 150 years. Taken from the Dutch by the British in 1795, but restored at the Treaty of Amiens—recaptured from the Dutch, who were then allied with France, in January 1806, by Sir David Baird and Sir Home Popham. Capital, *Cape Town*, under Table Mountain. **Port Natal** (so called from the coast being discovered on Christmas-day) is outside the bounds of Cape Colony, and was established in 1824, and fully recognized in 1845. The Cape is the maritime key to India and the East. Produces wool, wheat, and wine; beautiful flowers, especially heaths.

MAURITIUS—An island 500 miles east of Madagascar. Capital, *Port Louis*. Discovered by the Portuguese in 1507, and by them called Cerné. Abandoned. Taken by the Dutch in 1598, and called *Mauritius* in honour of the Prince of Orange. Again abandoned. Colonized by the French in 1715: they called it *Isle of France*. Powerful under Labourdonnais (1734). Taken from France by British ships in 1810. A naval station on the sea-road to India: exports sugar, cotton, ebony, indigo.

Two groups of islets north of Madagascar—the *Seychelles* and the *Amirante Islands*: were taken from France in 1794.

They have a fine climate, safe harbours, and produce spices. **Rodriguez** and the **Chagos** group also belong to Britain.

OTHER DEPENDENCIES IN AFRICA

—**Basuto Land**, **Zulu Land**, **Bechuana Land**, in South Africa. The **Transvaal** is under British suzerainty. The **Niger**

River Districts are under British protectorate. **Walvisch Bay**, on south-west coast, was incorporated with Cape Colony in 1884. **Tristan d'Acunha**, an island in the South Atlantic. **New Amsterdam** and **St. Paul Islands**, between Cape Colony and Australia.

NORTH AMERICAN.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA—Constituted in 1867, by the union of Quebec (Lower Canada), Ontario (Upper Canada), Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick (p. 487). It now includes all the North American provinces except Newfoundland.

1. **Quebec**—Watered by the St. Lawrence. Discovered by Cabot in 1497. Jacques Cartier, a French admiral, sailed up the St. Lawrence in 1535. Taken by the British in 1759 (p. 383). Called Lower Canada from 1791 till 1867. Chief towns, *Quebec* and *Montreal*, on the St. Lawrence.

2. **Ontario**—Separated from Quebec by the river Ot'tawa. The first British settlers were refugees from the States at the time of the Revolutionary War (pp. 401-6), who preferred to remain under British institutions. The province was called Upper Canada from 1791 till 1867. Chief town, *Ottawa*, which is also capital of the Dominion.

3. **Nova Scotia**—A peninsula south of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Discovered by Cabot in 1497. The French (1605) called the colony *Acadie*. Called Nova Scotia by Sir William Alexander in 1621. Finally ceded to Britain by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. The first permanent British settlement was formed at *Halifax*, the capital, in 1749. Incorporated with Nova Scotia is the island of Cape Breton.

4. **New Brunswick**—On the mainland south of the St. Lawrence, and connected with Nova Scotia by an isthmus. First colonized by the British about 1760; made a separate province in 1784. Capital, *Fredericton*, on St. John River.

5. **Manitoba**—A rectangular area south of Lake Winnipeg. Organized in 1870. Formerly called *Selkirk Settlement* and *Red River Settlement*.

6. **British Columbia**—Between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific. Until 1858 it was a part of the Hudson Bay Territory. Then the discovery of gold at-

tracted crowds of miners, and the country was organized as a British province. It was admitted into the Dominion in 1871. Capital, *New Westminster*. British Columbia includes Vancouver Island, the capital of which is *Victoria*.

7. **Prince Edward Island**—In the Gulf of St. Lawrence, north of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Partially colonized by the French under the name of St. John's Island. Ceded to Britain in 1763. Until 1770 it was attached to the Government of Nova Scotia. Then it became a separate province. It joined the Dominion in 1873. Capital, *Charlottetown*.

8. **The Territories**—These are the *North-west Territory*; four districts, between Manitoba and Columbia—namely, *Assiniboia*, *Saskatchewan*, *Alberta*, and *Athabasca*; *Kewatin*, west of Hudson Bay; the *Northern* and *North-eastern Territories*, south and east of Hudson Bay. All these territories originally belonged to the Hudson Bay Company. The Company received Rupert Land from Charles II. in 1670. In 1785 a rival company was established, called *The North Fur Company*. In 1821 the two companies were united. The whole was ceded to the Dominion of Canada in 1870, the Company receiving 1½ million dollars, retaining liberty to trade, and certain other privileges.

NEWFOUNDLAND—A large island at the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Supposed to have been discovered by an Icelander in 1001. Visited by Cabot in 1497. Taken possession of by the British in 1583. The sovereignty of Great Britain was acknowledged in the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. Attached to the Government of Nova Scotia till 1728. Separate colonial legislature instituted in 1832. The small islands of Miquelon, St. Pierre, and Langley, on the south, still belong to France. At St. Pierre is the terminus of the French

Atlantic Cable. The coast of Labrador is attached to the Government of Newfoundland. Capital, *St. John's*.

HONDURAS—On eastern side of Yucatan, with a coast line of 270 miles. Dis-

covered by Columbus in 1502. Ceded to Britain in 1763. Governed by a Superintendent, who is subordinate to the Governor of Jamaica. Valuable for its forests of logwood and mahogany. Capital, *Beltze*.

SOUTH AMERICAN.

BRITISH GUIANA—In north-east of South America. Colonized by the Dutch in 1613. Seized by French in 1783. Taken from the Dutch in 1803. Insurrection of slaves 1823. Settlements on the rivers Berbice, Demerara, and Essequibo, united 1831. Tropical produce, chiefly sugar and coffee. Capital, *Georgetown*.

FALKLAND ISLANDS—Rocky islands 300 miles east of Patagonia. Discovered by Hawkins in 1594. Taken possession of for George III. by Byron in 1765. Claimed by Spain, but afterwards ceded to Britain. Chief value, their fine harbours, especially in East Falkland. **South Georgia**, south-east of the Falklands, is uninhabited.

WEST INDIAN.

JAMAICA, or *Xaymaca* (Indian for plenty of wood and water)—Discovered by Columbus in 1494. Taken from Spain by General Venables and Admiral Penn in 1655. Staple commodities, sugar and rum; produces tropical plants; fine cabinet woods. Chief towns, *Spanish Town* and *Kingston*. **Caicos and Turks and Cayman Islands** are dependencies of Jamaica.

TRINIDAD (Spanish for Trinity)—Off mouth of Orinoco. Discovered by Columbus in 1498. Colonized by Spaniards in 1588. Attacked by Raleigh 1595. Taken by Britain in 1797. Contains mud volcanoes and a lake of pitch. Tropical produce.

Our other West Indian Islands are comprised in two groups—the **Windward**

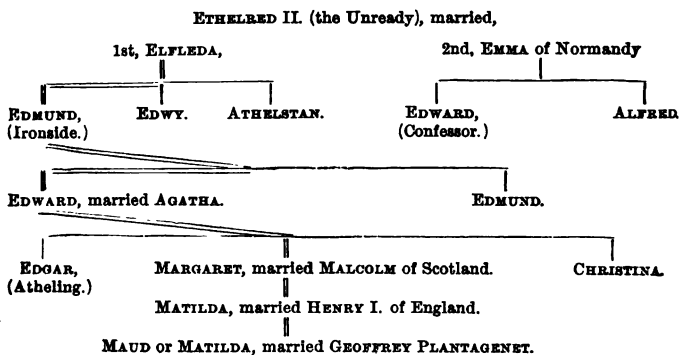
Islands and the Leeward Islands. The Windwards include—*Tobago*, taken from the French in 1793; *Grenada* and *St. Vincent*, taken from the same in 1762; *Barbadoes*, colonized by Sir William Courteen in 1625; and *St. Lucia*, taken from France in 1803. The Leewards include—*Dominica*, taken from France in 1783; *Montserrat*, colonized with *Antigua* and *Barbuda* in 1632, and *St. Kitts* in 1623, and *Nevis* in 1628; *Anguilla*, colonized in 1650, and the *Virgin Islands* in 1666. The *Bahamas*—one of which, San Salvador, was the first American land seen by Columbus—were occupied by the British in 1629, and the *Bermudas* in 1611. These last lie out in the Atlantic. They are healthy and picturesque, and produce fine arrow-root.

GENEALOGY OF THE SOVEREIGNS.

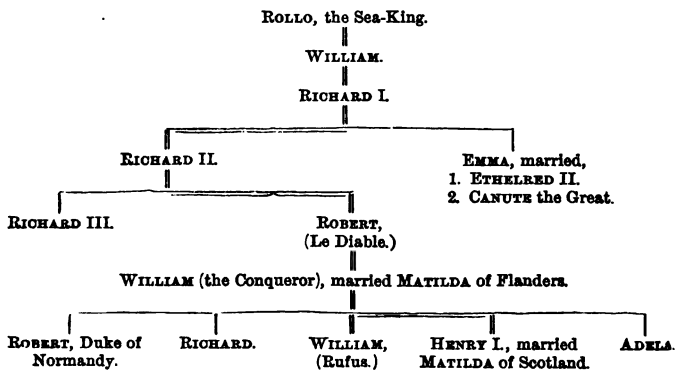
GENEALOGICAL TREES

CONNECTING THE ANGLO-SAXON AND NORMAN PERIODS.

SAXON LINE.

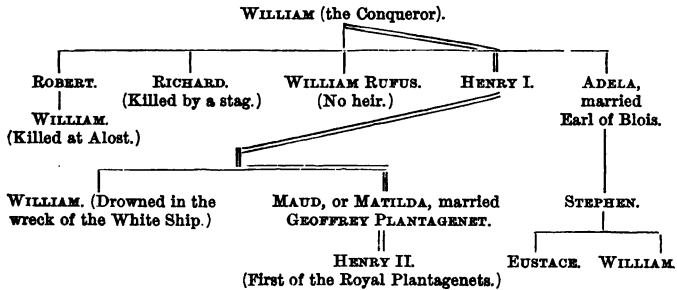


NORMAN LINE.

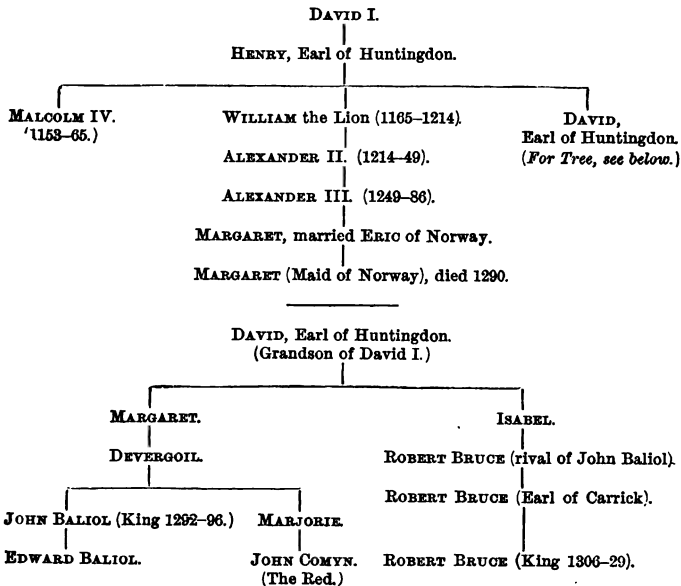


GENEALOGICAL TREE

CONNECTING THE EARLY NORMAN KINGS WITH THE PLANTAGENETS.

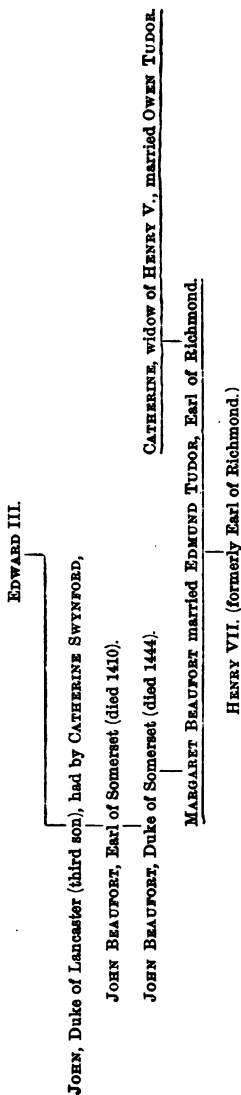


GENEALOGY OF SCOTTISH KINGS.



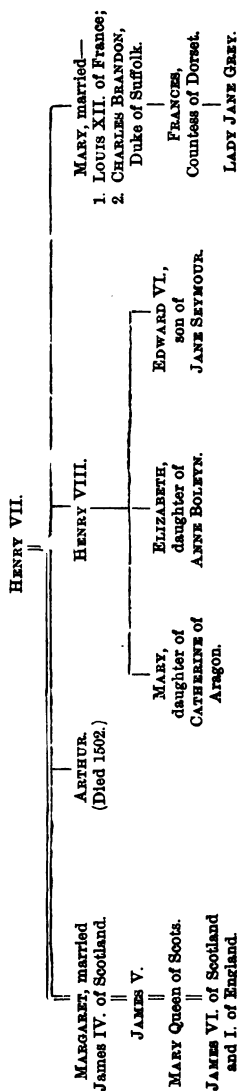
GENEALOGICAL TREE

CONNECTING THE PLANTAGENETS WITH THE TUDOR LINE.



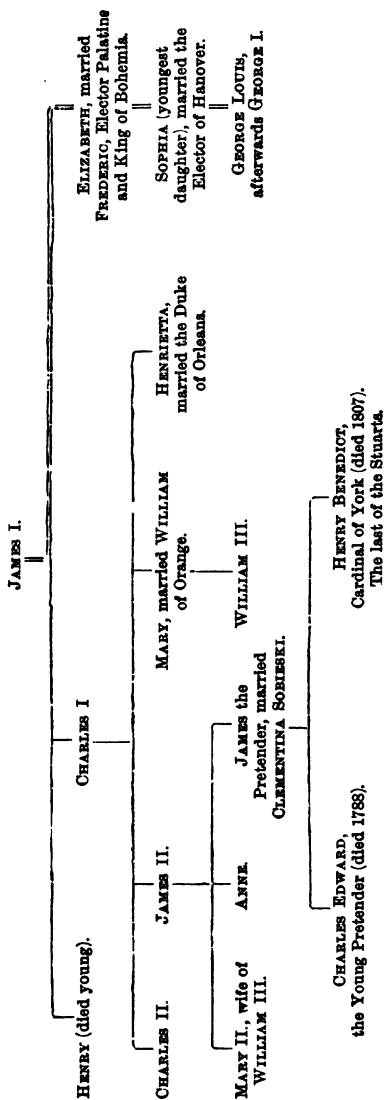
GENEALOGICAL TREE

CONNECTING THE TUDORS AND THE STUARTS.

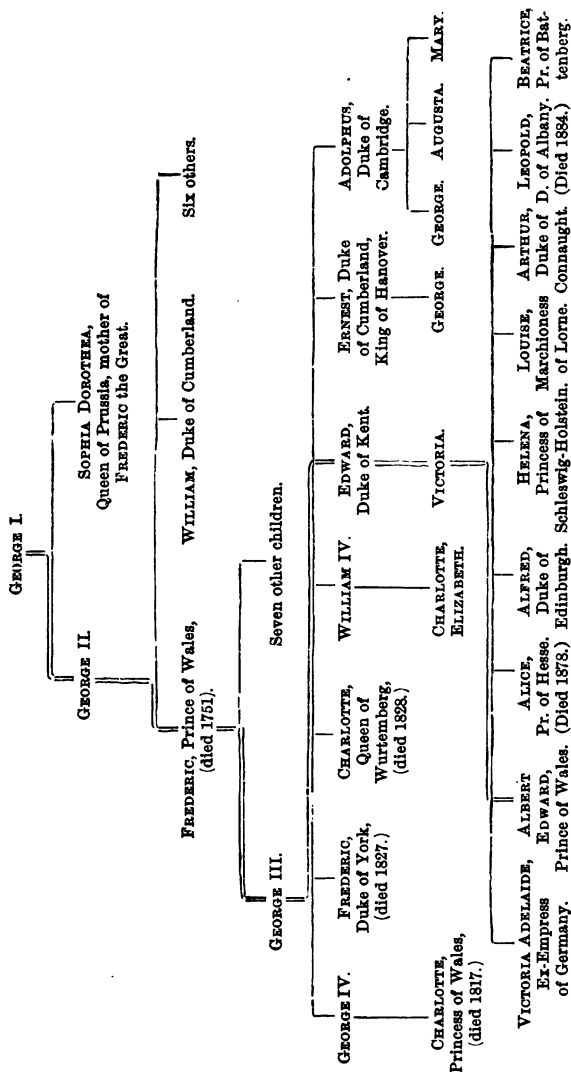


GENEALOGICAL TREE

CONNECTING THE STUARTS WITH THE GUELPHS.



GENEALOGY OF THE HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK.



THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

DURING the later years of the Saxon Heptarchy some of the Kings—especially Ethelbert of Kent and Ina of Wessex—framed codes of law for the repression of crime. To Alfred the Great was due the enactment, that a conspiracy against the King was punishable by death; but the introduction of trial by jury, popularly ascribed to him, must rather be assigned to a Latin original, put into practical form by the Anglo-Normans, as a result of their studies in Roman law. The chief merit of Alfred, as a legislator, lay in his reducing to distinct form and application some leading principles of law, which had originated at an earlier time.

The **Witenagemot** of the Anglo-Saxons represented a portion of the English Parliament, as afterwards constituted. It consisted of the Earls and the Bishops, with some of the lower clergy and of the Thanes; but even at this early stage there is a trace of the Commons being represented, for the *ceorls* (yeomen) of the place, at which the assembly happened to be held, were permitted to stand by and listen, and also to declare their grievances. The Witan, in conjunction with the King, declared war or made peace, imposed taxes, and framed laws. When the throne was vacant, they chose a member of the royal family—not necessarily the son of the dead monarch—as successor. And they formed the last court of appeal.

Under the Norman Kings the **Curia Regis** was substituted for the Saxon Witenagemot. This assembly consisted of the *tenants-in-chief*, or those nobles who according to the Feudal System held their lands directly from the King. When the King was absent on the Continent, the Chief Justiciar presided over the Council: and with him were associated in the government the Constable, the Mare-schall, the Chamberlain, the Chancellor, and the Treasurer. The chief English Courts—Exchequer, Common Pleas, Chancery, and King's Bench—originated in the several branches of the *Curia Regis*. The *Grand Assize*, thought to have been introduced into Norman law by the great legist Glanville, represented the first formal establishment of trial by jury. The Sheriff returned four knights, who chose twelve other persons from the district, and together the sixteen came to a decision based upon the facts of the case.

In the slow but steady growth of our Constitution there are,

among many intervening steps of progress, six memorable Statutes, which, standing prominently out, mark the advance of our national liberties:—

	A.D.	
1. Magna Charta.....	1215	John.
2. De Tallagio.....	1297	Edward I.
3. Petition of Right.....	1628	Charles I.
4. Habeas Corpus Act.....	1679	Charles II.
5. Declaration of Right.....	1689	William III.
6. Act of Settlement.....	1701	William III.

Magna Charta, which was signed at Runnymede (1215 A.D.), laid down some of the main principles of our Constitution in distinct terms. It enacted in addition to other clauses that “no scutage or aid should be imposed on the kingdom, except by the common council of the realm;” and that “no freeman should be imprisoned except by the judgment of his peers and the law of the land.” The *Charter of the Forests*, signed at the same time, enacted that the killing of a stag was no longer to be regarded as a capital crime.

The **English Parliament** in its completed form dates from 1265 A.D., when, to the assembly of nobles and clergy, already in existence, and lately (by the *Provisions of Oxford*, 1258 A.D.) supplemented by the election of four knights from each county, there were added by Simon Montfort, who issued writs in the King’s name, *two citizens or burgesses* as representatives of the various cities and boroughs in the realm. At first these Commoners had no voice, but sat for the purpose of granting supplies, in return for which they were permitted to petition humbly for the redress of grievances.

The Statute **De Tallagio non Concedendo**, passed in 1297, was a result of the discontent produced by the arbitrary modes of raising money adopted by Edward I. Amongst other unscrupulous acts he had seized all the wool and hides in the London warehouses. The Tallage Act decreed “that henceforth no tallage or aid should be levied without consent of the peers spiritual and temporal, the knights, burgesses, and other freemen of the realm.”

In the reign of Edward III. the distinction between the Lords and the Commons came to be marked out plainly by the assembling of the Houses in separate chambers. The Commons sat in Saint Stephen’s Chapel under the presidency of a Speaker. They had now secured a firmer hold upon that which is still their great distinctive power—the power of granting supplies. By the *Statute of Treasons* (1351) it was enacted that “to compass or imagine the death of the King, the Queen, or their eldest son, to levy war within the realm, or to take part with the King’s enemies should be regarded as high treason, and be punishable by death.”

Some important steps were gained by the Commons in the reign of Henry IV., who made concessions in order to secure his throne. The members were henceforth declared free from arrest or imprisonment; they obtained the privilege of presenting their petitions by speech instead of writing; and, while they continued to grant sup-

plies, they claimed the right of determining how the money was to be spent, and of inquiring into its expenditure.

The assent of the Commons became essential, in the reign of Henry V., to the passing of a law. They enjoyed many privileges, and were paid for their attendance upon the sittings of Parliament. Their petitions next became (Edward IV.) *Acts of Parliament*, in order to fix them in a form beyond the control of the King.

Under the Tudors there was a constant struggle between Despotism, eagerly grasped at by the Sovereign, and Liberty, eagerly sought by the Commons, who clung tenaciously to the privileges wrested by their ancestors from the Plantagenets.

The Sovereigns still levied taxes illegally — by royal warrant; they claimed the authority of law for royal proclamations; and they exercised the right of arresting upon vague accusations, and imprisoning for an indefinite time. The Judges, holding office, not for life, but at the pleasure of the Sovereign, were too often the unscrupulous instruments of the royal will: and the Juries, being liable to a prosecution or an investigation before the Star-Chamber, were too prone to shape their verdicts in accordance with what seemed safest for themselves. Yet there were times, when the popular feeling grew so strong that the Commons had their own way in spite of the Sovereign's will; for the Tudors, with all their desire to be despotic, possessed, what the Stuarts had not, a tact that never goaded the Commons beyond endurance, and a share of common sense which led them to withdraw their claims and make concessions, before it became too late. Thus did Elizabeth yield to her Parliament in 1601 on the question of monopolies.

Under Henry VIII. (in 1536) the Principality of Wales was united to the Legislature. After that date it returned twenty-four members to the House of Commons—one for every county, and one for a borough in every county.

Under the Stuart Sovereigns the House of Commons grew too strong to sit tamely under unconstitutional rule.

Early in the reign of Charles I. (1628 A.D.) the **Petition of Right** was presented to the King, demanding the abolition of four grievances:—(1) the exaction of forced loans: (2) the imprisonment of such as did not pay them: (3) the billeting of soldiers on private houses: (4) the trials by martial law. Unwillingly Charles gave his assent to this document, which derived its peculiar name from its not being drawn up in the form of a law.

The next great step in Constitutional History was the passing of the **Habeas Corpus Act** in 1679. It was specially framed to prevent the Sovereign from keeping offenders in prison without bringing them to a trial.

During the reign of Charles II. the origin of the names Whig and Tory serves to show how distinctly the two opposing parties had now taken shape in the Parliament.

James II. did his best to break through the limitations, which centuries of history had placed round the monarchy. In publishing

the *Declarations of Indulgence*, without parliamentary sanction, he violated a principle, which formed one of the chief foundations of the Constitution; and he was therefore obliged to abdicate.

The present form of the Constitution was definitively shaped and settled during the reign of William III. The **Declaration of Right** (1689 A.D.), drawn up by a committee under the presidency of Somers, pronounced the dispensing power, the uncontrolled power of taxation, and the maintenance of a standing army, to be illegal; and by other clauses protected such constitutional privileges, as the right to petition, to debate, and to elect representatives. The **Act of Settlement** (1701 A.D.) embodied eight additional provisions, enacting in addition to other clauses that the Sovereign should be a Protestant in communion with the Church of England; that no foreigner should sit in the Privy Council or in either House of Parliament; and that the Judges should hold office for life, and should be removable only by both Houses of Parliament.

Since 1701 the leading events in our Constitutional History have been.—

1. The Legislative Union of England and Scotland in 1707. This enacted that Scotland should be represented in the Imperial Parliament by sixteen elective Peers, and forty-five Commons.

2. The Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland in 1801. By this Act Ireland received as representatives four spiritual Peers, twenty-eight temporal Peers, and one hundred members in the House of Commons.

3. The First Reform Bill (1832), by which the number of members was arranged thus:—

England and Wales,.....	500 members.
Scotland,.....	53 "
Ireland,.....	105 "
Total,.....	658

4. The Second Reform Bill (1867-8), which distributed the seats thus:—

England and Wales,.....	493 members.
Scotland,.....	60 "
Ireland,.....	105 "
Total,.....	658

5. The Third Reform Bill (1884-5), which distributed the seats thus:—

England and Wales,.....	495 members.
Scotland,.....	72 "
Ireland,.....	103 "
Total,.....	670

The constituent parts of the Government are the **Sovereign** and the Three Estates of the Realm, (1) the **Lords Spiritual**, (2) the

Lords Temporal, and (3) the **Commons**. Thus the Constitution is not pure monarchy, pure aristocracy, or pure democracy, but a compound of all three; and in this chiefly lies its strength.

The office of **Sovereign** is hereditary, a woman being permitted to reign; for we have not a Salic Law. The checks upon the power of our **Sovereign** lie in the laws of the land, and the advice of **Ministers**, who are responsible to **Parliament**. The chief branches of the royal prerogative are these: The **Sovereign** alone can make war or peace; can pardon a convicted criminal; can summon, pro-rogue, or dissolve **Parliament**; can coin money; can confer nobility. The assent of the **Sovereign** is necessary to the passing of a Bill. He or she must be a Protestant of the Church of England; but must maintain Presbyterianism in Scotland.

The business of **Parliament** is to make laws, to vote supplies, to keep the Ministry in check, and to advise the Crown.

The **Lords Spiritual** and the **Lords Temporal** constitute the **House of Lords**. They are classified as follows:—

SPIRITUAL.	
English Archbishops	2
English Bishops.....	24
TEMPORAL.	
English Peers	466
Scottish Peers.....	16
Irish Peers	28

The **Temporal Peers** are of six ranks—Royal Princes, Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, and Barons. Any number of new **Peers** may be created by the **Sovereign**. The **Scottish Representative Peers** are elected by their own body for every new **Parliament**: the **Irish** hold their seats for life. The **Lord Chancellor**, sitting on the *woolsack*, acts as **Speaker**, or **Chairman of the Lords**. The **Upper House** forms the highest Court of Justice, to decide appeals from the Court of Chancery, the Court of Queen's Bench, or the Court of Session. Any Bill, except a Money Bill, may originate in the **Upper House**.

The **Parliament** is **dissolved** (1) by the will of the **Sovereign**; (2) after seven years of existence. The necessity of voting supplies to carry on the Government secures its meeting annually. When a new **Parliament** must be summoned, the **Lord Chancellor**, acting under orders from the Crown, directs the Clerk of the Crown to issue *Writs*. These are despatched to the Sheriffs of counties, who fix a day for the nomination of candidates. The election, in case of opposition, is decided by a poll.

According to the theory of the Constitution no member of **Parliament** can resign his seat. But a law of Queen Anne provides that a member who takes office under the Crown vacates his seat. It has accordingly come to be the custom for members, wishing to resign, to apply to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the Stewardship of the **Chiltern Hundreds**, whose beech-woods *now* need no custodian.

This office, accepted one day, is resigned the next; and so the member is free.

When a new Parliament meets, the first thing which the Commons do is to elect a Speaker. The members of both Houses take an oath against conspiracy, treason, &c., according to the provisions of the Act of Settlement.

Members of Parliament have many important **privileges**, one of which is freedom from arrest or imprisonment upon civil matters. But some of their old privileges—such as the non-publication of their debates and the non-admission of strangers—have been waived in order to suit the spirit of modern times.

Three Lords form a quorum—that is, a number sufficient for the transaction of business. It takes *forty* members of the Commons to form a working assembly. The Lords say *Content* or *Non-Content* in voting: *Ay* and *No* are the decisive words of the Commons. The Speaker of the Commons does not vote except in cases of equality, when he has a casting vote: the Lord Chancellor can both join in the debates and give his vote. In the Lords, when a case of equal voting occurs, the Non-Contents gain the victory.

The introduction of Bills by the Commons originated in the reign of Henry VI. The Crown can originate no Act but one of grace or pardon. Most public Bills originate with the Commons, because they alone deal with matters relating to the public purse.

The process, by which a Bill becomes an **Act of Parliament**, is as follows. After notice of motion is duly given and seconded, leave is given to bring in the Bill. It is then read for the first time, but, as a rule, no voting takes place, since this reading merely makes public the details of the measure. A day is then fixed for the second reading, before the arrival of which the Bill is printed and circulated. The first debate and voting take place after the second reading. The members vote by going into different lobbies; and they are counted by *tellers*, who hand the division lists to the Speaker. The House then forms a *Committee*—either select or of the whole House—to discuss and amend the details of the measure. After a Bill has been read and voted upon a third time, it is sent up to the Lords.

In the Upper House it undergoes a similar procedure. But, if amended or altered there, it is sent back to the Commons, who either agree to its provisions or demand a conference with the Lords. An endorsement in Norman-French—a relic of the olden days when all Statutes were written in that language—marks the successful passage of the measure through either of the Houses.

The **royal assent** is then required, before the Bill becomes an Act. This is given either personally or by letters-patent. The Sovereign, though constitutionally possessed of a *veto* on every measure passed by the Houses, never exercises the prerogative now. The last instance of refusal occurred when Queen Anne in 1707 declined to sanction a Scotch Militia Bill.

The maxim that “the King can do no wrong” implies that he acts

by the advice of Ministers, who are responsible to Parliament. The **Privy Council**, whose members are dignified with the title of Right Honourable, have been from very early times the advisers of the Sovereign. But this assembly being too numerous and too widely scattered for the regular transaction of public affairs, the Government is conducted by a committee of the Privy Council, known as the **Cabinet**.

When the Ministry is overthrown by a defeat on any important Bill which they have brought in, or by a vote of want of confidence, the Sovereign sends for the principal statesman of opposite politics, and intrusts to him the task of forming a new Government. For the various posts, mentioned below, he selects his leading political supporters.

The Cabinet consists necessarily of :-

1. The First Lord of the Treasury; otherwise called the Premier, or Prime Minister.
2. The Lord Chancellor.
3. The Chancellor of the Exchequer.
4. The Home Secretary.
5. The Foreign Secretary.
6. The Colonial Secretary.
7. The Indian Secretary.
8. The Secretary at War.
9. The President of the Privy Council.

The following Ministers usually belong to the Cabinet :—

10. The First Lord of the Admiralty.
11. The President of the Board of Trade.
12. The Postmaster-General.
13. The President of the Local Government Board.
14. The Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

In 1870 the Vice-President of the Committee of Council (Minister of Education) was for the first time made a member of the Cabinet.

A statesman, for whom no place can be found but whose advice and influence are important, often joins the Cabinet as *Lord Privy Seal*: and the Chief Secretary for Ireland, as well as the Secretary of State for Scotland, sometimes has a seat there.

When the House of Commons resolves itself into a Committee of Ways and Means, the Chancellor of the Exchequer presents his **Budget**, containing the financial arrangements which he proposes for the coming year (ending April 12th), and the estimates of the Revenue which he expects to derive from the various sources of the national income.

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